ISSUE 328 OCTOBER 2010 $4.00 US/CAN

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

AGNOSTIC FRONT

THE CONVERSIONS

SUPER WILD HORSES

PUFFY AREOLAS

BERNAYS PROPAGANDA

DEATHRAT'S

RAPE REVENGE

NY / CZ SCENE REPORT'S

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 233, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-327

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- INSERVIBLES-Triguena-EP
- EUNUCH-Stillborn-EP
- CHANCLETA/CRANI SEPTIC-split EP
- YOUNG OFFENDERS-Leader of the Followers-LP
- DRESDEN-God Has No Mercy-EP
- ACEPHALIX-Aporia-LP
- SKIND OG BEN-12" / LAS RODILLERAS-LP
- D.L.50-Hardcore Desde el Tercer Mundo-EP
- VALIUM KIHARAT-EP / PAHAA VERTA-LP
- DIRTY BEACHES-Golden Desert Sun-EP

BRACE BELDEN

- MIRRORS-Shirley/She Smiled Wild-45
- USELESS EATERS-Mr. Oscillations-EP
- FREESTONE-Church/Bummer Bitch-45
- WIPERS-Out Takes-LP
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-I'm a Nice Guy Now...-45
- WHITE LUNG-live
- POLI STYRENE JASS BAND-Drano in your...-45
- IDI AMIN AND THE AMPUTEES-45
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-live
- JONATHAN RICHMAN-live

TIM BROOKS

- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-live
- ACEPHALIX-Aporia-LP
- SKIND OG BEN-12"
- DOOM-Rush Hour of the Gods-LP
- HEALTH HAZARD-Discography-LP
- FOUR EYES-City Feeling-EP
- IRRITONES-(We are) Negative Dots-LP
- THE ALTARS-LP
- ARCTIC FLOWERS-EP / SUPER WILD HORSES-LP
- MORKT KAPITTEL-Uten Fabel-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- PLUTOCRACY-live
- CZOSNEK-LP / BASTARD NOISE-2xLP
- GAS CHAMBER-LP / TINO VALPA-EP
- MASSHYSTERI-LP / TRASH KIT-LP
- SKIND OG BEN-12" / ACEPHALIX-LP
- LET'S GROW/JAIBO-split LP / THE ALTARS-LP
- SLANG/WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-split EP
- INSERVIBLES-EP / DIRTY BEACHES-EP
- WANKYS/LOTUS FUCKER-split EP
- EUNUCH-EP / D.L.50-EP / ARCTIC FLOWERS-EP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- IRRITONES-(We are) Negative Dots-LP
- SWINGING UTTERS-Brand New Lungs-EP
- COMPLAINTS-Secret-EP
- FIRE DEPT-A Flames from the Fen-CD
- PARANOID VISIONS-Black Operations-CD
- LOST BOYS-Work, Life, Regret-EP
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-live
- SLANG/WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-split EP
- MASSHYSTERI-LP
- SPECTRES-Last Days-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- TRASH KIT-LP
- SUPER WILD HORSES-EP and LP
- INSERVIBLES-Triguena-EP
- POLLUTION-R Smut-LP
- EUNUCH-Stillborn-EP
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-I'm a Nice Guy Now...-45
- LAS RODILLERAS-Horror Pleni-LP
- WIPERS-Out Takes-LP
- FREESTONE-Church/Bummer Bitch-45
- WHITE LOAD-My Wall-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- IRRITONES-(We are) Negative Dots-LP
- YOUNG OFFENDERS-Leader of the Followers-LP
- HEALTH HAZARD-Discography-LP
- FREESTONE-Church/Bummer Bitch-45
- THE EAT-Communist Radio-EP
- PAHAA VERTA-LP
- LOST BOYS-Work, Life, Regret-EP
- SIDETRACKED/HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH-split EP
- CITIZEN PATROL-LP
- THE SPLIT-UPS-Action Man-EP

KENNY KAOS

- SWEET NOTHINGS-When You're Around-EP
- SHANE LOBOTOMY-I Can't Help Myself/The...-45
- SLEEPOVERS-Secret-EP
- USELESS EATERS-Mr. Oscillations-EP
- PERCULATORS-White Trash-EP
- IDI AMIN AND THE AMPUTEES-45
- DEFECTORS/LARIOTS-split EP
- THE NOT AMUSED-Totally Destroyed-EP
- THE SPLIT-UPS-Action Man-EP
- THEE FINE LINES-She's Kind of Evil/It's Over...-45

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- SUPER WILD HORSES-LP and EP
- USELESS EATERS-Mr. Oscillations-EP
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-I'm a Nice Guy Now...-45
- PEOPLE'S TEMPLE-Make You Understand-EP
- IDI AMIN AND THE AMPUTEES-45
- YOUNG OFFENDERS-Leader of the Followers-LP
- PERCULATORS-White Trash-EP
- POLI STYRENE JASS BAND-Drano in your...-45
- P.T.L. KLUB-1984-1987 Complete Discography-CD
- EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING-live

RAY LUJAN

- LITTLE LEAGUE-Frames-CD
- YOUNG OFFENDERS-Leader of the Followers-LP
- THE NOT AMUSED-Totally Destroyed-EP
- HOT NEW MEXICANS-LP
- RUBELLA BALLET-Never Mind-CD
- DOPAMINES-Expect the Worst-LP
- WILD AMERICA-EP / IRRITONES-LP
- NOBELKOMMITTEN-CD / HOT TODDIES-CD
- THE PRISONER-EP / SWINING UTTERS-EP
- LOS OLVIDADOS-live

MARK MURRMANN

- CHEAP FREAKS-Play 4 Songs-EP
- THE EAT-Communist Radio/Catholic Love-45
- TIMMY'S ORGANISM-I'm a Nice Guy Now...-45
- POLI STYRENE JASS BAND-Drano in your...-45
- MIRRORS-Shirley/She Smiled Wild-45
- WHATEVER BRAINS-Mt. Whatever-EP
- SLOPPY SECONDS-You Can't Kill Joey...-45
- IDI AMIN AND THE AMPUTEES-45
- WIPERS-Out Takes-LP
- YOUNG OFFENDERS-Leader of the Followers-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

"Everywhere working class men and women continue their struggle..."
RIP Bruce Roehrs 1950-2010

KEN SANDERSON

- CZOSNEK-Sometimes-LP
- FIREBIRDGASS-Punk Rises From the...-LP
- ARCTIC FLOWERS-EP / TINO VALPA-EP
- VALIUM KIHARAT-Kierre-EP / PAHAA VERTA-LP
- BASTARD NOISE-A Culture of Monsters-2xLP
- THE ALTARS-LP / AMEBIX-Redux-12"
- GAS CHAMBER-LP
- EUNUCH-Stillborn-EP
- D.L.50-Hardcore Desde el Tercer Mundo-EP
- POLLUTION-R Smut-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

- RAG RAGE-Good, Wholesome, and Sexy-LP
- AGATHA-Nothing is Static-EP
- MASSHYSTERI-LP
- V/A DO YA HEAR WE?-By All Means-LP
- POST REGIMENT-Czarzly-LP
- MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE-Lucky Ones-EP
- RENEGADES OF PUNK-Difference-EP
- ARCTIC FLOWERS-Slouching Towards...-EP
- CZOSNEK-Sometimes-LP
- THE EAT-Communist Radio/Catholic Love-45

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

- PAHAA VERTA-LP
- DIVORCE MONEY-Names/Use Your...-45
- IDI AMIN AND THE AMPUTEES-45
- WANKYS/LOTUS FUCKER-split EP
- LOST BOYS-Work, Life, Regret-EP
- ARCTIC FLOWERS-Slouching Towards...-EP
- INSERVIBLES-Triguena-EP
- VALIUM KIHARAT-Kierre-EP
- D.L.50-Hardcore Desde el Tercer Mundo-EP
- PASSION KILLERS-They Kill Our Passion...-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

- *The Negative Guest List #11, #12*
- *Radikal #6*
- *Reich #5, #6, #7*
- *Standard Issue #10*
- *We Are Pretentious Assholes #1*
- *Adaptation #4*
- *Antipatia #9, #10, #11, #12*
- *Abolish Restaurants: A Worker's Critique...*
- *Trainwreck #8*
- *Toinen Vaihtoehto #226*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FTYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kämvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. *MRR* 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Unternensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kylooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown, Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (*The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)*

#321/February '10. Photo Issue. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

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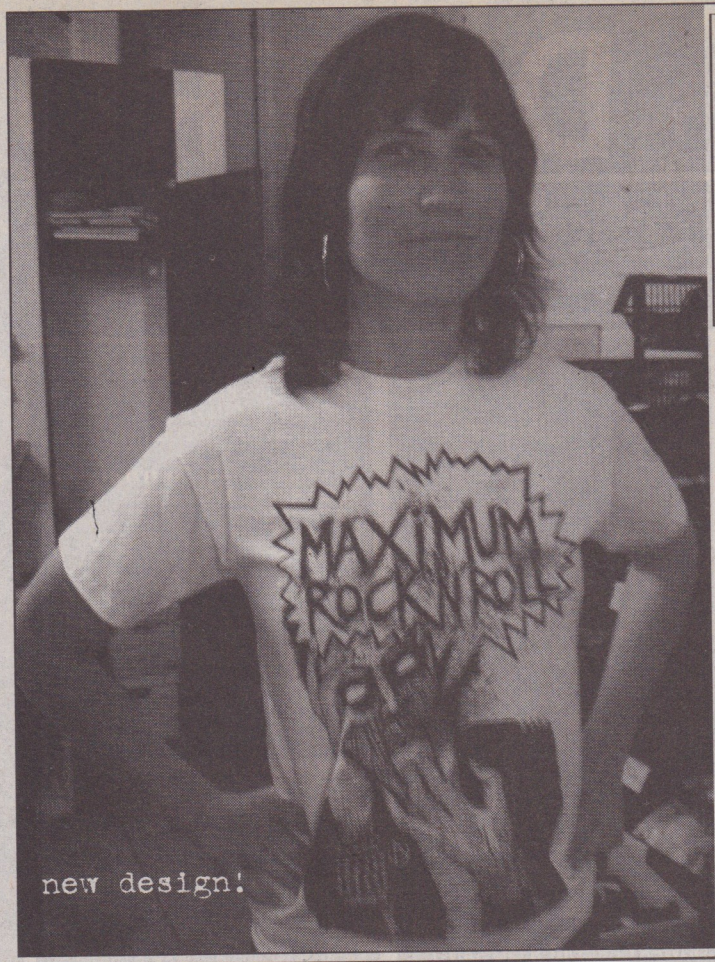

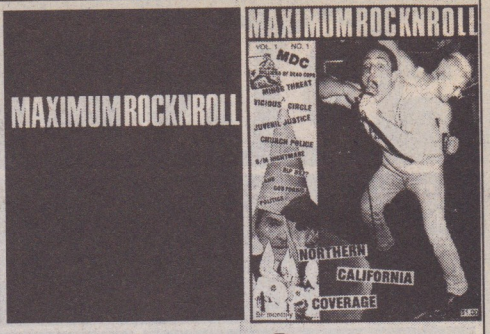

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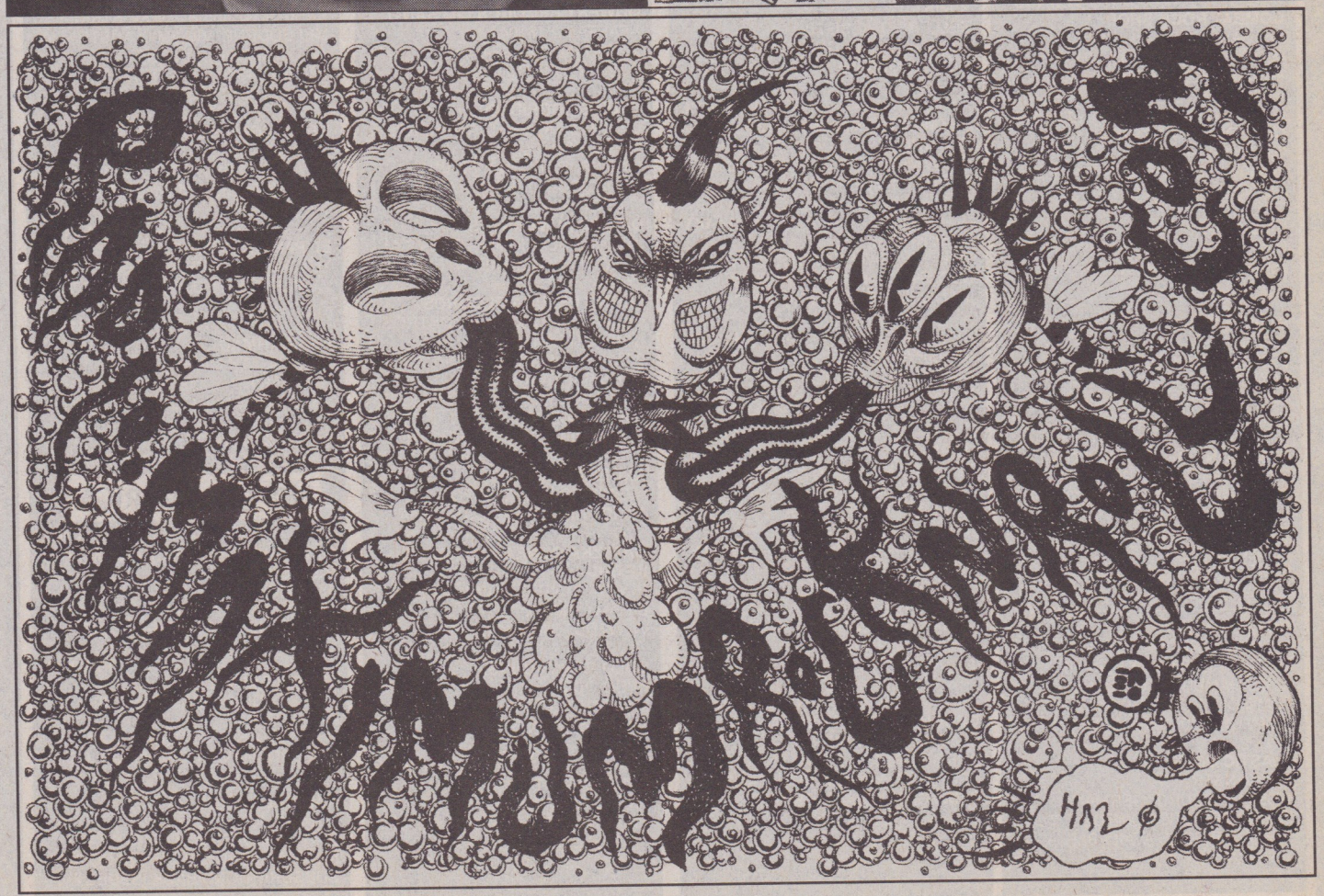

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dearest MRR-ers—
Well, I'm on issue numero dos of my six month subscription... Being a long time reader at my thirty-one years, I'm pleased to say I've spent half of that time picking up this awesome rag every so often. I'll admit that I could have been slightly more dedicated. It's unfortunate that I had to come back to prison to once again realize the people that are truly the most important. Amongst friends and family, you are included. When I decided to write I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to get across because when I think of *MRR*, I recall more than just scene reports and zine reviews. I think about the awesome power of movement, old friends who are long dead... I reflect on personal growth—from tagging the basement of a VFW show and Brother Inferior being pissed about it (Sorry Chad!)—to where I am now. Although I'm in prison, it's not kept me from making zines and punk comics—my attempt at productivity given back to a community that I love. I suppose this letter is just a general all around thank you letter. I totally look forward to the middle of each month. I don't think I would have fallen for George Tabb's choice of words a coupla months back...way to keep folks one their toes, right? Being a straight white male I'd like to say who the fuck cares and Osa Atoe is my god damn hero. It's totally refreshing to read the columns section, between that and the friends that I have to write it's the only combat against the all pervading ignorance of a place like prison. Also, Mariam thank you for getting back to me so quickly. When my subscription runs out I will definitely be paying stamps for the issues to come. I was thinking it would be a good idea to post that somewhere in the zine so that other prisoner folk know that they don't need "outside help" to read the pages of *MRR*. It's so much easier to hustle stamps in prison than ask my friends for money. I'll be slinging ink for my ish! One last thing, I used to be a part of a Spanish folk dance group and I would totally join Brontez's dance group company, but I am in prison! Anyways, it sounds like a great idea and good luck. Will there be rehearsals next year? Hopefully I will be out of the pokey by then.
—Matt Norman
www.doc.state.ok.us/field/private_prisons/davis.htm

Cool that you are staying connected and creative whilst locked up. Yep, we do take stamps for zines! We tried to compile a list of all the organizations that send books and zines (including MRR*) into prisons, but a lot of them actually don't exist anymore, or are weighed under by the amount of requests so can't take any new ones. I know Bound Together books sends their unsold issues of this magazine to a prison literature project, and if anyone knows of other similar projects let us know about it...*
—Layla

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
A couple-three-four years back the Bloomington house burned down. I had been the longest running show house in Minneapolis. I remember reading Ben G's eulogy in the letters section of *MRR*. Well, I'm drunk at 10.30am, and on my way to the bathroom I heard my roommate say "We've been having shows for *two* years," emphasis on the two. Then someone who may or may not have been his girlfriend said, "It's been longer than that." Which reminded me of a conversation last night where somebody, I believe it was Mondapocalypse told me the Shit Biscuit is now the longest running show house in Minneapolis.
I am now convinced that the Shit Biscuit is the longest running show house in Minneapolis. I figured I better write a letter to *MRR* to document it.
I'd also like to add that we had five squad cars out front last night, and fuck those guys.
Oh, and if we burn down, I wanna write the eulogy.
Cheers,
—Mike Puddinghead
PS I feel like this Terracide Tape never got reviewed. Do you review tapes? It's not for sale.

Yep. We do review tapes! Send em in! We are pro house show and anti squad car!

Dear Mariam and MRR—
Hello again from la pinta! I just got issue #326 a few weeks ago, the last one in my subscription. Unfortunately, I don't have the *feria* to renew my sub at this time, but I'm gonna try and set aside some of my gate money to do just that because I think the mag is as good as I've seen it in years. I'm not sure if it's your contribution, or Layla's, or someone else's, or just the fact that I'm not smacked back by oblivion these days, or some combination of all of the above, but whatever the case the last six months of my incarceration have been eminently more tolerable thanks to *MRR*. Earlier I mentioned gate money. The state gives you $200 when you parole to help you on the way. I mention this because I will be paroling in 13 days, so I just wanted to thank you again for helping recoup my losses in "the great titty debacle." I'm not sure if it was you or some anonymous shitworker who painstakingly exact-o'ed all the boobs from my subsequent issues (even going as far as to remove the ones from the header to Florio's column) but whoever it was I know it was due to you and I want to extend thanks to whichever shitworker aided in the conspiracy.
I also wanted to thank you for writing me and encouraging me to submit a guest column. I guess my submission was too long or too crappy to make the cut, but I kind of liked it and I saved myself a copy, so at the very least you motivated me to write something, and I plan to keep submitting stuff. I've got some ideas, plus I'm going to be traveling extensively in the southwest once I am released, ostensibly to involve myself in direct action at the Mexican border and hopefully to aid in toppling the regime of Joe Arpaio and his gang of racist hillbillies in Maricopa county, so it should make for interesting column fodder. Fuck boycotting Arizona, I wanna fuck shit up.
—Joshua Livingroom
PO Box 541
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Hey Josh
We printed your column in #327, but we just got the magazine returned to us, I guess you got outta jail before it got to you... I then mailed one to your PO box, but that got returned too. We actually got some correspondence from a Texas prison explaining why they rejected MRR for some other unfortunate prison subscriber, without actually letting us know who that human could be. It was also boob related. I suspect that Maxim *gets through just fine however...If any other prisoners want to write for the prison column, please do! The word limit is 2,000 words, and we can't guarantee that we'll publish everything we get sent...*
—Layla

Dear MRR,
After reading Osa's article in *MRR* #326 I have to say, talking about irony in the punk community is really important and timely. Punks exist to cringe-out yuppies not people in our own community. Iron--y is for hipsters. They love stupid sweaters and they love swastikas and nazi stuff. But somewhere punk shock value and hipster ironic shock have gotten

confused so let me set it straight. Punks shock people by saying thinks like "I had an abortion and it was awesome." "I don't believe in god." "I'm a feminist…" Hipsters' shock is like "Dude, I'm wearing this swastika but I'm not actually racist. Can you believe it? You actually thought I was racist but, duh, I'm not! Now do you see what a weird confusing world it is, filled with all these meaningless symbols?"

Fascist thinking is on the rise right now. I addition to what Osa mentioned (The racist coup in Northern Louisiana, anti-immigration legislation in Arizona) we've got the lynch mob "Tea Party" roaming free. This is no good time for irony. Get passionate, get punk, say what you really think—I promise you'll piss just as many people off and for a better cause.

—Sarah Rose
New Orleans

Hi Layla—

My name is Stephen and I live in Littleport, England. I just thought I would send you a email to let you know how pleased I was to see teatime favorites by Betty And The Werewolves get reviewed in *MRR*. I think they are a great band and I saw them play live in Cambridge last year. Also a couple of months ago in your column you asked people if *MRR* should feature other stuff, not just punk. Well how about *MRR* doing interviews with people who like a bit of punk, but are not punks and ask them questions about punk. Maybe Tom Waits. Hope you are having a nice summer, it's been damn hot and dry here in Cambridgeshire.

—Stephen.

Hey Stephen—

Thanks for writing… MRR *will never feature stuff that is not punk. I am not sure if you quite understood what I was getting at in that column. As far as I remember I was having some sort of existential crisis in regards to the nature of punk, about the magazine that you are holding and it's review policies. What is a punk rock and so forth. However, it's true that* Maximum Rocknroll *is by the punks, for the punks. Tom Waits is an internationally renowned singer songwriter, on a major label—we don't even review bands with major label ties via their label distribution. And singer songwriters?? No way! Even if they like a little bit 'o punk. Who doesn't? This magazine exists to document the international, DIY underground punk, garage and hardcore sound, scene, community, whatever you want to call it.*

—Layla

Dear Layla—

Just really wanted to thank you for the positive write up you gave my zine *So Nails*. It means a lot to have validation for something you make. I put a lot of time and effort into writing it and designing it and trying to be an alternative voice to so much of the boring, crass quasi professional, hipster elite and macho-hardcore bullshit that people try to pull off as "underground" around here.

It's frustrating being a zine writer here because through mailing and trading I've had people as far as Melbourne and Philippines write to me about my zine but I rarely get any thing from people in Honolulu and it bugs the shit out of me. I always wonder if I come off as like a real in-the-scene kinda person, because it's so far from the truth. I probably go to shows every few months, if I get a wild hair in my ass or on the rare occasion that somebody wants like a zine table. In the next issue, I've got a rant on my wretched experience trying to distro some great zines (*Seven Inches to Freedom, Distort* etc) at a local show and how I basically got the cold shoulder and disinterest from people. Zines just don't factor into the underground experience here in HI. I am literally the only person making a regular zine in Hawaii. There was one but I never counted it as a zine as it had tons of ads, was in full color, and the writing was basically the written equivalent of a circle jerk. Terrible. I often think like what's the point!?!

But reading reviews like yours reminds me that I do it for the freaks who are as obsessed about music as I am and I make it for myself because I've got an inert need to be creative and put something out into the world. I can't just write a blog, it's so one-dimensional. Anyway, much mahalos to you!

As far as the Flyin' Fuckin' A-Heads, I'm actually in the midst of writing about them for the sixth issue of *So Nails*. I love that single, and you're right, they were the only thing close to Flipper that Hawaii ever had and probably ever will have. I found a great article online from some '90s mag that interviewed all the folks in that band, but I can't seem to locate it right now. It's really sad to me that the history of Hawaii punk rock is much more interesting than the present, and that it's been so long since a band from here really lit a fire under my ass.

If you'd like, I could compile you a CD with some key Hawaii punk tracks I got sitting around. There's such a wealth of great stuff from here and it's shame folks aren't hip to it. Also, if you've never been here's the Hawaii Punk Museum. Lots of great bands and some old zines on itt: http://comrademotopu.com/hawaiirelatedtop.htm

I've got the fifth issue coming out soon once I get some money to print it. I've got interviews with Eric Wood, the Nihilist Spasm Band and the Cravats plus tons of other stuff I can't recall at the moment. It'll probably be the best looking issue yet in my opinion. I'll be sending that to *MRR* ASAP!

Anyway, thanks again for the review and thanks letting taking up so much time with my ramblings!

Much freak power to you
—Corby Plumb,
So Nails zine
Brainsandhands@yahoo.com

What punk can't relate to a tale of not having anyone locally to talk to, but a million international pen pals. It's cool that you are trying to make shit happen, even if it feels pointless and stagnant, that's how community is built, how punk happens you know? It sucks that you exist in a scene where kids expect to be entertained and don't understand that it's in fact their job to provide the entertainment, as punks. The internet has sucked a lot of the life outta zine culture, but it's also gotten rid of a lot of pointless whiney bullshit, because blogs are perfect for a fine whine… But itseems like there is a new energy and sense of possibility in the Xerox communications, at least from some of the stuff we get sent… And message to the punks: the time has come to tour Hawaii!! Corby complained in his zine that not enough DIY punk bands go there…

—Layla

Hi MRR—

In Osa Atoe's column about *Taqwacore*, she writes that we should be inclusive of Muslim punks. She equates this with punk inclusiveness of other identities, such as people of color and women, in the scene. I don't think religious ideas are the same as an identity though. Ideas should be challenged, not coddled, and religious ideas are no different. There are plenty of punks who rejected their fucked up rightwing Christian parents when they became punk, and to not hold kids who grew up Muslim to the same standards in order for us to respect them as punks is not an issue of tolerance, it's an issue if having a pink scene with good people in it. We don't let Nazis be part of the scene because of their ideas, and I think the idea that their is a sky god and he wrote a book that tells us to subjugate women and be assholes to non-believers should be challenged too.

On a related note, I met Muslim punks in my travels in Morocco, (and gave them my His Hero Is Gone tape) in 2002, before that white Muslim convert dude (why? why???) writes the *Taqwacores*. And I know there are lots of punks in Malaysia, Indonesia, and other SE Asian Muslim countries. Not that those punks are Muslims, I bet most of them reject Islam just like American punks reject Christianity. So the author of that novel was probably not the first person to mix Islam and punk. Just like Christian punks are annoying and stupid, I feel the same way about anyone trying to mix Islam and punk. Ideas shouldn't get a free pass, no matter how entangled with ethnicities they happen to be. And religion is nothing more than just another idea to be questioned and examined thoroughly and without bias.

—Dylan

When I got this letter, I happened to be sitting across the table from the guy who wrote it, so we got to talk about it in person which is rad. Our real life discussion helped this response be a much better one than if we hadn't talked in person.

I once knew a Jewish girl who would always ask, with a bulging vein pulsating in her forehead, "Is being Jewish a religion a race or an ethnicity? Someone just tell me so I know!" First of all, I want to explain that I am writing about Islam from a post-September 11th, U.S. context. With that said, I think the difference between Christianity and Islam is that, although there are plenty of Islamic converts, Islam is still tied to a racial and ethnic identity while Christianity is not. I have friends who are Middle Eastern and do not practice Islam, but who are still identified as such because of the way that they look. In that

way, being Muslim in this country does link you to a racial and ethnic identity that one has no choice over, much like being a person of color or a woman. Obviously, we think differently about Christianity, which is purely an ideological choice and doesn't carry any racial or ethnic connotations. Thus, for many, being Muslim is much more than just an ideological choice.

I believe in everyone's right to question, argue with and challenge their peers. When I talked about "acceptance" in my column, I meant the acceptance of reality—the acceptance that people are always going to make decisions we disagree with and think are wrong. I didn't mean, "You have to be friends with a fundamentalist religious punk and accept them into your personal life." I'm an anarchist. You can do whatever you want. In fact, I highly encourage challenging debates about all sorts of things, including religion.

Even though the Muslim punks represented in Taqwacore *were deconstructing Islam and didn't even come close (in my opinion) to reflecting Islamic fundamentalism, I think Islamic punks deserve to be challenged on the notion that being pro-Islam is being anti-Western or that being pro-Islam constitutes any type of meaningful rebellion in general. This is one very important idea that came out of me and Dylan's discussion. At the same time, my experience in the punk scene has lead to me to believe that you all can be a judgmental group of assholes, seeing things only in black and white. Just remember to be open minded and take people as individuals. Don't automatically write people off. See what they have to say first, then you can write 'em off if you feel like they deserve it. Or, who knows, maybe you'll end up being completely surprised that your assumptions about a group of people don't match up with the reality of every single individual within that group, and you'll grow as a person as a result of that realization.*

—Osa

I don't know if I agree with either side—I will address this in my column

—Mariam

[redacted]

Hey MRR—

I'm writing in because I just saw 1.6 Band last weekend in Massachusetts, and it was absolutely incredible! Now first off, I'm 33, so seeing a band that I liked as a teenager is definitely appealing. But honestly, out of all the bands I could have picked to reform and play a show I could drive to, it probably wouldn't have been them. Never the less, it seemed liked something I should go do, and I was blown away to see the review of their recent EP here in MRR and find out that it was new. They were always an intriguing band to me, musically. Around the same time I had two comps, *Fear Of Smell* and *Departure*. That was kind of crazy to me that they were on both, because the *Fear Of Smell* LP was on Vermiform, which I knew for the really "bizarre" side of hardcore/punk. And *Departure* really seemed more like a straight forward hardcore release; the writing and graphics inside seemed very Ebullition to me. Anyway, when I got their LP I use to play it a lot, liked that the rhythms seemed to have that heavy hardcore punch, but the guitar seemed so intricate and different to me. The lyrics were also filled with interesting subject matter.

So, after a lot of time passed, someone handed me their discography CD that they got for free when a store was closing and nobody knew what the hell it was! It was cool to hear those songs again, and of course there was the nostalgia factor, but I didn't take it for much more than that. So when I went to the show, I really had no idea what to expect. But seeing the band up close, which I never had before, and hearing those songs live was way more fun than I could have hoped for. And it was really refreshing to see a band playing really tight and complex music. The band themselves had lots of witty things to say, and dedicated not one, but two songs to Ronnie James Dio. I can definitely get behind that! And the show itself reminded me of one I would have attended in 1993, or so, and it's nice to see those good times are still happening. I picked up their newly recorded EP despite the lackluster review, and I have to say that I really enjoyed it, and plan to spin it plenty more. So anyway, all of that inspired me to share this with other *MRR* readers and I hope this can be appreciated, and not alienate too many!

—Teddy TaZer

I personally am too alienated to write a response... Or am I???

—Layla

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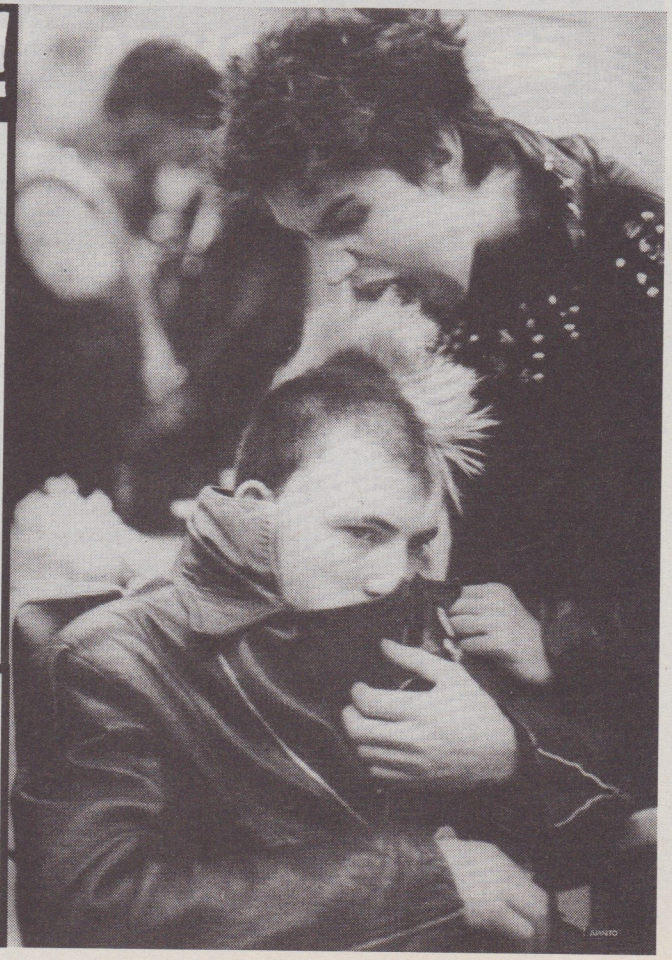

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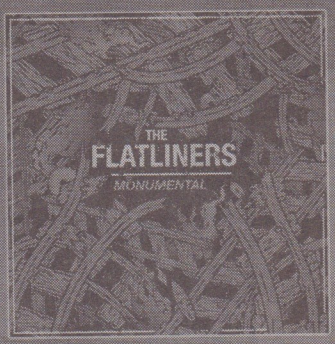

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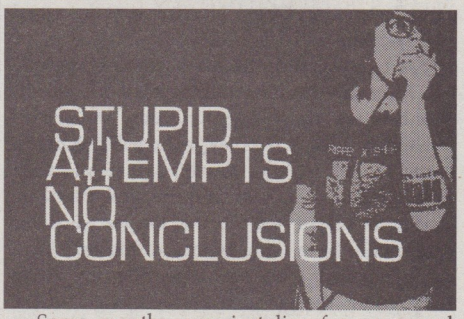
COLUMNS

I'm in England touring with the Younger Lovers!!!!!! Like, holy shit, how did this happen??? I started it as a demo project and never even really expected to play live, and now all this. For the excursion I choose an English backing band. *Shout out time*. Michel (bass) is one of the conspirators of Local Kid, this *rad* label out of Bristol—he rocks bass. Grace and Anna from the Middle Ones are filling in on drums and second guitar respectively. I was a little worried at first, but everything is proving rad. They seem to add that UK pop kick to the songs that I really *dream of*. Pop punk is a temperamental thing, and three chords are so much bigger that that. Sometimes in the East Bay you kinda have to coax that sound outta drummers. Younger Lovers songs in the *right* context should sound like a forceful, heartfelt mix between Motown and Surf Beat—a little bit of punk, a lotta bit of soul. Costello-ian, ya know? Too many times (even when *I'm* playing) I find myself wondering why the songs sound like Green Day (???), but of course you slow it down *too much* and it sounds like some dragged-out shit that's wasting your time. It's quite a delicate balance, and a constant work-in-progress. I'm recording the *English Valentine* LP while I'm here… Played Brighton two days ago with Tender Trap (ex-Talullah Gosh/Heavenly) and it was a dream come true. I don't know if I'm always cut out for touring, though. As much as I like to pretend I'm tough, I'm a true emo dog at heart. I cried a lot yesterday 'cause I missed home. I missed Matt, I missed Donnie, and I wondered how my roomies Pigs were doing on their tour. Then I dried up and *snapped* the fuck out of it, 'cause this chance doesn't come by often and sometimes I get too obsessed with my sadness. But then again I know why I miss the East Bay… let me explain…

Mama Buzz (at West Grand and Telegraph) is the center of my known universe. SF people don't get it because in SF, (or at least when I lived there) everyone is all stacked on top of each other like crabs in a fish tank at a seafood market. In SF, even walking to the corner store for milk can turn into (as one friend romantically called it) "a party of a thousand hellos;" you see *everyone all the time*. I'm not a hateful East Bay person. I love SF, but that was the hard part for me when I lived there, and I got so little done! Oakland is quite a different story; everything is so spread out. You see people at shows, or at Mama Buzz in the morning, or you don't see those motherfuckers *at all*. It's kinda rad. Like I was saying, Mama Buzz is the center of the universe and Downtown/West Oaklandish is *my* neighborhood. Right before I left I was having this long and complex talk about the nature of everything with Matthew Melton. I fucking *looooooooove* Matthew Melton. I'm in love with the songs he writes and the way he writes them. He's a big, beautiful, Southern weirdo escaped to the West, and I feel kindred. He recorded the new Younger Lovers LP recently and he was telling me something about this negative ion machine he has, and how it clears the air and helps him record better. We go over it, and I pound like seven espressos 'cause I'm a maniac, and he doesn't cause I don't think he drinks coffee. He also helped me record all the music for the dance class I'm teaching, and we sit for what seems like another hour to talk about love and art. I used to get really depressed in the morning but now I have a ritual… just wake up, don't get sad, get a little food in you (no matter how hard it is), smoke some pot, drink some coffee (to balance out the pot), go to Mama Buzz and talk to one of your neighbors about your problems. There's usually some morning-time philosopher who's there to help! He was telling me about the next Nectarine Pie show, when a boy who I'd been crushing out on (who shall remain nameless) walked in with another boy I fucked. Drama? Sometimes. This time, no. East Bay gay boys *know* that we are few and far between, and on one level we're all shared property. I only need to wait. One day I'll be warming both their beds again. I sit down with my fellow homos and roll a joint.

When I think about it, I now know why I was crying 'cause I missed home. It's 'cause I *love* home. It's okay to miss home, I'm just glad I have one!

There's this way in which England reminds me of the Deep South. Rolling countryside and *loads* of polite people with accents. I could live here for a bit… You get *so many* old ska and soul records for cheap, and everyone's charmed 'cause you're a foreigner. Think: are people even charmed by Americans? I sometimes feel like we're a bit hated, for good reason sometimes, but I don't feel any hate here, just space and opportunity. I made out with a boy with a Frumpies tattoo. *Dreamy*. The only thing I can't contend with is the pot here. Like, *why* is it so bad????? And *everyone* spliffs it!!!!!!! Honey, you might as well be smoking hay. There's no excuse for this. Europe with all its culture and refinement needs to kick it up just *one* tiny notch and find a way to bring in the indoor hydroponic revolution. If that ever happens here, I'm marrying an Englishman and planning to die of comfortable old age on a rock off Cornwall. Okaaaaaay???????
With Love,
Brontez



Some months, you just live far away and don't feel like talking about it anymore. Blah blah blah, remote life in faraway place, blah blah icebergs, blah blah marginalized gender, 26 years old and trying to balance youth and responsibility, blah blah. Sometimes you have younger, idealistic friends are living the life more than you: they quit their jobs and join vegan power violence bands and are totally feminist and positive and happy about it.

So I was all, "Hey Sam, can you write my column for me this month so I can re-evaluate the feelings of inferiority I have about the current bands I see on a weekly basis?" And she was like, "Heck yeah, Juls, thanks." Here you go, fan kids:

After a 30 minute drive outside of Squamish, BC, down some country roads, a right at the FastCore Fest —> sign (scrawled on a cardboard box), and down a sketchy dirt road, we arrived at an abandoned gravel pit in the middle of the mountains. The area was about the size of a football field and the ground was covered in scattered shotgun shells. Lots of kids and bands were already there with their tents or tarps up, setting up fires and drinking beer.

The stage was on one side of the clearing, made of a bunch of old plywood scattered over some moldy pallets in a miraculously sturdy manner. A jumble of metal rods held up a dirty white tarp over it all. The PA was run on a generator and some grindcore was playing.

In the center of a clearing, a gigantic fire was

started with humongous tree trunk driftwood already aflame.

This place was already total chaos, I knew this night was going to be amazing.

First up was Shooting Spree from Squamish, BC, who was not originally on the bill, but luckily were added. Featuring members of War Hero, they play straight up grindcore with a vocalist that sounds similar to the singer of Magrudergrind. They started the fest off great and people were moshing around and having a great time.

Next up was the genius solution to War Hero and Chuck Norris (both from Squamish) who were both missing members for this show: a combination band called Warchuck. With half War Hero members, half Chuck Norris, they played a set of each bands songs, both with duel vocals. It was hilarious to hear War Hero songs with the super high screeches of Chuck Norris as backups, but in the best way. Outside of Warchuck, War Hero is like Charles Bronson meets out of control spastic grind with solid screamy vocals and some grovers thrown in for extra destruction. Chuck Norris is best described as thrashcore with high screechy vocals.

Next up was Relentless Ben from Abbotsford, BC. From my understanding, most (if not all) members are straightedge, and they are all really young dudes. They play really solid technical hardcore with a teensy tiny bit of a metal sound to it. It's almost all fast, and the slow parts are sludgy and head nod-worthy. I'm not sure this band really fit in with the rest of the fest, but I really enjoyed their set, especially the Hello Kitty guitar the guitarist was playing and the singer announcing to the crowd that he very recently became of legal age. I was a bit bummed that they were using entirely borrowed gear and were kind of fucking it up. Whatevs.

Kamloops BC's Dysphoria continued the fest with a very crust-influenced sludgy grind set, including a song dedicated to the douch-bagery of Tap Out. The starting lyrics were "Tap out! (scissor beats) Crack cocaine!" I was stoked. The crust punk in me got a warm fuzzy feeling when the drummer, Darrell, who also sings in the band, introduced one song as "Harper's Wrath". Apparently this band started as an improv grind band. I'm not sure if any of their songs were improv at this show, but either way they were solid as fuck.

Obacha, also from Squamish, followed with fast stop-start powerviolence, and totally crushing mosh-out breakdowns. This band features members of War Hero (in case you haven't noticed, many bands from Squamish do), with Graham who does the grovers for War Hero on vocals. They totally fucking killed it, or so I hear because I was busy hanging out with Lana from Think Don't Pray and her baby in her black spray painted mini van. They also apparently gave me a shout-out for a song I helped them write called "Skate Pit." "Acid drop your life!" I've been fortunate enough to play with this band before, and they are fucking insane. New school thrash violence!

Victim's Choice from Victoria, BC followed. They are a punk three-piece with a Born Against and '80s hardcore influence. Well thought-out lyrics delivered with passion featuring ex-members of Stegosaurus Beach Defense. They covered Straight Edge Revenge (although I don't think any members are straightedge) featuring Matt from Lab Rat on guitar, and a Stegosaurus Beach Defense (RIP) song with Tommy from War Hero. I really love this band and think they were my favorite band on the bill.

OK, wait, I think I have a tie. Six Brew Bantha, also from Victoria, BC, who played next. Fucking insane, totally brutal grindviolence, solid scissor beats with golden ticket sludgy, head nodding slow parts. This band is not only extremely talented as a group, but is made up of three boys who are best friends and are passionately dedicated to power violence and grindcore. They love No Comment. Oh, and The Neo's are from Victoria.

Mass Grave, from Vancouver, BC, who is one of the best bands in Canada, ripped everyone's faces off next. They play crusty grindcore with duel vocals that are deep and shredding. Every member of this band is really, really tall. Mass Grave loves Rudimentary Peni and Napalm Death, but only the latter is any kind of indication of what they sound like... so long as you mix in some punk and crust. Mass Grave has been around for over ten years. I am always blown away by how tight and heavy this band is.

Point Break from Calgary, AB was wasted out of their minds, which is normal, and managed to play a super solid set, which is also normal. I have never seen this band play sober, and I don't think I ever want to. Point Break plays sludgy thrashy hardcore with rad fast parts and very throaty, shouty punk vocals. This band is from my hometown, and so I am fortunate enough to see them play a lot, but I was still so excited to see them at Fastcore Fest. Such solid dudes. New stuff sounds killer.

Sidetracked came all the way from Tacoma, WA and played super fast and short five to ten second songs: straight-up fastcore with tough vocals and some thrashy influence. This was their first time coming to Canada, and I'm not too sure what they thought of it. I was really into their songs, but was kind of bored with how long they fucked around in silence between songs. I mean, if you have to tune or something, take the time to talk about your songs, or say anything, you know? I am still really glad I got to see this band.

Next up, Kali, from Red Deer, AB. I swear they are the best band in Alberta. Scissor beats, gravity blasts, crushing breakdowns, this band has it all! Creative and powerful power violence with sludgy doomy slow parts and to-a-tee fast parts, lots of vocals from not only the singer, but the guitarist, bassist and drummer that sound very influenced by Trash Talk, but even better. They went through the most epic beginning with the amp blowing *twice* before they got to the fast part. I can't believe I'm saying this, but it fucking gave me mosh-blue balls. I also get to see this band a lot, because they play Calgary all the time, which means I am the luckiest asshole in the world. I lose my mind every time I see this band.

Last band of the fest was Lab Rat, from Calgary, AB. I was filling on bass and vocals for this group, which was a really fun, even if I fucked a majority of my parts up. Lab Rat is a vegan fastcore powerviolence band with XfilesX and Charles Bronson influences. The original singer of this band has often been compared to Dropdead. Their drums are super solid and have really creative and heavy tom fills and mindfuck fast scissor beats, the guitar is almost groovy during the breakdowns and thrashy at the fast parts.

Conclusion? This fest fucking ruled. I was stoked on: how many young kids were in the bands, how sketchy the stage and location were, the vegan chili the bands were fed, hilarious good natured but drunken punks, and how cheap it all was ($10 for 12 bands). I wasn't stoked on: how few women were playing, asshole drunken traveling punks who treated their dogs like shit and let them hang out in front of the PA going deaf, whoever decided to play Motorhead loudly on the PA until 7:30 in the morning, the fact that for almost *every* band the guitar head broke down, and the mosquitoes.

I hope this fest happens next year, because I will sure as fuck be there, and you should be there too.

Samantha Trees: thereisartinyou@riseup.net

Bands Contact Info:

Shooting Spree: www.myspace.com/shootingspreemince

War Hero: www.myspace.com/warheroviolence

Chuck Norris: chucknorrishc@hotmail.com

Relentless Ben: www.myspace.com/relentlessben

Dysphoria: www.myspace.com/dysphoriagrind

Victim's Choice: www.myspace.com/victimschoice

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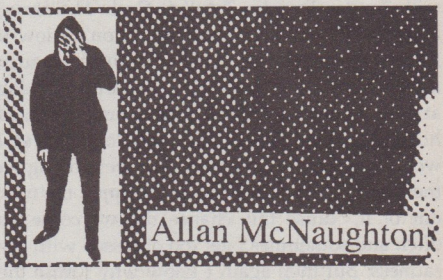

Stop Taking Me For Granted

7 Seconds may have sung "I Hate Sports" but in my experience punks do not hate sports. Punks may definitely hate jocks, but almost all punks I know love sports. In the US, baseball seems to be the punk sport of choice, from Tim Yo's longtime love for the San Francisco Giants, to Al Quint's die hard Red Sox fandom. I can get into a little baseball from time to time, especially

going to see the A's play the Red Sox at Oakland Coliseum, but really, there's only one sport that punks the world over are really into, and that is football, or soccer. And, at least here in the America, that is never more apparent than during the World Cup.

In Scotland, the passion felt by the majority of the populace for football is inversely proportional to how well our national team can play the game. From an early age my dad kitted me out in a Rangers strip and purely by default I became a fan of that team. We never went to a game or anything; he was a regular at Ibrox before he was married, but once the kids came along he had better things to do on a Saturday afternoon. Namely, spend all day in the pub. I'd have to go round the Pine Lodge at dinnertime and ask the old guys going in if they could tell Big Davey McNaughton it was time for his tea. "Aye right ye are young shaver!"

I digress. My dad was a Rangers fan so I was a Rangers fan; there was really nothing else for it. Motherwell were the closest team in proximity, but strangely most kids chose either Rangers or Celtic, based on religion as much as anything else. If you were a Protestant, you were Rangers, if you were Catholic, Celtic. It's stupid when you look back on it but the rivalry was ferocious. We had loads of Catholic friends so we avoided the Sectarian shit at all costs. Neither my mum nor my dad would go anywhere near an Orange walk, but my next-door neighbors Janet and Alec took me a couple of times. I just thought it was a parade. The colors, the marching; the flute bands sounded good although I didn't really know the songs. The fat, red-faced men in the bowler hats and orange sashes looked really pompous and self-important. I didn't understand why the march would pause outside the St. Brigid's Chapel and the drummers would pound the big bass drums on their chests extra hard. I told my best mate Brendan Burns all about it later.

We played football every day. Me and my brother Ross, Brendan and Anthony, Greg and Kenny Aitken, Stuart Broon, and others. All summer, every day from right after breakfast till it got too dark to see: at the height of Scottish July, that could be as late as 11pm. We mostly played in front of the garages at the end of our lane, with a lock-up garage door for a goal. One goalie and two teams trying to beat him, or World Cup, which was every man for himself. We had two full football pitches less than five minutes walk away but if you went up there you ran the risk of encountering kids from other streets, which could end up in some territorial aggro. It was safer to stick to your own scheme, which is what we did.

Following in my dad's footsteps, I joined the Newmains Primary School football team, trained by Mr. Quilter, a stern teacher who later got arrested for public indecency in a public toilet well known for cottaging. We played at Dallie's park, an actual football ground with terraces and everything. It was home to our local basement-league team, Coltness United, nicknamed The Dahlias. Don't ask me how they got that girly nickname but maybe it's because they never won a game. Still it was exciting to play on their ground. I've been back there since and in reality it was tiny and decrepit, but coming out of the Ralgex-smelling changing rooms onto the grass turf it may as well have been Wembley or Hampden to us.

I hardly got a game for the Bumble Bees (our school ties were black and yellow stripes) despite my best efforts. I tried to get my dad to practice with me and help me improve but he never found the time. My school report card was one long column of A's until you got down to a C for PE. "Team games are not Allan's forte" was the comment. Back then, not being good at football was basically akin to wearing a tutu to school. Luckily, my brother went on to become a star player, saving the family name from disgrace.

I half-heartedly follow the Scottish and English premierships throughout the season, but every four years the World Cup comes around and I once again get caught up in the youthful excitement I felt in the '70s for the competition. I grew up during a good period for Scottish football. It might be hard to believe from our poor showing in recent decades, but we qualified for five world cups in a row from 1974-1990. Argentina 1978 is the first one I have real memories of. Most of us boys were already fitba crazy: the World Cup pushed us over the edge to insane fanaticism.

My interest in the game waned in the early '80s, as I got into bikes, music, and girls. By the mid-'80s though, something was in the air that almost drew me back. There was a fresh buzz on the street around football games that was pretty alluring. Football violence was nothing new: Old Firm games (Rangers vs. Celtic) were well known to be particularly brutal. But a new breed of hooligan was starting to emerge: gone were the shaved head, Docs, and team scarves of the stereotypical soccer thug, and in came the Casual, decked out in designer gear and fashionable sportswear. Although my friends and I were more into BMX and skateboarding, we had neighborhood connections with guys who were Motherwell Casuals. As it turned out, Rangers and Celtic were late to the party on the Casual thing. Their fans were probably too deep into the sectarian thing to see what was happening. Second-tier Scottish teams like Motherwell and Aberdeen ended up with the best-known Casual firms. We farted about on the outskirts of the scene, buzzing gas, breaking the odd window, and nicking designer gear from shops in Glasgow, but as someone with no stomach for violence I was more into clothes and girls than actually going to games and causing trouble. Just wearing the clothes would invite trouble though. What you wore sent a secret signal to other Casuals and if someone didn't recognize you as one of their crew you were asking for bother. You wore the clothes anyway because they looked good and it was exciting to be part of this secret subculture that was so hated by society. The media had a field day over the Casual phenomenon and it was the common mainstream opinion that these thugs were ruining the game. So for a while we donned our Patrick and Nike cagoules, Pringle jumpers, Farah slacks and Adidas running shoes to ride our BMX bikes. Typical teenage fashion dabbling. We were looking for an identity.

Eventually we drifted away from the casual thing but continued to attract attention from the local hard-cases, even though we really just wanted to ride our bikes and be left alone. Mindless thugs don't like to see people doing anything fun or creative.

Eventually most of us moved away, and now I'm watching the World Cup online on my laptop. We've come a long way since 1978 and obviously Scotland are nowhere to be found but I still get a buzz when someone breaks away from his mark and makes a burst towards the goal. Football fever is at an all-time high here in the States and it's been a great time. The final is tomorrow and even though I'm all the way in California. In my head I'll be watching it on a rare warm July evening in Scotland with Ross, Stuart, Greg, Kenny, Brendan, Sandy, Russ, Gib, Rab, and the late Chris Rooney (RIP). We will remember the good times forever!

When we arrived in Philly the sun was shining bright and we were in good spirits. Michael was looking forward to going to this place called the Mutter Museum, a place full of medical oddities, Evan was looking forward to going home soon, and Dave was looking forward to seeing some more bands. Kids. Me? I was just happy that I had had a bowel movement that morning.

"Hey, George Tabb," said some guy in shorts as we loaded our equipment into the church. I hate shorts.

"Hi," I said back.

"I'm Mike Supermodel," said the guy.

I shook his hand and thanked him for booking the show. He had been real nice on the phone and, as it turns out, in person he is one hell of a guy. Not only did he book us a really fun show, he booked it right behind the museum Michael wanted to visit. There was virtually no way our drummer could get lost. Virtually.

After we put our stuff up on the huge stage in the basement of the church, we walked around the block to the Mutter Museum. It was eight bucks to get in, which surprised us, since the guys in Krissy said it was only two. Whatever. Dave had to only pay four. Since he was a student. And a teenager.

Inside the place were some of the sickest things I have ever seen. There were lots of skulls. Rotting bodies. And babies in jars. Lots of those. Babies with two eyes. Babies with three. Babies with one. Babies with two legs. Babies with three legs. Babies with no legs. Babies with one body.

Babies with two bodies. Babies with no bodies. Babies with one head. Babies with two heads. Babies with no heads.

There was also a giant colon, locked in a glass case that was bigger than an Anaconda. I thought it might have belonged to Evan, but then I remembered he was still alive. There were also drawers full of things people swallowed. Like pins, buttons, pens, paperclips, money, etc. I tried to lift the glass off the top of one of the drawers and insert a Furious George button, but I had no luck. Oh, well.

Back at the church, I sat with Dave and watched all the bands play. The Criminals, from San Francisco, were especially good. We also talked to Mike Supermodel for a while, who told us he makes money to put on shows by doing drug testing, that he plays the part of a human guinea pig and gets paid lots of money. He tells us that next week he is going in for twenty days to do a study on the effects of painkillers. He tells us that he makes two hundred dollars a day doing that. That he gets to get high, and just watch television all day. I tell him I do that for free, and ask him how do I get that job?

As we watched the bands continue to play, I wondered when Michael and Evan would return. We were due to play soon, and they were nowhere around.

Right before we were due to play, Michael and Evan return to the church, and Michael has something in his hands and a big smile on his face.

"What's he so fucking happy about?" I ask Evan.

Michael just smiles and shows me what he has hidden in his hands. It's a snow globe. Of Philadelphia. You know, one of those things you shake and see flakes go all over. It turns out he collects them. Drummers.

We set up our stuff and play our set. Usual stuff. Every once in a while, I turn around and look at Michael. He looks back at me with that silly smile. If I'd known that snow globes made him so happy, I'd have given him one at every show instead of paying him.

We finish our set and I tell everyone at the show that Philly is a pussy town, and the babies at the Mutter Museum look healthier and more attractive than they do.

I leave the state of Pennsylvania covered in garbage and spit.

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The next stop of our five-day extravaganza is the Coney in New York. We again play with the Criminals, as well as the Jerk Offs, Artless, and Boris the Sprinkler.

The Criminals and the Jerk Offs do great sets, and then it's time for Artless. Mykel Board, the singer of the band, enters the stage shirtless, with writing on his chest that says, "These are tits too!" with arrows pointing at his nipples. He sings a bunch of songs and manages to just about insult everyone in the place, which is a hard thing to do, since it is New York.

They play songs like 'How Much Punk Rock Do You Hear In Russia?" and "Beer Is Better Than Girls Are," which has such clever lines as "a beer will never say no!" and "a beer will wait in the car."

The audience loves/hates them, and I know they are gonna be a tough act to follow.

We take the stage and do our normal set, insulting the audience and playing punk rock. We finish up with "Gilligan," with guest vocals by Mykel Board and the singer of Boris the Sprinkler, the Reverend Norb. We all end up wrestling one another, and as I am laying on the floor with three guys on top of me, I spot Mike from Blanks 77 with a jealous look in his eyes. I guess his European tour he had just returned from wasn't that fun. Or else he wanted in on the action. The second is my bet.

Next up was Boris, who did an amazing set, with the Reverend Norb singing the entire set like an A.M. radio D.J., with a football helmet on his head that had bunny ears and antlers poking out of it, and the word "Geek" written across the front. Norb wore a Captain Marvel uniform, and sang such songs as "Gimmie Gimmie Grape Juice," "Drugs and Masturbation," "Sheena's Got A Microwave Now," and my favorite, "Kill The Ramones." As he sang the lyrics "K-I-L-L, then we go to Taco Bell," his skinny body hopped up and down, and he pointed his finger like a gun.

After the set, both Mykel Board and Mike Blank asked what drugs he was on. I told them both none. That he was naturally loony. The same way he was when I met him in Green Bay, his hometown, over ten years ago.

***

Next up, Boston. A matinee. We had to leave the city at 7:30 in the fucking morning to get there, and we were still late. I think it was because we spent an hour in a truck stop flirting with a waitress who, according to Evan, "wanted us." I think she just wanted me. Michael thinks she just wanted him. Dave thinks she just wanted good tips. Fuck him. What do kids know?

We arrived in Boston and finally found the place we were playing, the Middle East. Evan and I, being the Jews in the band, felt uncomfortable about playing such a place. We felt even more uncomfortable when we saw our name of the posters for the show: "Curious George." They forgot to mention the crab legs.

We unloaded our crap into the basement of this huge pita place we were playing and watched this band called the Johnnies play. They opened with Devo's "Gut Feeling" and continued to rock like crazy. I liked them. I also liked Maggie, the seventeen-year-old promoter chick who was in charge of the show. But the Reverend Norb liked her better. He was holding her hand and stuff.

We went on next, after having to fight off some band that was supposed to have played earlier but didn't because of the lack of audience. Like there was an audience when we played.

We did the normal "Fuck You Boston" set, telling the crowd that the Red Sox sucked and the Yankees could kick their pussy team's ass any day of the fucking week, when we were informed by an audience member that the Yankees were in town right now, at the local stadium, getting slaughtered by the Sox. I kind of said, "Oh, well" sheepishly. It was then that Evan yelled "1918!" into the mic. 1918 was the last time Boston won the World Series.

When we ran into the Criminals at a Burger King about an hour and a half outside of Boston, we were covered in garbage and spit. They asked us how our show went and we asked them how theirs went. They had played Boston that day too. At the Rat. Both bands agreed that Boston sucks.

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That night, after driving around lost for an hour and a half in Danbury, Connecticut, we found the Harembee Youth Center. On the bill were our pals Blanks 77, the Injections, and the Severed, all great bands. We figured that, since we had the time, we'd put in a guest appearance. We are lucky we found the place at all.

As we drove around Danbury, looking for the place, we kept using "the Force." It was like, "The Force says to make a right. The Force says to make a left. The Force says, 'Hey Evan, watch out for that deer.'" Finally the Force got us to the place. Probably because the Force already had given us a tour of the rest of Connecticut.

We entered the Youth Center and caught the end of the Injections' set, where I got to sing "Blitzkrieg Bop" with them.

Next up was Blanks 77, who rocked like crazy. As they played, I went outside with the promoter, a thirteen-year-old kid named Mike, who was now calling himself "Mike at Thirteen." Everyone else called him "Twenty Questions," because he never stopped asking you stuff. About everything. This night I was trying to explain to him some of the facts of life. Like what masturbation was. He told me that he had already spoken to Mike Blank about that, and today he had learned to jerk off with a lubricant. Then he walked up to this girl, and, acting like Mike Blank, told her "sex is inevitable," and went to touch her breast. She slapped him in the face. Hard. I was kind of in shock, but Dean Dean the Sex Machine, the Blanks' roadie, laughed.

"Get used to it kid," said Dean, "you'll be getting lots more of that!"

Mike at Thirteen went from shock to laughter, and not five minutes later I found him telling some really large-breasted fourteen-year-old that "sex is inevitable."

We played a set after the Blanks with Mike at Thirteen on guitar and me singing. It was fun, and I noticed as we played that the large-breasted fourteen-year-old was staring at Mike at Thirteen rocking out. Sex was inevitable for Mike at Thirteen. One day.

After leaving Danbury, Michael had trouble with pay phones, and Evan had trouble with his bowels. He couldn't find a toilet in working order, and finally wound up going behind a dumpster which had a sign on it that read, ironically, "No Dumping." For the second time in his life he borrowed a "Handy-Wipe" from me. The first time was after touching some girl's breasts. At Show World.

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The Pipeline. Newark, New Jersey. The last day. Only three bands. Furious George, Blanks

77, and Boris the Sprinkler. A matinee. About fifteen paid customers.

"Hello, we are Furious George," I said to the empty room.

We then played our set. Well, part of it. The two people who entered the room kind of liked us, at least for one song. Then they went and played video games. I changed the words of "I Gotta Gun" to "I Wanna Beer." Tim, from Blanks 77, got me one. The next song was changed to be about sex, of course.

Blanks 77 went on next, played three-and-a-half songs, then the drummer, Chad, walked through his set. When I asked him why he quit playing, he said that he had begun to break a sweat.

Boris the Sprinkler was up next, and although there were only about fifteen people in the entire place, the band rocked like there were hundreds. I have never seen a band play with so much energy to so few people. They played all their hits, and then did lots of fun covers. They let me sing "Rock 'n' Roll High School" with them, and then did a Rezillos cover, and an improvised version of Kiss's "Beth." Norb jumped around and the whole band sweated up a storm.

After the show, as we were all loading up, Paul #1 and Paul #2 and Rick #6, from Boris the Sprinkler, told us they had real fun with us, and to come to Green Bay someday. We told them we would, and for them to drive safely home. They said Norb was driving, and that they'd be home in eighteen hours. Norb confirmed this by hopping up and down with the van keys in his hand.

As we all said our goodbyes, I knew I'd miss these guys, and all the nice people I'd met over the last five days. It had been a lot of fun, and financially very rewarding. At least, that's how I'm going to try and remember it. I mean, hey, Punk Rock. Half pound crab legs: $2.95.

Take My Life, Please!

ALL FOREIGN JUNK

This month saw the long-awaited and sorely needed 7" re-release of a ripper Australian punk single: the IDI AMIN & THE AMPUTEES *Disco Bitch* single. Credit goes out to Going Underground Records for digging through the yellow pages of regional Australia and scoring a contact number for Chris Edwards (a.k.a. Kriss Heil) and getting this one back in print!

So who were these beer-drenched bogan bl'asters? Credit goes to CHOSEN FEW for dipping their wick in the virginal springs of young rural Australia with their *The Joke's On Us* EP that found its way into an op-shop in Wangaratta. Christopher Edwards picked it up and enlisted his younger brother John (a.k.a. Emil Nitrate) to dig the FEW, and they began to jam on RADIO BIRDMAN and SABBATH covers in their woolshed over the summer of 1981.

On a school excursion down to Melbourne, the lads snuck away from the attentive Catholic students getting lessons on contemporary Aboriginal art and hit the local record stores, where they found a notice on the wall of one: "DRUG ADDICT SEEKS BAND TO SUPPORT ME. I PLAY BASS, YOU WRITE SONGS." The number listed was for Sharon Griffiths (a.k.a. Sharon Needles), a known glue shooter (or "glooter" as the punks liked to call 'em, named after the DEATH SENTENCE track "Glooters Stick High"). The glooter scene was starting to lose its adhesive qualities for Sharon. A lot of the punk bands at the time in Melbourne were leaning towards the new hardcore sounds of American bands like the DKs and MINOR THREAT, so Sharon was looking for something that sounded like it had heard of the COLOURED BALLS, and her bold X tattoo announced her sonic intentions when she arrived at the Edwards' farm with a rucksack full of scratched Aus punkers, syringes, and pots of glue. She became a resident of the woolshed and helped the Edwards shear the sheep, round the cattle, and milk the goats. In exchange, she got a place to live, a steady supply of glue, and a band to jam with.

The band got kicks off the BLACK RANDY pigfuckin' groans of "Idi… Idi… Idi Amin!" and soon they had a name: IDI AMIN AND THE NAZI JEWS. Shortly after, John's best friend in high school lost both arms when trying to fist-fight a moving train with a gut full of bitter, and the more politically correct IDI AMIN AND THE NAZI JEWISH AMPUTEES followed.

Their first show was for their families at an Anzac Day BBQ. It went down like a glooter when the stationary store is shut. A clobber around the ears of Chris and John from an enraged Digger grandfather earned the truncated IDI AMIN & THE AMPUTEES, and with the assistance of the local radio station they were able to record their first single, *Spasticated b/w Off Chops*.

After Reactor Records turned the record down for its overly political theme, the boys turned to a local pressing plant with their own cash and Bush Pig Records had its first release. The label would go on to release the second IDI AMIN single, and later Sharon would hijack the name, sell it to EMI, and attempt to launch a new wave career with the DARK SHARON AND THE BAD NEWS 12", a commercial flop of tedious, unlistenable, post-Belinda Carlisle slop. But, all Bush Pig Records released pre-1984 are great! The IDI records are highly regarded as evidence of rural Australia's sensational punk heritage. As the inner cities began to catch up to international trends in hardcore, smaller towns, lacking access to new records and the latest hype, would be still attempting to ape the early RAZAR, SAINTS, and VICTIMS records that their older brothers and sisters had worn out and left behind when they moved to the smoke.

IDI AMIN & THE AMPUTEES are probably my favourite of these bands, but I dig the high speed R&B corroboree of THE ORIGINAL ABORIGINALS from Alice Springs, the crude gold-mining wallop of NO FEELINGS from Bathurst, and the proto-hardcore of PUB BLUE from Newcastle (the guitarist of this band is Daniel Johns from SILVERCHAIR's father).

The second IDI AMIN single, *Disco Bitch*, gets the most hysteric response, because of the limited pressing (60 copies), the fact half of the pressing was probably lost when the Edwards' farm flooded, and the fact that the band was chastised on TV's *Countdown* by priggish anti-punk host Molly Meldrum, who referred to the band as "a new low for Australian music," a quote he'd previously been credited making in reference to SUICIDE SQUAD.

Following the two singles, the band attempted to court some label attention and set out to get some cash to record a new LP. They played a handful of shows in rural Victoria in NSW, garnering a reputation for being quick to ruck if the schooner glasses start getting tossed around, with Kriss an openly homosexual frontman, Sharon an openly glooting bass player, and Emil a sworn straight edge asexual on drums.

Sharon's stage presence was terrifying for the queasier elements of the crowd. She'd show up to the show stuck to her eyeballs on glue, belt through the tunes at half or double speed, and always randomly stop at one point mid-set, pick out her least favourite member of the audience, and throw her bass at their head. For regular attendees, this was a lot of fun, and generally the bass would be caught and someone in the crowd would start playing COLD CHISEL tunes while Sharon sunk a couple of pots and Kriss attempted to wrestle back control of the show. However, those not initiated to the ritual would suffer concussions and, in one instance, a blown apart face needing such intricate surgery that the victim earned the nickname "Dave Gash," the inspiration for a Melbourne all-girl punk band.

Needless to say, this kind of behaviour was not attracting the attention of the Mushroom or Festival A&R reps, who didn't want to travel out to some pub in Wadonga to watch IDI AMIN rip through a twenty-song set of originals and CREEDENCE covers. Fortunately for the band, and for us, a rich punker from Orange decided to put a label together and try to make it big on what was predicted to be the "next wave" of punk, and IDI AMIN got $10,000 to build a proper studio in their woolshed and write their debut LP *Shear Bliss*. Guess where most of that money went?

Aside from that, the band wanted to emphasise their roots as sheep-shearing farmhands, and the famous cover art featured Emil Nitrate covered in sheep's wool with a very vicious-looking Sharon and Kriss closing in with the shears. Much more appropriate than the cartoonish and silly *Disco Bitch* image, especially considering nobody in Australia cared much for puny knives like that at the time.

Clockwork Records busted before *Shear Bliss* could even spend a month out in the stores, and the record flopped. Punks didn't care much for the Australiana imagery and the AC/DC-on-glue sound of the tunes, and the rest of the country was opening up to the harmless new wave and serious-minded song-writing of the time.

Tunes like "Rooted," sound uncannily like THE ONYAS, only a decade before and from a more shithouse town than Brisbane. The Edwards boys, Emil and Kriss, spent the late 1980s in and out of session bands for Jimmy Barnes and the like, and Sharon gave up on music after the new wave flop and became a semi-famous television soap star on *Neighbours*. Her character was killed off in a mining accident, and she's been able to live off the peripheral fame, appearing on many morning TV shows in Australia as a voice of reason for the concerns of middle class females. Most people would be surprised to discover that she was one of the original glooters of Australian punk, and every time I play *Shear Bliss* to someone from the UK who'd been a fan of Sharon from *Neighbours* but had never heard of her punk past, I have to dig another copy out of the local second hand bins—there's thousands of these things, so they're cheap as fuckin' chips.

So, that's the IDI AMIN & THE AMPUTEES yarn, and it's a good one! In a letter from Chris Edwards recently, he said that Going Underground have offered to re-release the *Shear Bliss* LP and maybe even *Spasticated*. If someone manages to track down the demos they recorded with Lobby Loyde, please lemme know!

If you play punk, hardcore, garage, noise, or any music with a bit of grit and rawness to it, or if you write a fanzine that loosely covers the same sonic territory, and you DON'T live in the US, Japan or Sweden, please get in touch. My address is DANIEL STEWART / PO BOX 239 / NORTH CARLTON, VICTORIA / 3054 / AUSTRALIA.

Shit Is Bogus - Allow Me To Explain

I write this column while sitting in my home in full-blown douchebag mode; I have not had any sleep and am wearing but a towel (settle down) because I have been too inept to launder my clothes before the point of desperation. Because of this, I am cranky and my rambling, complaining bullshit will be more stupid than usual and further all over the map. Enjoy.

1. First off, I hate "The" *fucking* "Monster Mash." Anyone who knows me will attest that for years I have claimed that this is the most insulting piece of popular music ever written. Nothing makes me want to jump out of a fucking window more than hearing *"I was working in the lab late one night..."* Nothing says "utter catastrophe" quite like the chorus of this most insipid tune. I have come to many people with the proposition that they could not think long or offhand of a worse song ever created. People would come back with shit like, "Oh, what about Bob Dylan's Christmas album?"—but that shit doesn't count. I'm sure there are worse pieces of music out there—like any ICP song, for instance—but I'm talking strictly about songs that everyone knows. Can you think of one? In all the years I have made this claim, I have not even heard of a decent runner-up.

It seems like the during the time period this song was number one on the billboard charts (can you fucking fathom that?)—1962—the more a performer would behave like a thundering dickhead, the more the audience went apeshit over their schtick. Utter insanity. This is an awfully regrettable time, and I blame the navel-gazing, safe, innocent American public of 1962 for the popularization of the aforementioned woeful song, which is *bereft* of any fucking value whatsoever. Nostalgia for this same era ten years later would provide what I believe to be a decent number two to the "Mash;" Elton John's "Crocodile Rock." This was number one (again, fucking unconscionable) in 1972 and was supposed to hearken back longingly for this profoundly distasteful time in American rock'n'roll music. How the producer on hand recorded to tape the portion of the song that goes, *"LAAAAAAA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA"* is again, a matter of humans being without couth or conscience. Should you hear this fucking war crime of a song, swallow your cyanide tablet before it reaches this point. You'll want to chamber a round while Elton sings such lyrics as, *"Croc rockin' is out of sight"*—but the *"LA-LA-LA-LA-LA"* shit will definitely seal the deal and provoke an immediate check-out.

I hope that somehow the new culture of downloads and iPods and all of that jazz will cover up these kinds of musical atrocities so newer generations will not have to live under the onslaught of such horseshit. If you disagree with any of the above, fuck you, and fuck "The Monster Mash."

2. Onto other matters—is there any decent pop punk anymore? The vast majority of pop punk today seems very clean, lovely, trite and boring. I'm completely tired of generic love song lyrics—they're neither charming nor intelligent and have been done to fucking death. Get a new topic. Sometimes a good song can remedy this—but where are the good songs? I heard a demo sent to me by the band TRENCHFOOT from St. Louis which seemed to escape the sterile pop punk ghetto and get a little dirty sounding while staying catchy. I think this is the main problem; there is not enough punk in pop punk these days. All the bands seem to be on sketchy labels that are *upwardly mobile* because such labels have clean cookie-cutter acts that the big music biz has shown interest in before. Maybe that's the reason everything seems so shitty in this realm. How many of these bands can you look at and not see a future-Sum 41 or whatever the fuck? The resurrection of this genre's legitimacy will have to be through getting it a little rough around the edges again—bad equipment helps.

3. This brings me to my next point. Knowing anything about band equipment is not punk. Don't ask me what kind of head I play through or what kind of bass or guitar I play—because I'm a punk to my fucking tits and I don't know a goddamn thing about that shit. Equipment discussion is so bogus it hurts. Here's an example of unacceptable equipment talk: "This VCRX82 I have has way more low end, sometimes I masturbate atop it." Here's an example of acceptable equipment talk: "I like this guitar because it goes wahhhhh-wahwahwahwahwahhhhhhh." That's all you're allowed. Don't mention any brand names or model numbers. I blame the influx of metalcore in the late nineties (another deeply regrettable time in music history best soon forgotten) for this kind of jerk off discussion permeating traditional punk conversation and brazenly solidifying itself as a legitimate topic.

4. Before I leave you I'm going to try to redeem myself by actually talking about something that is legit and doesn't waste your time; new good music. I received a test pressing of the new CLOUD RAT LP and it is something fierce. I'm going to nab *Seven Inches To Freedom* zine honcho Joe Lachut's description to a friend and repeat that CLOUD RAT sound like a modern day version of also—Michiganers OTTAWA. This record isn't quite as relentlessly fast as the OTTAWA split LP—there's some head banging numbers thrown in there—but like OTTAWA, there are a small amount of BORN AGAINST-ish noisy parts here and there and there is the same blasting, utter viciousness and fury on hand. This record is available from www.ifbrecords.com.

I received a compilation tape some time ago from Tick Tock Records out of New York, simply called *Tick Tock Mixtape #1*. There are a few very-noteworthy tracks on here from bands I've been meaning to check out including THANK GOD, who I'm told are pretty much GUYANA PUNCH LINE minus Chris Bickel. Their track sounds like a continuation of that kind of weirdness and is excellent. BIG & TALL put out some noise rock mess that I intend to hunt down more of, while SMALL POX and BEAUTY APES each give a moody, noisy numbers that rule. Again, keep your eyes peeled for these bands. Go to www.ticktockrecords.com to purchase or download this comp.

CIVILIZATION from Jacksonville, Florida have been at it a while now and their latest offering, a self-titled LP, is their best work yet. This starts as raging, heavy, relentlessly charging sonic blasts right up until the dirgey breaks where suddenly a bong will appear, regardless of your location. Check out www.deadtankdistro.com to procure yourself a copy. I don't think this completely captures the impact that the band has live, but this is a great record all the way through with some really catchy, memorable tunes—a non-stop head banger.

I got a demo in the mail two days ago from New York's brand new CERVIX, and while the sound quality could be better, this rages. The best way I can think to describe this is totally raw punk rock with terrifying vocals. There is some time to leave the circle pit and let your head do some banging, either way you're getting destroyed by the crust in your speakers. The vocals are reverb-laden shrieks of terror that keep things interesting musically while also probing a little deeper than the usual punk rock

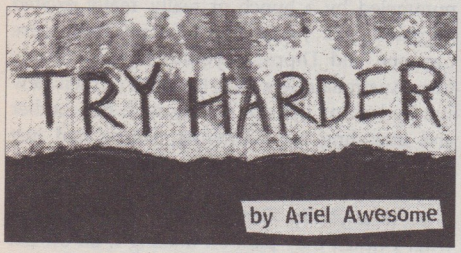
fare lyrically. This is a damn good demo, hope they record something else soon. Get yourself a copy with a couple of bucks if there's any left: Cervix/PO Box 30/NY/NY/10276/USA.

That's it for this month. I'm off to Europe to get culture-fied.

Fuck band equipment discussion. Fuck bogus-ass pop punk. Fuck the goddamn "Monster Mash." I'm out.

ENDNOTES:

1. Please keep sending the mixtapes and demo tapes; I need more! Or simply write me: John Fahy/15011 Lakeside View Drive/Apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919/USA or fahy_john @hotmail.com
2. Seriously, fuck "The Monster Mash."
3. Aside from the TRENCHFOOT demo, the SLOANE PETERSON single on Art of the Underground Records is one of the best pop punk records I've heard in some time, top-notch songwriting. Check out www.artoftheunderground.com to see if any are left.



I pause to reconsider before I lie to him, again. He's the punkish looking boy who slings at the place across from my school, he is always really nice and funny, but I lie anyway when he asks my name.

I'm distracted, so I blurt out, "Uh, Marissa"

"Yeah, that's right you come in all the time," he says, smiling. "I should remember by now."

I feel guilty now, so I say, "don't worry about it, it's just my coffee name"

"Your coffee name?"

"Yeah, I don't think it's a good idea to have your name called out to a room full of strangers. That way if someone tries to call me Marissa and says we've met I know they're a creep" I say, looking down at my receipt.

He is trying not to laugh as he says, "So it's probably better that I don't remember huh? Don't want to run into you sometime and label myself a creep."

I smile. I feel stupid. He thinks I'm paranoid. Maybe I am, but this is the kind of stuff you resort to after you experience what happens when you put too much personal information out in the world. When a name and a face are enough to fuel a fire.

184 emails, 48 letters, and one response.

E-mail from a German "fan" XV:

Hello beautiful face Ariel, my Great Goddess,

Meanwhile I've mentally understood it: Your 21st birthday is in August, right? Also, I know you are living in California!

I really believe that since months I'm immortally in love with You. I'd also like it very much to invite You to come one day to Germany: the airport of _____ is quite close to _____, unfortunately I don't have got a car any longer (after bumping into another one at a red traffic light while looking after a pretty woman on another track). Are You jealous in America at that moment?

Your Uli

I thought the first communiqué was spam because it was from Germany, and I didn't know anybody in Germany then. But as my inbox filled with declarations of love details of my life spit back at me, I got the feeling it was not random. At first it was pretty funny, the prose was so flowery and ridiculous, and so out of nowhere. I read the first few emails from my budding stalker out loud to my housemates and we spilled our beers laughing.

By the time I got email 32, it wasn't funny anymore. I started to feel kind of sick about it. Not afraid exactly, but kind of queasy and unsettled. I kept wondering how it was possible he was carrying on this one-sided love affair that I never responded to.

E-mail from Your German infinite admirer XXXII:

Hello beautiful face Ariel,

How does Your pretty nose do? I wish You a speedy and complete recovery.

Again, I'll go sleeping in order, above all, to have Your picture standing on my beside table. What are You doing at the moment?

I'll soon come into a day-hospital for two or three months, being soooo ill ...(It's psychiatry - I am on bad terms with it...) I start getting the desire of a short holiday to America - to see You, in natura.

Do You believe You are able to get used to me?

let me get your arm tattoos,

I'll always love them, just like You!

let me get Your eyes tattooed,

I'll always love them, just like You!

Profoundly admiring You, I remain Your German fan (number thirty-two)

Uli Your Uli

The way our lives have become so public, so tied up in social media, it wasn't weird that he knew I broke my nose. But it still felt too close, like all of my life was open to him. I made all of my websites private, or impersonal to the point of being mysterious. I asked friends to take down photos, to delete my name.

He responded with a lament:

Seriously, they have taken Your whole special site off the public web. Due to the quantity of tears moistening my eyes since days' time and until further notice, however, I'm not able to decipher the wonderful pictures, anyway.

I would dread checking my email, knowing if I let too many days go by there would just be a solid wall of deranged loved notes, one after another. On prolific days he would send five or six long emails dotted with poetry or schedules for times in my time zone when I could call him in Germany. I told myself it was fine, that the internet isn't real, that he was in Germany and I was here and nothing could or would happen.

One sunny weekend I drove down to see my dad. We were chatting in the small room with the big TV when he said, "oh, there's mail for you. You really got a devoted pen pal there." I followed his gaze to the end table where there was big stack of mail wrapped in a thick rubber band. My chest tightened, and I knew.

In the envelopes were printed out photos of me with the eyes blacked out, map of the city my father lives in with a heart on his house, magazine cut outs of women with brown hair and tan skin with my tattoos drawn on them and their faces blacked out or scratched out. In one letter, there was a small photo of Uli himself. It was a wallet size school photo. In it he is emotionless, with glasses and sandy blonde hair cropped short, wearing some kind of Keith Haring print button up shirt. In another letter he details the money he is saving for his ticket to see me "in natura."

Looking at his utterly unremarkable school photo, I scrutinize his face trying to recognize him. I wonder how he could have fixated on me of all the people in the world.

With each envelope I felt more and more overwhelmed and sick, but the photos provided some very good clues. They were printed from one of those spambot "look at pictures of tattooed chicks" websites. Originally they were part of a short interview I gave about working in a tattoo shop. There was one breadcrumb for Uli to follow, my name.

One good google found where I went to school, my good friend's livejournal, a couple art shows, and finally a scan of an old old zine of mine that had my email. Enough to lead to other friends, to tour photos, on and on.

I write him back for the first time. It takes me hours to write a simple paragraph. I tell him I don't know him, that I don't want to know him, and to please cease contact. His response is chilling. He tells me I need to learn to be nicer than I want to be. To be more respectful.

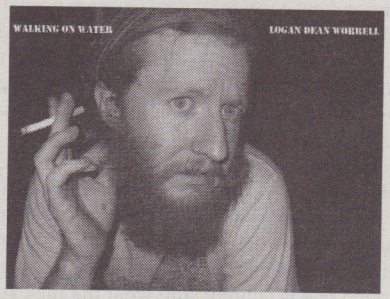
I work for a long time trying to get him blocked from my email, I try everything I can, and everything that is suggested to me by a very very helpful tech support. None of it works.

Finally, in order to get rid of him, I changed my punk name. In one week I severed all ties with that name and I began life anew with an empty inbox. It works, no emails from Uli come; I feel relaxed but not really safe.

In all, nothing really happened. As he created a fictitious relationship to me in his life, he created real anxiety and dread in mine. Out of nothing he created love and fear. It's as impressive as it is crazy.

Six years later, I get a postcard from Germany that just says, "Miss you. Your Uli"

Please don't send any creepy love letters to arielawesome@gmail.com. I don't want to have to change my punk name again. I might end up with something even dumber.



People talk shit. It's awesome. Who doesn't love waiting for some motherfucker to walk out

of a room, and to totally unload on the dipshit just the second the back of his (or her) left heel crosses that threshold? Lord knows it's a great feeling. Second to, of course, sexing with 22-year-olds on the reg, but you know what? This column isn't about that. This isn't even about talking shit, really. It's about living your life in the fast lane, going 100-plus miles per hour with the top down. It's about pulling out all the stops and throwing caution to the wind. That's right, friend. I'm talking about the time John Kortland and I went to the goddamn motherfucking Gathering of the Juggalos.

There's been a lot of press about "The Gathering" in the past year or so. Most of it has been negative. People wanna hate, and I feel that, but how can you hate on a bunch of *Gummo*-type weirdos having a hell of a time in the middle of fucking nowhere, taking acid and having unprotected sex in tents full of Freon? My partner in crime during this cultural study was my good pal John Kortland. A little back story if you will on JK. I meet John in Austin about seven years ago. Shit popped off immediately, and through the years a very adventurous friendship was forged. We saw some ghosts together. We made love to some ladies together. We beat up a bunch of sixth graders together. Once, during a SXSW a few years back, our noses accidentally fell into a giant pile of cocaine and Kortland, Noel, and I ended up staying at it 'til about 11 a.m. Noel and I passed out on a pile of jackets in the corner of the living room, but JK kept on trucking. That's just the kind of brother he is, so it made sense to bring him along on this epic journey. There were so many questions. So many fears. The night leading up to our departure was like waiting for Christmas and your birthday all together. Our bags were packed, and first thing in the morning we were on a plane headed to Cave-In-Rock, Illinois. There were trains, buses, rental cars, and planes, but finally after about 24 hours we made it to where the shit was going down. I've gone down the whole festival bullshit road before. I did that Coachella crap, it sucked balls. Logan Worrell ain't afraid to sleep in no fucking tent. However, I was not anywhere near prepared for this. So many mutants covered in black clown paint and the coolest clothes. A lot of sweatpants, FUBU for days, and *the Faygo!* Oh, the Faygo. You put me in a room full of Dr. Faygo and, son, let me tell ya, that drink will get drunk.

It was probably like, shit, I don't know, maybe 3 p.m. when we got to the spot. John got our tent all sorted out, so we figured it was time to hit the scene and get a feel for where we were posted up at. Bam, Team Chaos booth. Shit was real, dog. It's no problem for punks to have some grey hair, or no hair for that matter, but what I'm trying to say is that in no way shape or form does age have really anything to do with being punks. It's not weird or disenchanting for a punk to be like 50 fucking years old, washing dishes, smoking a little ice on the weekend, just cold kicking it. Frankly, at this point in my life, it wouldn't be weird for anybody to do anything. That being said, no one is entirely sure what the fuck Team Chaos is or does. Near as I can tell it's some real stupid kinda pedophile fellas trying to get a little action. Not entirely cool with that, but goddamn, what the fuck you gonna do? The gentleman who runs the operation is a lad by the name o' Curt. I say lad, I would venture to guess he was around Bruce Roehrs's age, if Bruce was 80. Homeboy makes Juggalo stuff, you know, bootleg whatever, and also dabbles in the arts a little bit with his unique brand of Juggalo-themed "things", such as a giant "riddle box" (the name of the third ICP record , looks not unlike a jack-in-the-box) and just hands-down magical Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J likenesses done with oil paints. Curt was nice, and his wares were for sure top notch, but one of the premiere Psychopathic Records artists, Night Train, was on stage ready to unleash some art of their own on the eagerly waiting crowd of—no bullshit—30,000 people. John and I both celebrate all of the Psychopathic Records artists' entire catalogs, but goddamn Night Train really sticks out as a front-runner for sure. "Livin' in streets, in the city, is causing trouble with my ninjas…" What's not to love? The Canadian rap wonder Snow was the headliner for this particular night of the fest. Yes the "informer, lick your boom boom down" guy, who Kortland loves, but was willing miss so we could move on to a more taxing matter: scoring some acid. Every time I've ever taken acid (which has been a whole bunch of times) has kinda been like being in a room full of Juggalos anyway, so hey, why not just take a bunch of acid with a fuck-ton of 'em in the flesh? John met a very unfortunate looking lady from Cincinnati with a head full of multi-colored My Life with The Thrill Kill Kult-esque dreads. Kinda fine, actually, and after a few minutes of negotiations, John was able to talk Medusa down from ten dollars a hit to four for fifteen. We split 'em, and within about an hour I was tripping balls. Kortland, being a seasoned party dog, seemed to not be affected, although I think he was too wasted from his blend of orange Faygo, Bacardi 151, and pretzels to feel the LSD really take hold. I was gone. I remember foam. Lots of foam. A foam party, really. Possibly a grown man in clown makeup licking me all over my drugged-up body. Flashes, going in and out. I was into it. What was happening to me? What started off as a joke had gone too far, totally backfired, and by the time my head was done fucking itself, I was in a tent full of portly ladies and gents just hatefucking like wild animals. What I thought would smell like burnt piss now smelled like roses and Sweet Tarts. Regardless, John was nowhere to be found when I was done doing whatever it was I got myself into. The sun was up and it was time for another day of Juggalo-ing.

Not really that worried about my compadre, I tried to make the most of my alone time and just kinda walked the earth. Maybe it was the drugs still running through my veins, maybe it was the changing of the seasons, but something was different. This wasn't some fucking joke. This was real life, man. People who actually weren't afraid to let their freak flag fly. American people with zero education who couldn't give a flying fuck about anything other that what they were already doing. Somewhere along my walkabout though the Juggalo killing fields a group of scantily clad "people" had collected and from what I could see had begun to beat the shit out of each other with a speed limit sign freshly ripped from the ground, presumably from somewhere on the highway. It was more boring then you'd think. A good ass-whooping is something a man like me would never dream of missing, yet I had no urge to stick around. There was only one day left and there was so much shit to do.

I swam in some lake with a fat dude from Manitoba, saw a dog fuck a passed out Juggalo from Detroit, and ate the anus of a water buffalo. Still, 36 hours from the time I dropped the acid, John Kortland was nowhere to be found. Surely he would turn up soon. Tonight was the night. To celebrate the final day of the Gathering, the Insane Clown Posse themselves were to close the show out with a bang like only ICP could. Minutes turned into hours and hours turned into a lot of hours and still there was no sign of John Kortland. Shit got weird and I ended up getting up as close to the stage as I could without being pummeled by a bunch of really, really excited Juggalos and Juggalettes. To my left were Cayenne and Dippy, a young Juggalo couple from Australia celebrating the birth of their new son by leaving the shit factory with her mother and attending the Gathering. Dippy had just asked Cayenne to take his tiny little flipper hand (he was deformed) in holy matrimony. No surprise to anybody, Cayenne said yes and from what I heard they plan on making it all official next year at the Gathering. Check the *Weekly Freekly Weekly* (Juggalo internet action news) for the wedding announcement and registration info. FYI, they are registered at Marshall's. We smoked a little speed just to get to feeling good, and then *bam*.

The lights went down. Electricity and the smell of Mexican ditch weed were in the air. Then *bam*, "If I was a serial killer…" People went fucking nuts, myself included. Never in my life have I witnessed something so special and so real. Not a punk gig in a basement, not a hardcore show in a warehouse in Oakland. Never. Everyone was hugging and crying and fucking singing and throwing up and tripping their balls off and making out and fucking. It was cool. ICP played for like four hours, shooting Faygo on everybody, just getting the crowd "buck." Out of nowhere, towards the back of the Faygo crew unloading on fools, I see something familiar. Kinda familiar. Shaggy hair, Super Sabado Gigante t-shirt, glasses with the rubber strap on the back… Juggalo … face… make… up? Motherfucking John Kortland was somehow up on stage shooting Faygo-filled super-soakers onto the adoring crowd. The look in his eye was something I'd seen before. It was that look I saw at 11 a.m. after a night of drinking and drugs. You could tell that Kortland was somewhere in between a dark place and a light one. After his super-soaker was empty, John jumped in to the crowd like Michael Phelps bailing off a platform. His newly acquired "Hatchet Man" neck-chain slapped me in the face something fierce. Blood ran down my face and I could taste the metal in my mouth. Without skipping a beat I just rubbed that shit all over my face in the fashion of my Juggalo brethren. JK and I both put

our hands up, meeting halfway, and just stood there, holding hands, looking into each other's eyes without saying a word. There was nothing left to say because ICP said it for us.
Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Snifffffffff. Pop. BANG! Whizzzzzzzzz. OPEN——then CLOSE. (the anus). Read almost like poetry to you? (Poetry in 2010 cannot exist, and if it does it is fake and false, chewable but you can't swallow. Like gum. Anyone I meet that tells me they read poetry [both sexes, always faux-sensitive types that I can't stand] is a liar. I'll actually go so far as to say that anyone I meet who tells me they read is a goddamn liar because when I inevitably invade their house and home in search of either costless vittles or maybe a sniff of snzzzzz I always see the same books. Always a coupla torn-up leftover paperbacks from high or sometimes even middle school [*The Giver*, for some reason, always, and occasionally *Catcher in the Rye*], always in fact *C in the R* which I find obnoxious for obvious reasons… all too often some deplorable and tasteless thing Chuck Palahniuk shit out… some old books that look unreadable because they in fact are and have never been and will never be… maybe *Please Kill Me* or *American Hardcore* or etc.… I could go on but won't.) WELL IT'S NOT POETRY—IT'S POPPERS.

You know, Alkyl Nitrites, huffed (or snuffed!) VCR cleaner for one of *two* purposes: to make it easier for you to get fucked in the ass (I'd say the vagina, too, but I doubt very much that any woman has actually ever done this, tho I have used Dust Off on me and a femme friend during intercourse) or to get fucking *high*. I have never been fucked in the ass (tho they say never say never) but I have gotten high. And the last time I got high on poppers, not counting during the writing of the first paragraph of this column, was at a fest. And so it is about fests I will write.

Fuck fests. I admit I've actually written a well-informed and sensitive article in one of my earliest zines concerning this very subject, the "Fuck Fests" subject, but that zine is currently going for 67 US DOLLAR$ at a Sweeney auction right now, being hocked by a mysterious entrepreneur going by the *nom de plume* "BeldenFan311" so it would seem like I gotta reiterate to a larger audience. Which is no big deal, except that the next time I actually show up to one of these fucking things (fests, not a Sweeney auction, where I'm at right now typing this from my Blackberry) I just know I'm gonna get some obnoxious asshole stumbling up to me drooling and referencing *this very column*, but that's a penance I'm willing to pay for speaking the truth. Fests are awful and we all know it but no one's talking about it, at least not in public.

I almost fell over the other night while looking over last month's issue of *MRR* during a particularly satisfying L-Job on the third floor of my Super Yacht, the *Wealthy Tomorrow*, reading about how, in each and every column, the Elephant in the Room, Chaos in Tejas, was brushed aside during the first or second paragraph in favor of writing about *new releases* or a Briton throwing up out of Tim Brooks's wife's car window. The Truth is being squashed and silenced by ramblings of barely-social shut-ins! I'll tell you what happened at Chaos in Tejas! I threw up! I touched a woman's *bare ass*! I bought drugs! I did them! Once—twice actually, while taking a shit! A-Frames were great! X were not! That's all I watched! Rorschach covered King Crimson! I confronted a huge guy in a One Life Crew shirt! Then I hid under a bridge! I did poppers! Hell, that's all I care about! That's all I remember!

It really is. I did poppers in a pool and then while my rock group was opening for Poison Idea, (we were met with less than crickets, less than cicadas, less than silence. As mentioned hysterically above and no doubt on some message boards, I confronted a guy in a One Life Crew shirt re: him throwing a drink all over me, told him he was being redundant after he called me a Gay Faggot, and eventually hid under a bridge). That was the best time I had. Timmy Hefner made six million dollars. He's the six million dollar man. Really, though, it's 2010, I can't believe the people who get angry every time the fest ends—the little fella actually works hard so you cretins can complain about Poison Idea (with good reason, I might say). But I can't remember most of the time I spent in Austin. Things are hazy, the mists of time thick and heavy, and I'm drunk at my parents' house right now, away from all the punk ephemera I've festooned my cold shit apartment with, so who the hell remembers what the hell happened. I don't.

You know, I started out writing about fests, but now that I think about it, Chaos in Tejas is I think the only fest that people actually fly to. Which means it's the only fest that people really go to. This is because crusties love to be around other crusties, which makes perfect sense. Think about it: if you dressed and acted like a heavy metal leather clown, but you lived in Pittsburgh where there's only like 80 other heavy metal leather clowns, and you heard about some event that had some heavy metal leather clown bands playing and was going to be attended by planeloads of other heavy metal leather clowns, wouldn't you want to go? Makes perfect sense, but then I've always had a knack for getting inside heavy metal leather clowns' heads. Maybe people fly to that thing called The Fest in Florida, but if they do I don't want to know about it, because I might just cry.

Anyways, there're also garage fests, though there're only two that people fly to. Goner Fest, in Memphis, is hot-rod turkey central come every September, as is SF/October's Budget Rock here in the concrete jungle of San Francisco. Garage Fests are terrible because unlike Chaos in Tejas, where at least you've heard of most of the bands (even if they're just shitty fifth-rate metal groups), you usually have absolutely no idea what the hell any of these groups are like, and they all play for two hours. There's actually *less* attractive women at these things, too, because only old ugly people like garage rock (to clear things up once and for all: I am not a garage turkey now that I stopped giving a shit about the latest Kangaroo Records releases—I only listen to the Velvet Underground and Tubeway Army, so leave me the hell alone about what the hell I *like*, already). For me, at least, it's a lot easier to get laid by old people than it is by young spry crustqueens, so I generally have a better time at these sort of events. You can, too: just sidle up to the next 400-pound purple-pompadoured forty-six year old and pop 'em The Question: "Whaddya like better, the fifties or the sixties?" All you gotta do next is just pop your pud into whatever maw of theirs gapes at you next.

Anyways, I'm not making much sense (actually, upon re-reading, I am making perfect sense, I just sound like an asshole—but remember this thing was due ten days ago), but that's never stopped me in the past. Ever since I gave up doping I've forgotten to do inhalants, but I used to do a hell of a lot of them and I expect I will pick the reigns back up soon enough. My brain cells, by that point, will have popped probably completely, so here's a list of bands to do inhalants (whip-its, poppers, Dust Off, etc.) while listening to for my future brain-dead self: Roxy Music *1* and 2, live Devo with the treble really high up, first song off *Neu! '75*, Silver Apples, Cockney Rejects… you know, forget it, you can tell a Whip-It band just by looking at the record. Whip-Its make you superhuman and take you further up the evolutionary ladder than you might be prepared to go—telepathy is dog-food to the *New Human Brain*, so I most likely won't need this list once *I Get There* and neither will you if you're *Already There*. Anyways. I feel sick just thinking about most of the stuff I've written about in the past fifteen minutes. Thank god I don't get paid for this. Next month is going to be a really long and heavily researched article about the ten-year cycle re: rebel music. Who gives a goddamn? I found some computer cleaner under the sink here at the old Belden Estate. I'll see you next year.

After lazily ceding the lion's share of last month's column-writing duties to the superior mind of Mr. Tony Gunnarson—more about him later—I'm back with a slew of new releases and

reissues to highlight. But first, I need to take a moment to rhapsodize about the recent PIST show in San Francisco. Having gotten into punk in the early/mid-'90s on the East Coast, it's no surprise that I was a PIST fan in my teens. Alongside bands like AUS ROTTEN, VIOLENT SOCIETY, and THE SUSPECTS they were easily one my favorite bands at the time, and of all those bands I listed they were the one that I still listened to regularly as my taste moved away from street punk and towards more noisy fare. I had last seen THE PIST in 1996 (or so) at a memorable gig at DC's Kaffa House, a show where the pogoing was so intense there was a brief scare that the floor of this second-story venue would actually collapse. A great night, and one that I really didn't think could be topped as far as their performance went. When I heard that I had the opportunity to see them again after nearly fifteen years, I have to admit I had a few butterflies in my stomach. Would they be as great as I remembered? The easy answer: yes. Yes, they were. There is nothing better than seeing dedicated punks pushing or passing 40 and still making music for kids in DIY venues and (from all appearances) having a fucking blast doing it. The entire set was a massive sing-along, bodies were flying in every direction, and the set-closing "Street Punk" drew half the audience onto the stage. Also, guitarist Bill Chamberlain remains one of the absolute nicest guys in punk, as well as being one of the most consistently brilliant songwriters in the genre. It was fucking awesome, and if you weren't there you really missed something special. While I love doom-and-gloom crust and end-of-the-world d-beat with all of my heart, seeing THE PIST gave me a feeling of optimism and fun that I haven't felt at a gig in a long time. Great gig, love those guys.

In my last column I included a gentle reminder about the impending re-issue of GLOOM's *Recomendation of Perdition* 12". Now it's out, and thirteen years later it absolutely stands the test of time. Along with their predecessor band WARCRY, whose demos were reissued on vinyl by Crust War last year, GLOOM were the progenitors of the "crasher crust" style, and these nine songs are arguably their best work. Nasty distortion transforms the guitar and bass lines into a barely-comprehensible wall of sound, cut through by frantic screaming vocals and drums that aren't so much played as assaulted. Fast blasting parts give way to bass breaks so feral you can feel them in your gut. Fuck, there's even a mosh part! The only record in the genre that even comes close to this level of ferocity is DECEIVING SOCIETY's *Detonation Cruster* LP (with at least an honorable mention to COLLAPSE SOCIETY's EP). Mr. Jacky Crust War seems to be expanding his pressing numbers lately, so I imagine one can still find a copy of this for sale without too much effort (Crust War, B1F, 2-9-5 Nishi-Shinsaibashi, Chuo-Ku, Osaka, 542-0086 Japan, punkanddestroy @s4.dion.ne.jp)

To commemorate the reissue, the members of GLOOM also released a limited live CD. We already have an excellent live record from GLOOM, the *Noise Attack Devastating Tokyo City* LP, but this 1991 recording features a slew of early songs that do not appear on other releases. These songs do not reflect the fully developed sound heard on the 12", or even on 1993's *Speed Noise Hardcore Rags* EP. There's a bit more melody, less distortion on the guitar, and a fair bit of DISORDER-influenced one-two drumming and mid-tempo stuff. I'm not normally a big advocate of live records, but if you're a GLOOM fan or a fan of the style in general this CD is well worth tracking down. The sound quality is remarkably good given the age of the recording, all the levels are pretty even, and nothing's lost in the mix. It's also budget-priced (I believe it was given away at the reissue release party) to appeal to the budget-minded crasher crust fanatic. I'm not sure how many of these there are and there's no contact info included, but if you're so inclined you might want to email or write Punk & Destroy at the address above and see if they have any more copies.

Speaking of simultaneously-released records and live CDs, Maryland's own CHAOS DESTROY have graced us with both their first full length and a live CDR. I have previously raved about CHAOS DESTROY's ultra-primitive EP, and this full length (a collection of demo and new material) does not disappoint, though it does ratchet up the weird to a point that I have concerns about their collective sanity. Arriving in a file folder with seemingly endless bizarre inserts (including hand-drawn pictures!) that seem like the result of a collaboration between late-period (read: super nutty) Phillip K. Dick and a class full of particularly disturbed elementary school kids, the album begins with a simple instrumental before blowing into the fast, simple noise punk that is their trademark. The most obvious point of comparison is THE WANKYS, with whom they share many influences, but CHAOS DESTROY are if anything even more reductive than Kyushu, England's premiere noise-punkers. It's a matter of seven tracks before the first recognizable guitar lick emerges from the fuzzy haze of distortion. Meanwhile the bass bounces along like '77 never ended, the drums barely keep time, and the vocalist yelps and shrieks and rants like—yup—a complete lunatic. I am a little bit in awe of this band's ability to so clearly reflect their influences while simultaneously doing something that's utterly unique. Yes, there's more than a bit of SWANKYS and CHAOS CHANNEL in their sound, but neither band had the bizarre breaks or range of styles (from 40-second screaming hardcore blasts to tripped-out HAWKWIND-esque bass solos) that CHAOS DESTROY display here. It's inarguable that the *vast* majority of people would absolutely fucking hate this record, but to those who have the ears and the guts for music that's this far out… congratulations, you have a new favorite record. Simply amazing. (Katorga Works, www.katorga-works.bigcartel.com)

CHAOS DESTROY also have a new live CDR, entitled *Lexington Anal Dynamite*. I'll leave it up to you to get the reference. Released by big Tony G—remember how I said I'd get back to him?—on his CDR label More Noize Records (because running a zine and a website aren't enough work already), this is a much more straightforward recording than the endlessly ambitious LP. Ten of their most song-like songs, and a cover of the mighty KAMIKAZE NOISE delivered with high energy to a loud and appreciative crowd, in a little under thirteen minutes. This is limited to "under 100" copies with color covers and hand-painted inserts. Hit Tony up and see if he still has a copy for you. (More Noize. 31 Woodville Rd. E17 7ER London, UK, slobodanburgher @gmail.com)

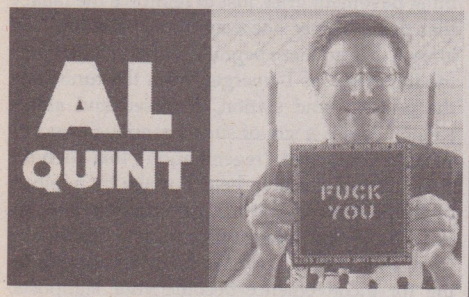
Speaking of More Noize, he has also (in collaboration with Pogo Punx Records) unleashed a deluxe WANKYS/TOM & BOOT BOYS CDR featuring rare and unreleased demo tracks from both. THE WANKYS' "Noise Disorder Chaos" is easily one of the strongest tracks these prolific noise-mongers have written yet, and the rehearsal room recording does wonders for their sound. As always, they're at their best when they're as raw as possible. The TOM & BOOT BOYS songs, both drawn from the *Kill Your Boss* demo, take me back almost as much as that PIST gig. Ultra-fuzzy, super-catchy, one-two punk rock. Think the early CHAOS UK demos or the more street-punky stuff on the *Bullshit Detector* compilations. This is a nicely put together CDR, with full color packaging and inserts. Good stuff, and well worth a couple of quid. (More Noize address above, or www.myspace.com/pogopunxrecords)

Since good things are apparently coming in twos this month, THE WANKYS also have a new split EP with LOTUS FUCKER just in time for the LF/WANKYS/CHAOS DESTROY East Coast jaunt. The first track, "Princess Wanky", has a bit of a rock feel with its medium pace and guitar flourishes, but the other two are classic chaotic WANKYS fuzz-fests. I know some people don't care for them (Hi, Chris!), but I have yet to be disappointed by these prolific wankers, and I could do with more tracks in the style of "Princess Wanky." I just referred to LOTUS FUCKER yesterday in conversation as the best band in America today, and I stand by that claim now. I always struggle to explain their sound, so let it suffice to say that this one track, which is also two tracks, is both frenetic and epic and over way too quickly. If you're not already on the LOTUS FUCKER bandwagon, you're definitely missing out. (Katorga Works, see address above)

I don't have a good transition here, but I do have one more awesome new release: WARNING//WARNING's *Nuclear Cult* cassette. Opening with a sound collage of sirens and reverb-laden screams, these French noise bastards crank out some extremely damaged noise-drenched punk that can be compared to DESTINO FINAL, but with an extra layer of distortion and vocal reverb and delay that creates a truly eerie (and unique) atmosphere. In fact, the noise levels and style of music recall a less metallic Z circa the *Violence Action* flexi. The samples and packaging reinforce the songs' strident anti-nuclear sentiment. This release kind of took me by surprise, as I thought this band's EP was okay, but nowhere near as good as this tape!

They're doing something here with the mixture of noise and punk that puts them in the same neighborhood as SCHIZOPHASIA and EXIT HIPPIES when it comes to pushing the boundaries of the genre. Excellent! Unfortunately, I don't have any contact info for you, so keep an eye out (or check the interweb) and track this fucker down.

That's it for me this month. As always, drop me a line if you have any hot leads on the next great raw punk band c/o *MRR*. Also, if you've got a GUDON flexi or a DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR 12" you're looking to sell, I'm in the market for both.



I know I've spent a lot of time pissing and moaning in these columns. Well, it's not going to end anytime soon. Seriously, it seems as though the angry, huge chip on the shoulder, 24-year-old version of yours truly has been resurfacing as of late, bubbling up to the point where I sometimes get pissed off for the smallest reason. Even when I was at the Y a few weeks ago, I was about to get on a treadmill with one of those individual TVs, so I could have my back to the Fox Noise channel on the large screen TVs (of course, they never have CNN on there). There was an iPod on there, which I gave to the attendant, but it turned out the lady who left it behind had just gone off to get some water. I realize she was in the right, but it really set me off that I had to abandon that perfect spot. I was cursing up a storm under my breath while using another treadmill, with *Family Feud* on in front of me. It's not as bad as Fox, I guess. I think my "motherfuckers" and other not-so-nice words were starting to become more audible (I had on my headphones at the time) because the guy on the next treadmill shot me a curious glance. My ready explanation would have been to say I have Tourette's. It's an insult to those who really *do* suffer from the affliction but I figured why tell him what was *really* on my mind? It was irrational. On the plus side, it probably made me work out harder. Not a bad thing since I seem to be losing the battle of the bulge of late and it's been so goddamned hot here the past few days that I haven't even had the motivation to get over to the Y or walk by the beach.

The rage I've been feeling lately is a little less blind than when I was in my twenties but it's still there. Things big and small can set me off, particularly when life takes not-so-great detours. My wife lost her job, recently. I don't want to go into details except to say that if there's any such thing as karma, I hope it gets her former superiors tenfold. To say she got treated crappily is an understatement. In the meantime, we have to pay for our own insurance and she's sweating out whether or not she'll get unemployment compensation. And some of those motherfuckers (there's that word again) in Congress, mostly Republicans, don't want to extend unemployment benefits. They're messing with people's lives, plain and simple. Not enough bad things can happen to them. And the next person who tells me that it's our problem, that the government shouldn't take care of it, might suffer *huge* consequences if they say that in person to me. Oh, who am I fooling? I'm not the violent type. Sure, I've taken a swing or two at people who were acting like morons at a show, but in terms of a real, honest-to-goodness fistfight, the last time was when I was 22 and it was with my college roommate Rick. It was for stupid reasons. An odd character, that Rick. He was a geology major and I used to trip over the rock samples in our walk-in closet.

We don't have it as badly as some people. We're managing OK, at least for now. But the pure selfishness of some people just sends me into a state of pure anger. Here's yet another example—there are people who actually think public libraries are a waste of money. The Fox affiliate in Chicago had such a report and I posted a link to the video clip on my F*cebook page. In the story, a shithead named Jim Tobin, who is the president of the National Taxpayers United of Illinois, was asked if the libraries *"provide a valuable service by enabling the unemployed to use the internet for job search."* He said, *"Well, the jobs aren't there. And the jobs aren't there primarily because of excessive government spending and tax increases."* Of course the anti-tax terrorists support the idea. Turn information into a class issue, keep the "rabble" in the dark, keep them docile.

Heck, even an acquaintance of mine thinks it might not be such a bad idea. He said he's "on the fence" about it. After mentioning that his property taxes had gone up $300 for the year, he wrote, *"I think [libraries] are very good for the community. I also hear they use a lot of tax dollars. In a perfect world, I'd like to see a few useless over paid government city positions slashed instead. Maybe a good compromise would be to close the city libraries and move all the books to school libraries. I think they should be available free to children/students. However, if you're a grown man, get a job and buy a book!"* He added, *"Some people will view my opinions as very selfish, but why should money be taken from my weekly check to go to other people? I live in a house that I am trying to renovate so I can put a livable roof over* my *head. How about I fix my life situation on my own, and when/if I get there we talk about me paying into helping other people. I would give the shirt off my back for a friend. But if I do not know you, screw you. Nobody ever helped me. When I was a child living in an extremely abusive household, where were the teachers to help me? When I came into elementary school with black eyes all the time was that not enough of a red flag?*

"If I don't know you, screw you. Yeah, I'd say that's selfish and said it was, calling it "Randian nonsense," the whole selfishness is a virtue thing. Teabagger-think. Break down the $300 per year and that's about $6 a week to make sure more teachers don't get laid off, schools don't get closed, snow gets plowed, there are enough firemen, etc. I feel badly about him being abused. Some teachers *don't* pick up on those signals—look at all the problems with bullying that have led to some kids to commit suicide. But that attitude drives me nuts. I've mentioned Barbara Anderson, a Massachusetts anti-tax radical behind a successful ballot measure to cap property tax increases. When she was asked many years ago about libraries closing if funds dried up, she said that people could cheaply buy paperback books.

These people are going after the most basic services. *Public libraries* are considered excessive for some of these nitwits. As are, no doubt, public schools or anything that they feel can be privatized. I imagine all of these folks wouldn't be down with my opinion that education should be available, free of charge, to all people up through college. A buddy in Holland is working on his PhD (sad to say, I forget in what discipline) and guess what it's costing him? Nothing. Free. Compare that to people unable to afford college or going into extreme debt for a college degree and then having to pay them off while trying to make ends meet with whatever job they're able to find, if they can find one. That means a less-educated populace. Americans are stupid enough as it is. Why exacerbate the problem?

*****

OK, OK, I suppose one can only vent *so* much. One needs a diversion and I've attempted to attack the ever-growing pile of books next to my recliner. I don't seem to be having much more luck than attacking the record review pile. It's the story of my life but I'm making an effort.

In recent years, my bookshelves have been crushing under the weight of the seemingly endless glut of tomes concerning various aspects of the history of punk and hardcore. In terms of the latter, Steve Blush's *American Hardcore* seemed to get the ball rolling—both the printed version and the film that followed. I've expounded on *AHC* in the past, finding it to be a flawed work with its good and bad points and also recognizing the fact that no one book or film is going to provide a comprehensive view of hardcore (or any musical genre, for that matter). I did think it was lame that Blush referred to hardcore (or Hardcore, since he felt the need to capitalize the term) as a "lost subculture." The book had a consummate "in my day" attitude, dismissing anything that had come in recent years as redundant or not worthy of attention. Not to put too fine a point on it, but it seemed as though the people who loved the book and film the most were the "old timers." There seemed to be a split verdict among the younger folk.

Over the years, there have been different projects aimed at covering certain geographical areas and a pair of books connected to the Detroit scene have come out practically simultaneously—one is *Why Be Something That You're Not: Detroit Hardcore 1979-1985* by Tony Rettman and the other is *Touch and Go, The Complete Hardcore Punk Zine '79-83*. The former takes the oral history format, bringing together such scene "movers and shakers" as Tesco Vee (who wrote the intro in his inimitable style), members of the

NECROS, THE FIX, NEGATIVE APPROACH and other bands, Touch and Go co-founder Dave Stimson, even the teacher who helped create the cable TV show that book is named after, that featured these bands playing live in the studio. The book's broken down into short chapters interspersing Rettman's observations with recollections from the various parties. First-hand accounts of such "legendary" events as the shows at the Freezer Theater, early Touch and Go record releases, the Process of Elimination tour and their invasion of the *Saturday Night Live* set for the infamous FEAR appearance. It documents the rise and eventual fall of that era—regressive elements being introduced (nazi bullshit) and band members moving on to new musical and life adventures. There are plenty of vintage photos, flyers, set-lists, et al, with the last third of the book given over to a gallery of such ephemera. It's also humorous to see that certain rivalries persist a quarter century after the fact—I'm thinking of the mutual admiration society that Steve Miller from THE FIX and Barry Henssler from THE NECROS still seem to have for each other. When I interviewed Barry in '92, he expressed a less-than-complimentary viewpoint about the virtues of THE FIX's music and Steve wrote a rather caustic letter in reply, which I printed in the following issue. It seems as though time hasn't softened those feelings.

I've barely gotten through half of the *T&G* anthology so far, since it runs over 500 pages, but it's a blast. It includes all 22 issues of the 'zine, reproduced exactly as they first appeared, along with brief introductory pieces by Tesco and Stimson, Corey Rusk, Steve Miller from THE FIX, Ian MacKaye and a few others. Tesco and Dave weren't afraid to call things as they saw them, barbs pointed and expelled very sharply at their targets. These targets included a good chunk of the original crop of Detroit punk and new wave bands, radio stations and DJs peddling safe swill and whatever else bored, bemused or enraged them. As Tesco mentioned in Rettman's book, that necessitated the creation of his pseudonym. Tesco said, *"I came up with the pen name so I could trash the people I hated while extolling the virtues of others without being tracked down and killed. We always tried to write reviews that entertained first and informed second."*

Their musical taste was unpredictable—in the pre-hardcore days, there was an affection for plenty of British post-punk/experimental music such as Pop Group, Cabaret Voltaire, Gang Of Four, PIL, et al, along with late '70s/early '80s west coast bands (Black Flag, Germs, Circle Jerks, Avengers) and such UK fodder as 999 (Tesco's first zine, reproduced here, was *999 Times*, devoted to that band), Blitz, Revillos, etc. But it was the burgeoning Detroit hardcore punk scene that provided the most inspiration, documenting in real time what the Rettman book covered, so they complement each other very well.

The T&G honchos' bible was *SLASH* fanzine and it certainly inspired their own irreverent attitude and, at first, a more "artistic" layout approach. These guys eventually took scatology to new heights—or, more accurately, depths. In fact, the gross-out humor only increased over the zine's life span. I've never seen so many creative descriptions for the male frontal appendage—"pork sword" is one favorite. They also tightened up the layout and increased the content as time progressed, introducing an increasing number of interviews with many of the "choice" (one of Tesco's favorite terms) bands of the time. And you can see how they inspired other punk zines, *Forced Exposure* in particular. Both zines championed their respective scenes but also made connections outside the city, generating a solid network particularly connecting Boston, DC and Detroit, although not so much New York. The exception from that area was the Misfits, who were from New Jersey, anyway. To use yet another cliché, you're watching history unfold as it happened. (*Why Be Something:* Revelation Records Publishing, www.revelationrecords.com/*T&G* Bazillion Points, www.bazillionpoints.com or www.touchandgobook.com; Amazon has 'em, as well)

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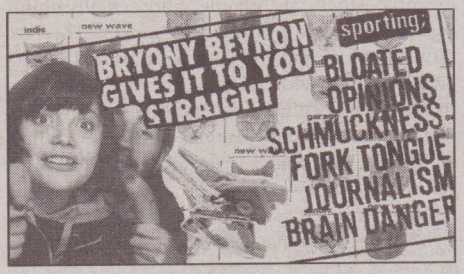

It is 5:39 a.m. and I am awake in a way that mildly terrifies me. This does not happen. Born into a body that likes the night, it will remain dormant until midday, every day, unless quite violently shaken. Dawn is my kryptonite, and as such I never see this time of day unless airlines are involved, and dear god have they been. Wrenched asunder from my San Franciscan seams, I spent nine hours in Newark nursing my frayed bits, head spinning with new songs. Delayed. Newark, a cruel name for an excessively air-conditioned antechamber of hell, one that is only "New York" if you have cause to slur your words, and six-seven-eight-nine hours delay presented that opportunity. We watched what had been a disconcertingly civilized afternoon departure time slowly withdraw into the small(ish) hours of the following morning. I ate at McDonald's for the first time in ten years, furious with my stomach for so welcoming the only thing that a $6 meal voucher would cover, aware of the irony that we'd wantonly jizzed our last dollars back at SFO on Oreos, because they're not vegan in the UK. Finally boarding, we tumble into ineffective sleep, and the only memory I hold of the flight is regressing to childhood in front of a stewardess, backhanding the fourth helping of shrink-wrapped-yet-crumbling bagel across the table with a wounded cry of "Mrrrrhheuhhhddon'ttt wannnit!" Proud moments in bloodshot history. I watched a collection of strangers exhibit their own personal facial responses to watching premature Fourth of July fireworks reflect on the runway. That holiday ain't shit to me though, so I just thought about bowling. I could have been bowling.

***

It seems to be true that anytime you return home to a place feeling improved, it's only so long before that place has its way with your changes, smoothing around new edges, forming subtle reassimilations; to make you think it wanted you that way. Sneaky. Unitary urbanist visionary-slash-crackpot Raoul Vaneigem once said, "We are living under a permanent curfew. Not just the cops, the geometry." Contested desire lines (the path you would take given total freedom) will breed you backwards into stumbling pavement grief, just to reinforce the fallacy that there is only one way home. The city had already begun these beguiling mind games with me in earnest as I emerged from the tunnels at the underground station, confused and alone. Kings Cross is a site of such strenuous, concerted, and prolonged "regeneration" that its horizons are interminably held hostage by a legion of multinational construction conglomerates. As part of the tiny minority for whom this area is local, I've found that those hoardings apologizing for inconvenience become your signposts, scaffolding and bollards become part of the landscape, diversions; the usual way, pointing you home. It is not beautiful, but it works out of gentrified necessity. Everyone knows regeneration is not for the locals, anyway. An area so historically rich with sex work and migration finds no irony in prostituting itself anew for coffee chains, glass-walled office buildings, luxury flats, and "world class opera programmes" for culture "nodes" plonked in some foreign spatial language incongruously opposite the council estate. I could go on. I might faint. Of course, it has been more than a month, and like the tide, invisible daily "progress" in the building work here has mounted up and new panels of branded concrete are completed and uncovered. My signposts are all awry, the streets seem to sprawl in different ways—no block system here, of course. I realize, panting and losing focus, that I am, for a moment, lost. How exciting. I hail a cab. He's a rude prick, but that once-resented force of American cultural tipping habit is still with me. Gold pound coins seem heavy. He thinks I've made a mistake with the money. I consider agreeing, then think about those changes and when they will start to whitewash. Does it have to start now? Not tonight. Not just the cops, the geometry. "Nah, you're all right, mate." He holds my gaze, and I can't help but giggle as this archetypal London cabby pockets his gold and tries to smile, grimacing back at me. "Oh, oh right, oh, well, cheers darlin'... and, er, have a nice day!"

***

I have a battered and all-but-unusable telephone in my lap, and for the first time in a while I listen to the music on it. Cheap headphone buds and underground trains systems immediately transport me back to being 21 and commuting to a job I had convinced myself I wanted. The first winter at that place was a mess of constantly almost strangling myself with headphone cables and scarves and not turning the

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music off until I was seated at my desk. I remember how I was just learning about Australian punk at the time, how dubs of Razar and the Victims made a perfectly absurdist snarl in the face of the ridiculous central London rat race. When summer rolled around, I had learnt to ride a bike properly-ish and dangerously experimented with one headphone, gingerly riding my first steed—a tank-like hybrid—through Brixton with the strains of John Joseph's audiobook reverberating conspiratorially in one ear. I would arrive at work transported so totally to another time and place that I could feign excitement for just about anything, even social media strategies for internet security companies (gah), and my abject failure to actually perform somehow slipped past a lot of people. At this point they had given me a second free iPhone (the first one of which I had stood on and smashed), which was, y'know, good of them, but the damn thing had a habit of playing through the speakers instead of the headphones. I remember a memorable walk through the office as I unsuccessfully slapped areas on my body desperately trying to mute the Simpletones' "Nasty Nazi" as it blared from my pocket.

Blink. Blank. It's been exactly year since I "logged off" that job and got shit together, and I'm riding a strange wide train with padded seats, collecting my squeeze from the airport. It'll be his first proper time in the U.S. (everyone agrees Disneyland doesn't count), and the demo version of "I'm Coming Over" by X startles me in tinny excitement. Serendipitous shuffle rules, this is the song we jammed together in secret practice room sessions where it's the biggest thrill just to hear your guitar through a huge stupid amp, a thrill to make disjointed broken approximations of your favorite songs together. Emerging southbound from the tunnel at Balboa Park, I am confronted by an unfamiliar soft focus landscape. This, it seems, is a place called Daly City. You can hardly make it out. The power lines sketch in the detail. All things considered, it's probably a place few visitors to the Bay Area have cause to visit. It has no trams or sea lions, I suppose. Next up is "Miles Apart" by Mega City Four. "I can understand sensations/and smells of petrol stations." The sweetest, most perfect song of bus stops and separation, that midway through the guitar does something slightly unpredictable, almost violent in the context of the tune, that so matches "should it make me sad/should it make me laugh?" Two weeks later, when we are waiting for that fucking plane in Newark, I will listen to it again, and think about bowling. Mammoth box malls aside, I find Daly City to be beautiful from the window and admonish myself for a travel vendetta so harshly (albeit unconsciously) limited to record shops and bourgie exclusion-diet tourism. The homes here are not the doll's house grandeur further north, no masked-off filigree or painstaking balustrades, but nevertheless the miles of rainbow house fronts—today muted down to pastel shades, facades mottled with drizzle—are still somehow iridescent in the fog. The song strains and fizzles out to a warm hush. "We continue in confusion/accidentally finding ourselves out."

I think I may have written a column on this subject some years ago, but I'd like to revisit starting an all ages show venue. This is an issue that has come to the fore again in the Minneapolis scene. I spent many years booking shows and found it to be the most thankless and least rewarding *job* in DIY hardcore. It is however, essential, as live shows are the basis of the hardcore scene. I suppose a case could be made for the internet based forms such as file sharing and social networking superseding the live band experience. However, for most of us, there is nothing like good hardcore show. It is a primal and tribal experience that conveys much more raw energy and emotion than a record. Since I discovered punk as a teenager I have been going to tons of shows. Since the DIY tour booking thing took off in the early '90s, I booked tons of shows as well. In that time I helped start and manage several underground venues and tried for a long time to get a permanent legal show venue off the ground.

A lot of people have a one or two year run at booking shows successfully because they hit the right combination of a good space, a good scene, good local bands, and getting connected with lots of touring bands. This can come unraveled if the show space goes under, the local bands all break up or sell out, or touring bands start to skip your town on tour. But some people, or show collectives manage to hold it down for some time and start to think about opening their own venue. At first this seems simple, just rent out a space, build a stage, set up a PA, come up with a cool name, and take money at the door. But this is where it gets complicated. Every all ages venue has to decide if they are going to "go legit" and become a legal venue, or stay totally under ground and run the risk of being shut down at any time.

To legally run a venue you will need to start some kind of business entity. More importantly, unless you live in a wild an unregulated part of the country, you will need to get a live entertainment license, insurance, put your venue in an area that is zoned by the municipality for live music. In most places you will also have to provide a certain number of parking spaces based on the square footage of your venue. Pretty soon this adds up to real money, running a venue quickly becomes a real business, with real expenses, and you understand why bars and nightclubs charge and prices they do. More clearly you see how alcohol sales fuel the whole music business, as the cash flow from the door doesn't add up to much after you pay the bands if you are going to cover your overhead.

Most cities have a pretty strict zoning code that divides parts of town into various grades of residential, commercial and industrial use. In Minneapolis for instance a very large part of the city was *downzoned* in the past few decades limiting land use to residential and retail/light commercial use. The goal of this was to separate out a lot of activities that cause resident complaints from residential areas. Often existing businesses are *grandfathered*, but new businesses have to abide by rules much stricter than those that existed in the past. To get a live entertainment license in Minneapolis your property must be zoned commercial or industrial. There are several grades of commercial (c-1, c-2, c-3 and the like), which separate commercial use into neighborhood retail, destination retail and the like, only the highest grade of commercial property was suitable for live music. In fact, this has led to a lot of conflict in Minneapolis because neighborhood coffee shops have been busted for having live music without a live entertainment license—this just for having acoustic bands and the like. When searching for a potential show space here in Minneapolis, we found lots of places that would be good show spaces, but very few that were zoned properly. This might be a much different story in a city with a greater degree of urban blight, but in Minneapolis, the Industrial and commercial properties (especially ones with parking) were rare and expensive. Almost as big of a headache as zoning, is parking. Most cities will require that you provide parking for your business. For a live entertainment venue, the parking is based on the capacity of the property. This is calculated based on the square footage. Even a rather small space requires a great deal of parking. Finding a good place to rent, zoned properly, with a lot of parking turned, that was affordable out to be almost impossible during our search. It is possible to get the city to waive the parking requirement. This is common for inner city businesses that are in parts of town developed in streetcar or horse and buggy days where there is little off street parking. However, this typically requires get the approval of the neighborhood organization or city council member's office to go before a city or county zoning board. It's certainly possible, but not quick, easy or guaranteed of success.

Another item to throw in the mix is insurance. The insurance industry is catching up the risks posed to music venues by stage diving and other mosh pit injuries. This is why man clubs out right prohibit stage diving or slamming. There have been many lawsuits over stage diving injuries and it seems that the club is usually deemed liable. I have not looked into getting insurance for a venue for some years, but I can probably say that it's expensive. Some places like 924 Gilman are able to get a better deal on insurance by being a members-only club. That way they can exclude people who don't follow their rules. They also have a no stage diving policy. These are probably some of the main reasons Gilman is able to stay open and not face prohibitive insurance costs.

If you do open a venue you will probably

also have to pay some kind of sales tax or entertainment tax. This varies from one city to the next, but there is probably going to be some tax liability if you are collecting any kind of revenue from the public. You will also probably need to pass a fire inspection and have lighted fire escape signs, smoke detectors, fire extinguishers, proper exits and perhaps even a sprinkler system. You also will probably have to provide handicapped accessible bathrooms.

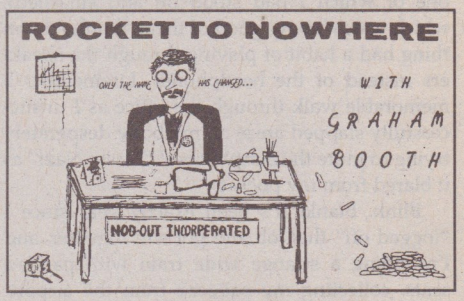
When you add up the overhead from finding and leasing a suitable space for a venue, plus the insurance costs, taxes, waste disposal, maintenance and everything else, even if you are running an all volunteer co-op type of space, you will probably find the over head to be very hard to meet just from doing shows. Unless you are in a town with a really vibrant music scene and reach out to other subgenres of music you are going to have a hard time packing in a punk/hardcore crowd often enough to cover your overhead and still pay the bands. This will lead to a search for other forms of revenue. You can sell coffee or drinks, although if you sell too much of this kind of stuff you might get into a situation where you need to pass a health inspection, and provide a mop sink, three compartment sink and the like to meet health code. The silver bullet to offsetting all these costs is of course to sell alcohol. The revenue stream from selling alcohol is what enables so many shitty bars to keep putting on shitty bands forever. People will grouse to no end about paying $5 for a show, but they will always lay out money for beer and liquor. This leads to kind of a paradox. Most people start booking all ages shows as an alternative to the mainstream music business, to showcase DIY bands that aren't featured at clubs, and to avoid a lame club environment altogether, especially if the shows are 21-and-up. However, once you look at the costs involved it seems a little bit clearer why the music business is the way it is. At the small show level it's really dependent on alcohol sales to subsidize its operations. And I think you have to work really hard, and be really lucky to keep an all ages venue open for a long time without an additional revenue stream like selling alcohol.

Of course, there are some alternatives. You could rent out practice spaces, network with lots of other kinds of music to feature events more nights of the week. You could be located in some part of the country where commercial real estate is dirt-cheap and regulations are very light. You could also share a space with another group, say an art, theatre or film group. There is also the option of packaging your show space as a community centre or arts centre and possibly get a break on the zoning and licensing this way.

The alternative is to run your venue out of some marginal illegal space, a warehouse or storefront. Some venues like this last for a long time, some get shut down in a matter of days. This is where the punks' relationship with the surrounding community becomes important. Local residents and businesses complain quickly about loitering, public drinking, parking problems, and graffiti in all but the sketchiest of neighborhoods. Since most city inspections departments are complaint driven, it's possible to stay off the radar for a long time if you are in an area where no one complains, like a really remote industrial area or something. It's not too hard to rent out some space as a practice room, artists studio, recording studio or the like and just build a stage and start having shows. These kind of illegal show spaces tend to me much more DIY and of course, have fewer rules. No rules is pretty cool, and the shows at these kind of spaces tend to be wilder and more energetic. However, once again alcohol is a driver here. A lot of people come to these kind of shows spaces not as much for the bands as for the party atmosphere. In a way this is very helpful because it always boosts the attendance, especially for weekend gigs. In the USA where alcohol laws are strict, young people will flock to a place they can drink and party. The downside of course is that the alcohol and partying can bring problems with neighbors and trouble with the police.

The police seem to always be looking for an excuse to stop kids from having fun, and under age drinking is a favorite of theirs to enforce. A local show space here in Minneapolis was shut down because kids were talking about getting wasted there on social networking sites. An overprotective parent read their kids page and called the cops. Simple as that. Supposedly here in Hennepin County there is a cop whose job it is to monitor social networking sites for teen parties to break up. This could be an urban legend, but it's not implausible. The alcohol and partying also brings some liability issues, what if a minor is injured stage diving, or drives drunk and crashes? A parent or lawyer will soon be looking for someone "responsible" to sue. If you had a legal club, you'd have insurance, but here you would just be negligent. So be sure to the sign the lease "Chuck U. Farley, or "Al Bino". The life span of these kinds of venues is usually short. However, they are comparatively cheap and quick to set up and take down, so such venues pop up every few years, get shut down and then some new group starts up something else. This is how a lot of cities punk scenes have developed over the years.

After many years of doing this I thought it was time to start a legit venue so that all the hard work could go into building a more permanent institution, like our record co-op Extreme Noise. However, for the amount of work and money that would go into such a project, I couldn't see a volunteer group getting it off the ground and keeping it together, at least not with a scene the size of Minneapolis. I do think it's possible, to start a legit all ages venue, and it certainly has its upsides. I do think this sort of endeavor takes one or two people with more entrepreneurial drive to make it work out, than is possible of say, a punk show collective that meets once or twice a week, or a part time promoter whose space gets shut down. Running such a venue quickly becomes a lot like running a nightclub, and the pressure of meeting the overhead will probably lead to some commercialization creeping in. That is to say paid staff, and booking more and more revenue generating kinds of music. This is all well and good if you are a small business person whose dream is to open a club or bar, but not the same if you are just a punk fan who wants to see cool shows and book bands no one else in your town is. In fact, I think it's pretty plausible to do all the hard work to get such a venue off the ground, only to burn out once it's up and running, especially if you are doing it as a volunteer. I am always in awe of places like 924 Gilman that have stayed open for so many years. However, few cities have a big enough scene and the right alignment of factors to keep such a venue open over the long haul. For those game to try, I wish you the best of luck. For the rest of us, I fear it's going to continue to be house shows, rental spaces and short lived illegal show spaces.



It's been crazy these last few months watching how the recession has affected the rare records racket. If you'd asked me a year ago, I would've said that the recession has barely affected prices. Nowadays, some two years after the shit hit the fan, record prices are finally starting to bottom out. Sure there are still ridiculous $$$ flukes, but for the most part, records sold via eBay or other auction sites are hitting long-time lows. If you're one of the lucky ones to still have some cash on hand, it's time to BUY BUY BUY. I know I've *accidentally* won more than my fair share of auctions lately.

Seriously! If you have any longtime wants that you've totally given up on owning, it's time to dust off those lists and get familiar with saved searches, RSS feeds, and good old-fashioned eBay trolling. Don't expect to get everything, but you're almost guaranteed to get a couple, even at one-third to two-thirds of the "going rate." The thing is, people just aren't putting in the time like they used to—probably because they are broke and don't want to even look at what's out there. Records that are listed properly, with appropriate keywords and categories and in groupings of similar stuff, are mostly still going for serious cash (although even there, random obscure things slip through the cracks with few bids).

But it's the records that are listed poorly, misfiled in random categories by new sellers who opt for the 99-cent starting price, that have really taken a hit. Those are the kinds of auctions that are tough to locate unless you have saved searches for specific titles or troll through hundreds of listings using broad keyword searches. It's totally time-consuming, but honestly, your collection will be better off if you take that hour you were planning to spend at the local record

shop and spend that time looking on eBay. Bid low, or even better, bid low with eSnipe or some such… you're bound to win at least a couple things.

Over the past couple months I've been blown away at some of the items I actually won for my 99-cent starting bid. I finally got to revisit the '80s Midwest HC ineptitude of the POWER OF THE SPOKEN WORD LP for 99 cents plus postage. Then there was the obscure *Tokyo Mobile Music* LP compilation from Japan with LIZARD, HIKASHU, and other random Japanese new wave bands circa 1982… 99 cents plus postage. Then there was last week's *Message From America* LP compilation with AGNOSTIC FRONT and MENTAL ABUSE. *Blue vinyl*. 99 cents. One of my craziest eBay scores of all time was the Euro KBD bonzer TITS *Daddy Is My Pusher* 7" on Dutch Plurex for 99p from a seller in the UK. This was about six months ago.

Then there have been a few obvious titles that I had to actually bid *against* people on, but still ended really low… MEATMEN *Blood Sausage* 7" EP $30, BRAINEATERS *I Braineater* 7" EP (OG from Canada) $45, ZERO BOYS *Vicious Circle* LP (OG Nimrod) $20, CRUCIAL T 7" EP $10, *End the Warzone* compilation 7" with STRAIGHT AHEAD $6.50, G SQUAD *In My Mind* 7" (UK Powerpop) $11.50, MIDDLE CLASS *Scavenged Luxury* 7" $13.50, GOD'S WILL 7" EP ('80s Virginia HC) $27, *Capitol Kaos* compilation LP $9.99 NZD, and PARTIBREJKERS *Hiljado Godina* 7" EP 1984 £5 GBP. We're not talking eBay circa 1998. These were all purchased by me on eBay in the past two months. 2010 A.D. Didn't even have to leave my house!

If I'd walked into a store and found any of these things at those prices, I would've left my jaw on the floor on the way out the door. These are the kinds of finds that make your month, and give you plenty of bragging fodder to annoy your friends. I guarantee that if most of these records found their way into a store in 2010, they'd be up on the wall, priced at the high end of whatever online reference the shop owner uses, and most likely they'd sit there for months and months unsold. Especially in the current recession. I still love hitting the shops, but it's not with the hopes of buying rare punk records. If I was on a super-limited budget, I'd just focus my time on eDigging; that's where you get the most bang for your buck, and actually get to scratch things off your wantlist.

Meanwhile, some really rare records have been surfacing these past few months. I'm not sure what's going on. One of the crazier ones to me is one I've never seen for sale in ten-plus years: IVAN AND THE EXECUTIONERS *I Wanna Kill James Taylor* 7". It appeared on *Killed By Death #99* ages ago to little fanfare (aside from the amazing picture sleeve, it's kinda weak with a very catchy chorus), and was soon forgotten. It's amazing how long it took, and it seems like it's just the one copy on eBay, never to be seen or heard of again.

Another tough one to appear was Florida's THE CHATS *Do the Pogo* 7", which some lucky winner purchased in a lot of Florida punk 45s. I traded away my copy years ago, which was quickly absorbed into the hush-hush abyss of the KBD mafia and remains uncomped. It's actually a pretty great poppy two-sider, "Do the Pogo" being the clear winner with a slightly menacing sound that would fit well in the post-KBD *Staring Down the Barrel* bar band punk oeuvre. Here's hoping some copies of Florida's other most elusive KBD export, THE PRINCIPLES, surface sometime soon.

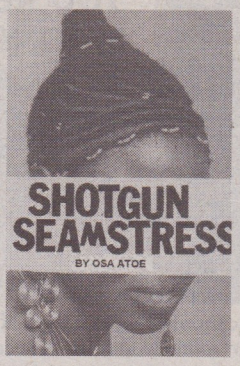
Early Chicago punk completists (*Hello!*) have been sweating non-stop over the past year. First a couple copies of the nearly impossible to find EXIT *Who Asked You* 7" came out via GEMM (thanks again!), and then a couple more splashed out on eBay for megabuxx. Those in the know may have heard of copies of the *actually* impossible to find JT IV *Waiting for the CTA* 7" turning up, including one in a random box of '70s rock LPs at a Los Angeles-area record store. Around that time the JT IV-related SUNDOG SUMMIT 7" EP (a relatively new discovery in the scheme of things, includes two great garage punk tracks) popped up on eBay to much ado (and $$$). Then, just this past month, two copies of the rare DV8 *Guns on the Right* 7" appeared in successive weeks on eBay. Both had the RAHT (rare as hens teeth) silkscreened picture sleeves, and both startled all watchers with hard-to-fathom price tags. If that's not enough, another SUNDOG SUMMIT EP appeared last week and sold for a bargain price. Get those saved searches up and running, people!

But the biggest drama of the last month has to be the eBay seller who cried wolf. I've heard more bellyaching about this guy than I can remember. I saw the auctions along with everybody else. The seller, "buttonbilly" in New Orleans, blamed the BP oil catastrophe for destroying his finances, claiming he needed to raise some fast cash for unexpected expenses. It was an early punk collector's wet dream, with a focus on UK DIY (complete 45 discographies for DESPERATE BICYCLES, HOMOSEXUALS, and TELEVISION PERSONALITIES), early Louisiana punk (TOXIN III, SKINNIES, SHIT DOGS) and a few others random heavies including the HITLER SS/TAMPAX split 7".

I had my eye on a few things, including the *Shish* split 7" EP, a scarce UK DIY single I've only ever managed to get a sleeveless copy of. Unfortunately the bidding got out of control pretty early, and I just sat and watched the fallout. Some things went for crazy money, including a few DIY singles in the absolutely unheard of $200+ range. And so ended another typical week on eBay.

Or so we thought. A few days later I started hearing grumblings. The lucky HITLER SS/TAMPAX winner relayed that the seller had refunded his money, announcing that he'd made more than enough money on other things, and he decided to hang on to the split single. *"I hope you don't mind!"* This turned out to be the case with many records. As of today, the seller has racked up ten negative feedback. He opted to make his feedback private, so we don't get to read what people had to say about him. Too bad. It's been a few weeks, and people are still talking about it. Thank you, buttonbilly, we will never forget you!

Not much else to report this month. But seriously, BUY BUY BUY!



I finally made it out to Pensacola Beach a couple weeks ago for the first time since the oil spill. The closer I got to the beach, the bigger the lump got in my throat and when I got there, all I could do was cry. I cried because of this huge uncontrollable disaster. I cried because I was exhausted and because I'm going through a break up. I cried because I was relieved, in some weird way, that the ocean still exists, and still feels powerful and vast. And the ocean absorbed all of my sorrow and washed it away. Not all of it, but enough. Mostly, I just went to the Gulf of Mexico to wish it well.

For a moment early in the spring when the spill began, people were talking about how there was to be "no beach" this summer. But Pensacola is the most amazing beach I've ever been to and I felt like it was stupid to never see it again, even if it's been ruined. It's like, if you had a sick friend in the hospital, would you just never go visit them and just figure they're going to die anyway? Of course, not. You go and you wish them well. So as pathetic as a gesture as it seems, that's what I did. And that made me cry some more.

Sometimes all you can do is just let all of the grief move through you, just flow through. At the spot where I was at, the water still looked blue and the sand still looked white and we could see clean birds flying overhead. Life does go on. I feel irritated by people's apocalyptic anxieties recently. It's not that I don't believe that the world is ending, and it's not that I do believe it, either. The fact is that none of us know what's going to happen. Since none of us knows the future, our choices are to fear for the worst or hope for the best and I choose to hope for the best, even in spite of all the doomy, gloomy evidence to the contrary.

Once upon a time, a wise counselor told me that anxiety is fearing for the worst when the worst hasn't even happened yet, and when you're not even certain that the worst will ever in fact happen. I had a bunch of anxiety during the last half of my twenties and I finally got over it after a lot of hard work. Now, I'm living for today. I'm alive now and I love it, and I'm gonna keep singing and playing music and celebrating my life and life in general until I can't do it anymore.

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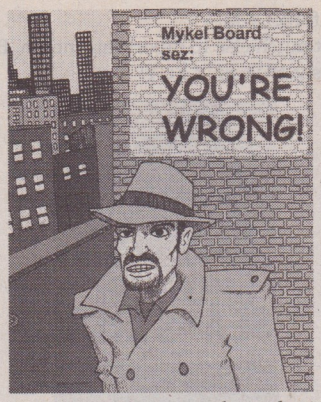


"Rock music should be gross; that's the fun of it. It gets up and drops its trousers"–Bruce Dickenson

Last Week: "Do you like that?" She moves her mouth up and down pressing her tongue against the underside of the shaft.

I moan.

She takes her lips off just as my balls tighten, pulling themselves inside.

"How 'bout now?" She asks, licking the side.

I moan again.

"Talk to me," she says.

I don't want to talk. Sex is not a dialog. I don't want to hear what you like. I don't want to tell you what I like. You'll find it. Our *bodies* will talk. I'll suck your clit like a dick. You'll stick a finger up my asshole. We'll get there.

The sex manuals are wrong. People should *not* tell each other what they want in bed. It destroys the passion... turns lust into academia. An adventure into a textbook. Sex into phone sex. No. No. No!

Yes! Yes! *Yes!!!*

Ahhh, wasn't that easy? Sometimes you just know. You don't have to say a thing.

Now: It's been a busy month for me. 70 years old and I have a new record! Sex 20 times in four and a half days. My prostate feels like someone sprayed it with chili sauce.

That's not bad, mind you. But it's hard to walk.

And now it's back to the Toshiba... where was I?

Flashback further: Last week we left me and eight Mexicans in a rental van to Boston, on our way to Lucho's farewell party. I'm suffering from sudden severe leg pain. Nearly a cripple... but the thrill of the journey trumps a pain in the leg any day. Besides, I'm with Mexicans! And they're punkrockers!

Our "seven person" van has most of Verbal Desecration and others. Who exactly?

Alan, the 50-something drummer, also the original drummer of *Solucion Mortal*.

Faride, 17, the guitar player and Alan's current girlfriend

Carmelita, 40-something, Alan's former wife and Alan Jr.'s mother

Alan Jr., 19, Alan and Carmelita's son

Jessica, around 20, Alan Jr.'s girlfriend

Alex, 20-something, the bass player

Argel, around 30, and a mutual friend of Gilberto's and mine. A nice quiet guy—the only quiet guy in the van.

Gilberto, 30-something, I think, the tour organizer and one of my best friends. During the trip I have a brain blip, which makes me call him Gustavo until the last day. Then, I begin to call him Herman.

Me, driving

OOOOwaaargh!

"What's that noise?" I shout over my shoulder. "Sounds like someone being sick?"

"It's just Jessica," comes an unknown voice from the back. "She's sick."

Then the stench hits me. Like a bathroom at any punk house. A hard puke-smell, like nothing else but... puke.

Girlfriend? Suddenly sick? Young? Fertile? Uh oh!

"Is she..." I start.

"Oh no," comes the voice. "It's just something she ate."

Yeah right. The problem did not enter her body through her digestive system. I know that much anatomy.

Oooowaaargh!

I hear the vile sound of liquid splashing into a plastic bag.

"Don't worry," comes the voice again. "We have a big bag."

In the rear view mirror, I see Alan Jr. help Jessica wipe a few glutinous strands from her chin.

I see Alan Sr. making out with Farinda, his beautiful 17-year-old girlfriend. And I also see Carmelita, his former wife, glaring death daggers at the couple.

I need a break. My leg feels like it's gonna fall off. We're half way there. The van smells like a Parmesan cheese factory. Each bump brings the disgusting sound of vomit swishing around a large plastic CVS bag. This, mixed with the slurping of Alan and his girlfriend—and the smell of the green-eyed monster from Alan's former wife—makes a stop necessary. I just hope the bag doesn't break and that there's no murder.

We're at Burger King. It's a place I rarely eat at, but considering our budget, the time, and the abundance of plastic bags, it's the best choice.

Fast Forward: Lucho's party is great. He'll miss us when he gets to Peru.

It's in a bar with a stage. Band after band plays in tribute to his majesty. On the wall is a cardboard cut-out of a large tombstone. "R.I.P. Lucho," it says.

There's Karen, a Boston goddess I've more than once spilled my seed in fantasy about. And, to my joy, I hear she's broken up with her boyfriend.

"Aww," I tell her, my arm around her shoulder. "That's too bad."

Erika and Citizen Philip are there, like they're still on a honeymoon. I try to convince Phillip to bring Citizen Fish to Peru next year with Mykel Board as a roadie. He thinks I'm kidding.

I meet Lucho's brother—and tons of others

Lucho's the grand master. It's a hug and cry fest, worse than the World Trade Center.

Verbal Desecration plays a fantastic show, as do all the other bands that night.

I wish I could give you the more details of the party, but I got so drunk I don't remember it. I have no idea how we got back to Gustavo's apartment AKA *the punk house*.

I remember walking in and seeing asleep, on a cushy chair, the *monster dog from hell*. It's a giant Great Dane. Bigger than me. With paws massive enough to castrate you (or me) with a single swipe. For some reason, she's wearing two collars.

Dogs and I get along well, so I'm not afraid. In fact, I drop my pants and penetrate her anally on the spot. She tells me her name is Spot.

That's not exactly true.

Her name isn't Spot. It's Indica. But she does wear two collars. One is completely normal. The other has a small box attached to it. Weird looking. Like she's a punk rock Saint Bernard, carrying a boxful of cocaine to punk rockers stranded in the Himalayas.

I later learn it's a citronella spray collar. Citronella is what's in those mosquito repellant coils. Evidently, dogs hate it. The box is programmed to spray it in the dog's face at every bark.

It must work, because Indica is very quiet.

The only other thing I remember from that night is Argel—the quietest, most unassuming, of our group—asking me, "Mykel, the others want to know if it's alright to take cocaine in front of you. They don't want to be disrespectful."

Unfortunately, I can't remember my answer. I'm sure it wasn't nearly clever enough, but I was drunker than a frat boy.

Next day: It's 11am. I need to get back to NY. *They* can sleep all day, but *I* need to return the rental van before I get charged another day.

As I limp out of the punk house, I carefully open the door and go down to the van to get all the band's stuff. I close the building door behind me. Then, it opens again... and slams. *Monster dog from hell* has escaped. She romps through the grass, churning up flowers and lawn, cavorting dog-style across the grass. I try to follow. My ankle and leg feel like they're caught in a bear trap.

I kneel.

"Here boy," I say, forgetting her gender.

She looks at me, feints left, runs right, stops, wags her tail, runs directly at me. Jumps with both paws on my shoulders, pushes me to the ground. Then she takes off again. I get up, leap forward, tackling the air behind her. She wags her tail, having a grand old time.

I leap again. This time, I snag her anti-bark collar. She struggles against me. She pulls. I pull. The collar comes off in my hand, spraying me in the face with mosquito juice. I don't bark.

Indica knows she's free of the curse. She barks. And again. She barks up a storm, romping gaily over the lawn, through the flowers, on top of another giant dog. That one belongs to the girl who lives downstairs in the punk house. Winner of the *American Superbitch* award, Herman later tells me her name is Abby.

"What are you doing here," she asks me.

"I'm trying to catch that dog," I tell her.

"Who do you know here?" she asks.

"I'm friends with Herman," I tell her.

"I don't know any Herman," she says.

"I mean Gilberto," I say.

"Oh him."

She says it like someone might tell you you've walked out of the bathroom with a piece of toilet paper stuck to your shoe.

"You know," she continues, "you have to be careful if you open a door when there's a dog inside."

How do you say *duh!* in bitchese?

"Thanks for the advice," I tell her, making a final lunge, wrestling the dog to the lawn and getting her back inside.

"By the way," I say. "Do you know how to get to the Mass Pike from here?"

"That way," she says, gesturing with her chin. "Those people you're staying with are so irresponsible. What if I wasn't here to help you? Where would you be then? Huh?"

"I'd really be stuck," I tell her.

"You sure would," she says.

I don't think she knows about gas stations. They give directions without the attitude.

Rather than answer her snidely, I smile and wave goodbye. Sometimes you don't have to say a thing.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>For the gringos who don't know Mexipunk, Gilberto wrote a primer:

Mexico's first Proto punk bands from late '70s were Salida Falsa and Dangerous Rhythm. Punk rock in full form started in Tijuana in 1981 with Solución Mortal and in Mexico City with Rebel de Punk. They were all influenced by The Dead Kennedys, The Adolescents and other US bands that came to the border city of San Diego. They brought that California skate punk sound to Mexico City in the mid-'80s. That influenced bands like Masacre *68*, Desorden Publico, Síndrome del Punk and Atoxxxico.

Bands from other states besides Mexico City include: Suciedad Discriminada (a great funpunk band from Sonora who stayed in my apartment. They gave me the worst hangover I've ever had.) El Sistema Feroz, Los Tres Cochinos, La Perra Vida, Grito, Alma Surfer, Estupidez Crónica, and Mexipunk pioneers and subjects of a soon-to-be-released documentary, *La Merma*.

Then, there was Democracia Real, Reacción Cadena, Especimen, Disolución Social, Alcoholic Youth, Cabezas Podridas, and from Guadalajara, Faltas del Sistema.

—>*But wait, there's more dept:* Gilberto wants me to mention these other Mexican bands that aren't so old, but are great: Garrobos, Los Sakas Barra Brava, Verbal Desecration, Hijos Del Lechero, Seis Pistos, Los Ke Siguen

—>*Too much too soon dept:* So much more happened on that trip, I don't have time or space to tell it all. I do want to mention the *La Merma* documentary. It's going to be called *15 Años De Camino*. Farida and I will both be in it. We recorded our parts in a basement studio in a Boston suburb. Adriana, the Venezuelan directoress, also plays in a band. Kind of avant punk, they're called Saxplosivo, and I think you can find them on YouTube.

I also wanted to write about Carmelita, the former wife, picking up this old rocker at some awful jock karaoke bar while inside, her son and I have a conversation that goes like this:

Him: You met Sid Vicious?

Me: Yep, he had his arm around my shoulder the day after he killed his girlfriend. Right there in New York.

Him: And you saw Agnostic Front?

Me: Yep, lots of times, at CBGBs.

Him: And you played with Minor Threat?

Me: Well, I didn't exactly play with Minor Threat. My band, Artless, opened for them in New York. The bar loved us because the Minor Threat crowd was straightedge and usually didn't buy any beer. But that night people bought pitchers-full. Just so they could throw it at us.

Him: You're just like my father. You lived in such a great time. I wish I was old.

I feel like a star.

—>*Happiness dept:* The *American Pulse Survey Company* found that in 2009 56% of Americans are "happy or totally happy" with their lives in general. 35% are "happy or totally happy" with their jobs. Looks like life is *not* your job.

Let's see, a week is 168 hours. You sleep (or are in bed) 8 hours a day. That leaves 112 hours. You work (at least) 40 of those, where presumably you're miserable. That leaves 72 hours. Breakfast, commuting, getting dressed/undressed for work , showering, bathroom obligations take around 3 hours a working day. That leaves 57 hours. Dealing with shit (paying bills, deleting spam, washing the dishes, answering email, dealing with parents/significant other/kids) takes at least two hours a day. That leaves 43 hours. So, even if you're happy *all* of those 43 hours, that's only a quarter of your life. And that's *happy or totally happy?* Ouch!

—>*Take good news where you can get it dept*: Hard to imagine but Hillary Clinton did something right. She signed orders that end the immigration exclusion of Professors Adam Habib and Tariq Ramadan. They are both scholars invited to speak to US audiences. They were excluded by the Bush censors, probably because of their names. I'm sure a guy named Barak Obama would've never made it into the US during the Bush years. Well maybe he would've, since he was born in Kenya, not Syria.

—>*Defense of marriage?* dept: According to *AARP* Magazine: 57% of pet owners say their pets are more likely than their spouses to give them a welcome-home kiss. Gays say they want the "right" to marry because that's what we give to hets who are in love. I say pet owners and pets should have the marriage right. Apparently, they love each other more!

—>*A petition worth signing:* www.drinkat18.com is a new website that has an internet petition to lower the US drinking age. While I think there should be *no* drinking age, lowering it is a good first step. The US has the highest drinking age in the world. And more car accidents (the excuse for a high drinking age) than France. In that country, there is *no* age limit.

We all know the *real* reason for the high drinking age: *Christianity*. If it makes your body feel good—it's *bad*!

—>*Should be obvious, but it's not dept:* My pal Sid reminded me. With my rants against Arizona, and the world rants against Israel, especially its murderous attack on charity ships, we forget there are those who are *not* villains.

Yes, we need to boycott Arizona and divest Israel, but we also need to know that there are people in both places who are decent, moral and fighting the government as much as you and me. Terrorists on all sides (including the government terrorists of Israel and Arizona) forget that. You shouldn't.

Take my advice, dear reader—sometimes it's better to be a jerk and hurt someone's feelings than to be nice and try and coax them through the end of a recording that you're probably giving up your spare time to "produce" for their hardpunk band. There I was, working my way through a lengthy session of a band teetering dangerously close to the edge of break-up, somewhere in the valley of advanced rock 'n' roll dysfunction. I should have known I'd be fucked when I'd arranged the session to be spread over three days to minimize the pressure on the drummer, who was known to be on the temperamental side. In effect I was trying to prevent a nervous breakdown of epic proportions that would have been triggered by a severe lack of confidence mixed with a few consecutive bad takes. In the end, when we got everything wrapped up nicely in the three days and I sat there patting myself on the back for controlling a volatile situation through coddling and positive reinforcement, I wish the non-nice version of myself (the way I normally am) had been there to smack the grin of self-satisfaction off my face.

Sitting down a while later to mix the drum tracks I heard the mistakes I had initially ignored: the out-of-tune snare, the portions where the drums get much quieter because they're in a more physically demanding part of the song… The hours of subsequent frustration. It may not endear you to your friends, but sometimes I think you've just gotta be a dick (substitute cunt here if you're female or British). You may be saving people from embarrassment, and you may be saving yourself from misery and dissatisfaction later. Quite frankly, if you're nitpicking a performance you're probably only saying what a hundred other people will say later if you don't say it now. Don't let anyone con you into the "We're only doing this for ourselves, maaaannn" line of bullshit, either. If that were true, these goons would stay in the basement, content to please themselves and no one but

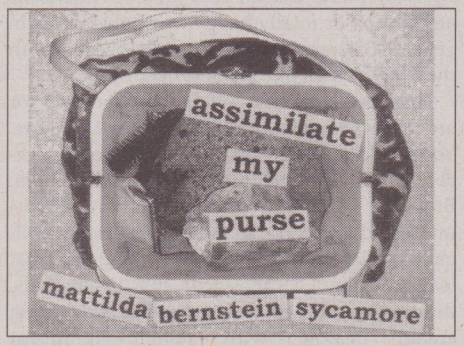
themselves, like your dad's weird brother and his friend's two-man rock combo (note: not Iron Lung), or you at age thirteen with your collection of *Lady Death* back issues.

But getting back on track here, I'm not talking about a fuck-up where everyone knows it's a fuck-up; I'm talking about when the band is ready to move on, and they shouldn't. Or I'm talking about when someone in the group could be performing with more focus and skill than they are. I'm talking about when laziness on the part of the band means that later you'll have to pick up the slack, and everyone's work may suffer from the limitations of what you can do with a mediocre performance. I'm talking about when the temper tantrum that happened 90 minutes ago, because Hardcore Pete showed up 20 minutes late, is still ringing in everyone's ears, and it's ringing so loud that no one notices the John Stanier-style ping-ponging rolling off the snare.

In the specific case mentioned above, I overlooked a number of mistakes that I convinced myself could be cleaned up when mixing, and while I think I did pretty well brushing all the dirt under the rug and greasing the lens, I know it could have been better, *and* been done sooner *if* I'd demanded better takes. What good is a recording if it makes the band and the person recording them look bad? I'm not saying every band has to play like Journey (note: pre-Steven Perry preferred at the time of this writing, July 2010). Obviously we all know some bands thrive on chaos and disorder (shoots to Disorder, Kaaos) the way Jackson Pollock's canvases (shoots to all you first-year art students) or an everything bagel do (breakfast: the best meal of the day). I think it's justified to demand the best, and I think it's fair not to pull punches when you're telling a band that you're recording that their best can be better. Of course they probably won't listen, because "how could a spectator possibly understand?" By the way, this is the same logic that was applied to the making of every shitty piece of art ever, including but not limited to: the contents of the dollar bin at every record store, *The Last Airbender* (the motion picture), *Superman 3*, and of course Norman Mailer's *Ancient Evenings*. Remind them that you're there to work with them, and at the present time they're working to fucking wreck any possibility of a good/listenable recording session.

Of course there's a line that you have to be wary of in all this, and I guess sometimes I'm liable to misjudge it. You've gotta be able to know when you're getting a performance that's the best someone's capable of, even if it's maybe not as good as you want it to be. Sometimes it can be easy to say, "yeah, that's the best it's gonna be" so that you can keep things moving, and sometimes it's better that way than sticking around on one song for a dozen takes and subsequent playbacks. Sometimes I talk to myself too… A little common sense, and not too much second-guessing, helps in these scenarios. Your first instinct is probably the right one. I try and keep an eye on whether the performance is deteriorating over a few takes or improving, and also the relative arc of the performances from song to song in the session. Are things getting more and more ragged? Could a break help, or would it be better to try and plow through 'til the end? Is it a good time to stop everything and point out that the band is playing like shit? Perhaps a smoke break, a dinner break, a break to change the DVD in the player from *National Treasure* to *National Treasure: Book of Secrets*. Maybe what's really needed is to abort the session and start again in two weeks after some more practice.

Some of you might say, "no, that's for the band to realize and decide; I'm only here to document what happens." Behind more good records than you might want to admit there was probably someone saying, "do it again, it needs to be better" or "come back tomorrow when you have your shit together." I'm sure even Joan Jett ("passed out on the…") had to utter the oft-heard "sing into the mic, Darby" a couple times. So, while I'm sure it comes as no surprise to anyone whom I've ever recorded, once again I say, don't feel bad about hurting some fragile feelings—it's okay to be a dick. The End.



Whether the Buildings Are Blocking Anything

Stop turning everything up to high—it always burns, and it's hard on my body to constantly scrape charred remnants of food from the bottom of all the pots. I stopped worrying so much about getting sun burnt on the fire escape, I mean I still worry but not so much. Except today, today it really does look like my arms are getting a bit red, right? My grandmother leave a message: I'm calling to see if you're feeling better, you sounded really exhausted the other day.

Should I call her back, to tell her I'm worse? I was excited about today, today when I don't have any specific plans except to make a few phone calls, a relaxing day, until all that interrupted sleep and now I'm feeling blasted away again. I used to think that Antonia Juhasz, journalist and activist exposing big oil, was the same person as Alexandra Juhasz, writer and AIDS activist who was also one of the producers of *The Owls*. Gina couldn't believe my last sentence of the review, where I said it did leave me with a sense that intergenerational, cross-identity conversations about gender and politics might allow for communal possibilities.

Why can't you believe it? Because you said community. No, I said communal possibilities. That's close enough—Mattilda, I can't believe it!

Maybe I need to be clearer—I don't believe in community as this thing that people join, that shiny happy sweatshop-produced rainbow flag normalcy nowhere-zone. I don't believe there is such a thing as a gay community, or a queer community. I do believe in the communal possibilities of shared intimacy, trust, accountability, negotiation, analysis, explosion, and transformation. I do believe in community-building, but I try to avoid using the word community to describe something vague because it's become so polluted, so often just camouflage for more violence.

Oh, no—that same pot is burning, again! I mean I smelled it, but I thought it was just the remnants from yesterday. Why is all the water evaporating? Am I cooking the vegetables longer than usual? It's the steamer pot—I guess I'll need to get a new one. I want to go back on the fire escape, but my legs do look a little red—maybe it's time to turn on the news.

During one of my sections of interrupted sleep, I was thinking about a new organizing project, something to join—I was going through the options, the options in my head. Now I can't even imagine sitting through a meeting, how much it would hurt my body. I'm leaving San Francisco because I want to feel hopeful again, hopeful about the possibilities for community-building, for activist troublemaking, for relationships that don't just lead to dead ends. I'm talking to Jory about my recent interviews, I listen to myself and think: how can I sound so clear, so on—I wish I felt that way all the time. Jory says something about the 30s, and how it's different from being in your 20s—things aren't so clear. But that doesn't make me uncomfortable at all—what I mean is that I wish I had that much energy all the time.

I listen to myself in these interviews and think: I need a new organizing project, a new way to use this analysis. But then I feel so tired, how can I even search? My grandmother wants to know if some of this is depression—of course some of this is depression! But I'm depressed because I'm so exhausted, and sure that leads to feeling exhausted because I'm depressed, and really I have no idea whether I'll feel more energy in a different place, especially when I don't even know where I'm going. I know that something lifts when I leave San Francisco and all my faded dreams, but how much, and for how long? Will I just trade one loneliness for another?

It's so hard to predict the good day, a good day, I mean a day when I feel better. Sometimes I wake up and I almost feel fine, then I walk outside and I'm obliterated. Today I wake up feeling awful, or not awful really just not sure, not sure that I don't feel awful. My head is clogged with allergy madness, but I will admit that I like the light at 9:45 am, out here on the fire escape where I can tell that today it's going to be warm but it's not so warm yet. I can sit out here and feel the way the wind touches me, feel the wind, feel me. And then I feel better, stepping back inside.

A walk just after noon, and it's hard to figure out in which direction my hat doesn't block the sun, I guess it's when I'm facing away, or walking downhill, which isn't what I would have expected. I'm exhausted again, stopping to look in a gallery that's opened on crack row—I never

want to look when it's open, I mean I don't want to give them any attention, but since it's closed right now I'm peering in through the gate and one of my neighbors stops to talk to me, someone in my building who's moving out, leaving San Francisco it turns out and I'm curious why. It's because he graduated, that's what he says. He doesn't say what exactly he graduated from.

He always looks me in the eyes in a curious and maybe excited way, except when he's with someone who's straight, and then often he pretends he doesn't notice me—that's how I know he's not sure. What exactly he's not sure about, I'm not sure either. Suddenly he'll emphasize some kind of straight mannerism, hey man. Then there's that other guy in my building, the one who always seems so curious about me, in the elevator, asking so many questions. Then one time I saw him on the bus and I said hi. He didn't say anything. I said hi again. He turned away. Now I don't even like seeing him.

New strategy: when I get exhausted, don't fight it, just lie down, lie down on the stretching mat and feel my breath, feel my breath in the different parts of my belly, stomach, chest. Then, when I get up I'm calmer. But then I'm exhausted again.

I'm used to thinking that the sun is always coming from the west, so when I'm walking around at noon it's kind of confusing to figure out in which direction the buildings will block the sun, or how close I should stand to the buildings, or whether my hat really blocks the sun from my face or if it does seem that way. Today the sun isn't out, or not really but I'm still worried I might get burnt because there is a glare, but then it's even harder to figure out whether the buildings are blocking anything.

My most recent book is a novel, So Many Ways to Sleep Badly. *I'm also turning lostmissing, my public art project, into some kind of book — and, I'm working on a memoirish thing called* The End of San Francisco. *Yes, I'm also trying to leave San Francisco, but I'm not quite ready. I recently finished a new anthology called* Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots? *I know you're wondering the same thing. Now I'm just waiting for someone to publish it. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past* MRR *columns. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.*

There is Nothing Involuntary About Murder

By Spacecase

The days leading up to the Mehserle verdict seemed incredibly tense in the city of Oakland. Like a teenager squeezing a huge zit between his fingers, applying a vast amount of pressure to one particular area on his skin, everyone in the town seemed to be waiting on something to happen. Everywhere you looked you could see the presence of the worry and the anticipation that this case brought upon the city. Huge police helicopters flew over residential neighborhoods and riot police held training sessions in public areas for the community to witness, in order to intimidate the community *with* police brutality from demonstrating *against* police brutality. The verdict was on my mind all the time—I found myself googling "Mehserle verdict" every few hours, because every day someone would say, "It's coming out today." Every telephone pole in West Oakland had a flyer with Oscar Grant's photo on it, which read, "Justice for Oscar Grant. Day of the Verdict: Community Gathering @ 14th and Broadway." Since the term "Community Gathering" was so vague, it gave way to many different interpretations of what this "Gathering" would consist of, or rather what it would turn into after sunset. As the days passed, I, along with the people I surrounded myself with, hoped for the best but expected the worst.

For those of you who are unaware, a murder took place in the early morning of January 1, 2009. On that morning, Oscar Grant, a 22-year-old Hayward resident, was shot in the back on the Fruitvale BART platform in East Oakland. Grant's face was smashed against the cold, lifeless cement floor by BART police officer Anthony Pirone's knee while his hands remained stationary, joined together up against his back in handcuffs. The name of the man who murdered Grant was Johannes Mehserle, a 28-year-old Lafayette resident and BART police officer. Like the newspapers have repeatedly said, Grant was black and Mehserle was white. Luckily, several passengers on the BART train caught this incident on video using their cell phones. Because of this Mehserle was charged with first-degree murder, becoming the first cop ever to be brought up on such charges in the history of the state of California for actions committed while on-duty. The comparisons to the Rodney King case, among other incidents of police brutality, were undeniable, and because of this everyone worried about the violence that this case would bring about. No one seemed to be surprised when a riot broke out in Oakland a few days after the murder. People were pissed, and they had every right to be.

Police brutality is something that I'm sure most people who will read this article are very familiar with. It happens way too often, and most of it goes overlooked. Even in the supposed "progressive paradise" of the Bay Area it is way more common than it ever should be. Oscar Grant's name has now been added to a long list of names, including Gary King, Jr. and Anita Gay, of people in recent years whose lives have been cut short by Bay Area police officers. Many cops seem to have the attitude that they are above the law, meaning that they can easily justify anything they do under the guise that they are protecting the community. However, the reality in many cases is that cops are assigned to a particular community other than their own. They are therefore alien to the dynamics of that particular community, and the result is that they just make shit worse. The murder of Oscar Grant is no exception to this.

After much time passed, the trial began. It was moved to Los Angeles because of the fear that Mehserle would not receive a "fair, unbiased" trial in Oakland. The defense focused on the fact that Johannes Mehserle was a "nice guy" and joined the BART police to "help people," while Oscar Grant had been to prison before, which probably meant that he was likely to be doing something that he wasn't supposed to be doing, therefore justifying his death. The kicker seemed to be that Mehserle claimed to have thought he was using his Taser on Grant, under the impression that the man in handcuffs was reaching for a gun in his pocket, and mistakenly used his gun on the handcuffed victim, killing him. Even though a gun and a Taser have significantly different sizes, colors, and weights; even though Grant was handcuffed and posed no threat to anyone; even though Mehserle had the gun in front of his line of vision for several seconds. The list goes on. Also, according to Oscar Grant's family—the most reliable source, in my opinion—a video in which Mehserle is seen taking out his yellow Taser, then putting it away and taking out his gun, was not used in the trial. On July 8, 2010, at 4:30 p.m., Mehserle was convicted of involuntary manslaughter—the equivalent of accidentally hitting someone with a car—by a jury with no black people on it. A cop shoots someone in the back and gets five to fourteen years in prison, and possibly even just probation. I call fucking bullshit.

After the verdict, Cephus "Bobby" Johnson, Grant's uncle, made a statement stating that the family "do not blame the jury, but we blame the system." These words echoed through my mind as I made my way up to 14th and Broadway. To be honest, when I first heard the verdict I didn't know what to think. It was the verdict that I expected him to receive, and I was relieved that he was not acquitted like the cops in the Rodney King case. These feelings can probably be attributed to the fact that I am a white kid who grew up in the suburbs of Oakland, in a town on the outskirts of the actual town that Johannes Mehserle lived in, and that I have never experienced intense police brutality like many Oakland residents have. However, as I looked around and saw how mad everyone was, people screaming in each other's faces about how they were ready to "fuck shit up," my mind started to change. I slowly realized how shitty an involuntary manslaughter charge was. Mehserle was probably only going to spend a few years in prison. I saw someone in the crowd holding a sign that read "There Is Nothing Involuntary About Murder", which I found to be the most accurate portrayal of the verdict on any sign that I saw. This sign really struck a chord with me. It pushed me even more in the direction of anger and disgust towards the legal system—a system in which certain individuals are above the law, a system that completely discredits the lives of minorities.

As everyone gathered at 14th and Broadway,

different community leaders started to speak, some urging everyone to stay peaceful, others urging everyone to not be intimidated by the police. Soon after this, things started escalating in the way that the media wanted them to; people started throwing glass bottles at the police, looting the Foot Locker, smashing windows, etc. I feel like the specific details have been discussed enough, mostly in the form of exploitation, which is something I definitely don't want to contribute to.

After the fact, everyone seems to be focusing on the riots that happened and not on the actual case. In fact, the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle* on July 9, 2010, the day following the verdict, read "Violence Flares after Mehserle Conviction," and then, in significantly smaller print towards the bottom of the page, was the actual involuntary manslaughter verdict. An article on the verdict doesn't even appear in the paper until page A10; that's ten pages into the paper! However, the media didn't seem to be the only people focusing on the violence, forgetting what the actual issue was. Many people were ashamed at the way others acted, but there really was no other way to react to such a heinous crime and injustice on the part of the legal system. I think one Oakland resident with whom I spoke stated it quite nicely: "They're killing our people and destroying our communities, and they expect us to be peaceful? That's just ignorance." This might be a controversial statement, but if the government isn't going to provide justice to the people, then the people must seek that justice themselves. It's ridiculous to think that this justice could be achieved through picketing outside City Hall. The police aren't peaceful, that's what the whole issue is. Why should we yield to their power when they are abusing it? A lot of people seem to mention the looting when they want to write the events of this night off as "senseless violence." My heart goes out to the small business owners whose stores were looted and properties damaged, but let's examine the root of the problem before placing the blame on anyone. That looting is a product of the poverty and desperation in so many neighborhoods in Oakland. The police create broken homes while jailing citizens and filling our overcrowded prisons, because of this crime and negligence are encouraged, and liquor stores are placed on every block. This happened because the police and elected officials let it happen.

As far as "senseless violence" goes, it was by no means "senseless." People were looking out for each other out there, uniting against the real "outside agitators," the police. Panic set in when the cops moved in on the people looting the Foot Locker, but while people started running, they were careful to not trample over each other. I saw people of all different colors, showcasing the diversity of Oakland, working together. When someone fell over, someone else helped them up. Within the anger there was unity, and that's what we should be focusing on, not how many windows were smashed.

Let's not succumb to the media's biased coverage and forget what the real issue is by focusing on the "violence." Cops like Johannes Mehserle are above the law in this country, and it should not be so. The lives of certain people, like Oscar Grant, are overlooked, and it should not be so. In the words of Wanda Johnson, Oscar Grant's mother, "My son was murdered, he was murdered, he was murdered." We should never forget that.

Punk nostalgia is ridiculous. Punk puts so much emphasis in youth culture—functioning under the idea that the youth generation has the freshest and most original ideas. Implying that once we pass the youth stage, as we age, we start taking more of a note of punk history; partly due to the natural gathering of information as we exist in the world, partly because as we age we become a facet of recent history; and because of this taking note we become nostalgic and stuck in "the good old days" or look even further back in history to times before us and romanticize and whimper about things not being as cool now as they were in a time when we didn't exist. But do the youth really have the newest most revolutionary ideas? Aren't they just as vulnerable to the allure of the Voidoids and getting trapped in the mire of ripped off Stooges riffs? Within the act of record and ephemera collecting and documentation of scenes is the exact downfall of punk. As we try to give our pasts validity by documenting our own punk histories while giving so much weight and idolization to the punks before us we create a culture of nostalgia rather than what punk should be—a culture of the new and undiscovered and radical and revolutionary. As we look back to punks past we mourn the loss of cheap rent and easy disability checks instead of figuring out how to do with what we have. At the same time, imagining a world void of any historical documentations of cultures outside of the mainstream is fucking depressing. But as we attempt to document our own histories they begin to be noticed and of course therefore appropriated by the mainstream…

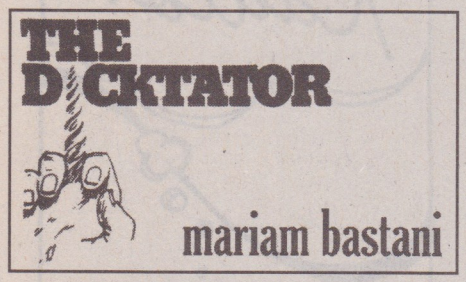
With the supposed current "resurgence" of riot grrl all we are getting now of that particular scene is a weird nostalgic portrait of riot grrl that romanticizes the shallow aspects such as fashion while concurrently demonizing the politics of riot grrl for catering to the white and middle class. This "resurgence" is mainly a media construct and completely skips and denies all of the positive amazing things that arose and exist because of riot grrl. All we get is this shallow image of an angry grrl in a mini skirt who is wrong or bad. Again. It goes straight from image to shaming, something that the mainstream media does to all women all the fucking time. Image/shame. Second wave bra-burning straight to only being concerned with the liberation of white housewives? Forget abortion rights, title IX, etc…what about the virgin/whore dichotomy? Slut-shaming anyone?

So mainstream media once again picks up on riot grrl and tells you how to dress like Allison Wolfe or do your make-up like Kathi Wilcox. People start being like "remember the nineties? They were pretty rad! But riot grrls ACTUAL politics? ACTUAL thoughts? All wrong." Again, reducing women to image (object) and then shaming them for their actual politics and thoughts rather than any type of critique, a complete lack of pointing out the good along with the bad. This is not a real picture. You think Ladyfest would have existed without riot grrl? Clitfest? Rock Camp for Girls? A lot of those grrls and queers that are in amazing bands now picked up guitars in the first place because they were finally told that not only they could but they should. Yes, there were flaws in riot grrl, but instead of writing it off why don't we look at those flaws and figure out how to remedy them for the new revolution?

History is not something that should be repeated or romanticized—we should learn from it. Maybe you've paid attention to my writing—maybe you haven't – but the main kind of "write-off " that I get about my writing is that it's just some "riot grrl" stuff. One thing this brings up is that fact that that as a punk movement—riot grrl—was so integral to so many grrls and queers I know and it tends to be written off by the punk patriarchy, just like "oh the grrls are whining again." First of all, fuck you—the reason I'm calling out this bullshit (sexism, racism, homophobia, etc. in the punk scene) is because it's still true, it's still fucking true—these things still need to be said and called out (and what kind of bullshit is that in and of itself? That these issues still exist?).

Another thing is the term riot grrl. Don't fucking call me that. I can see how what riot grrl did, and what I do definitely has strong connections and that I most likely would not be thinking/writing/existing they way I do without it, but really, that term is twenty fucking years old. I don't want to be known as the next Kathleen Hanna. I want to be Marissa Magic. I don't want my band to be the next Bikini Kill, I want to be an entirely new thing and an entirely new revolution—not a re-hash. Riot grrl is so integral, I'm not saying I don't want to be associated with riot grrl because it's useless—quite the contrary. It's just that it's already been done. I don't mean the work they were doing is done, just why are we repeating ourselves, why are we in a rut? That scene was amazing and important and I think it should be documented and remembered and critiqued. Though it had faults it changed my life, most people I know feel the same. Same thing with punk in general—punk—a term that is NEARLY 50 YEARS OLD–it's integral to my life but I feel like we've got bogged down. Too much talking about the good old days, how rent was cheap and you could actually live on general assistance and material things weren't as important and drag queens and punks went to all the same events and we were all freaks together and all that romanticized nostalgia. I love it and I'm not gonna trash my Flipper record and it will have an influence on my current thoughts and

actions, but I have no interest in trying to re-create it—not interested. On top of that it's not possible to re-create the '70s or the early '90s or whatever was your favorite era, it's just not possible. The world is different and we're different. The best thing anyone ever said to me was you have to do whatever you can with whatever you have *right now*. What do we have now? What needs to be said now? Now lets just fucking do it. Either you give it a new name or a new face—either you speed up Chuck Berry riffs and put on that old leather jacket and re-name it punk or you call it punk and trash the guitars and get a keyboard. We've become complacent, waiting for ownership of the right guitar or a legit show space or a way to go on tour without completely burning through all our money and fuck it. Can we change the world? Does that matter?
punkymagic.blogspot.com



I consider myself a tolerant person. I guess we all do. I can tolerate a lot of shit, even ignorance, but what I can't stand is when people make declarations about shit they don't know that much about. When someone relays his or her personal experiences, without applying any other knowledge about a subject as "fact" I have issue with that. Honestly, I would say the same for academic knowledge without any application to real life, so I guess, for me it is a constant struggle to balance those teetering realms. This month we received a letter about Osa's column in which she talked about Taqwacore. The letter in question, as well as Osa's response, are in the Letters section in the mag you are holding. I encourage you to read it as an example of someone talking about shit they don't know much about. I applaud Osa's graceful manner in responding and she is right—the opportunity to speak to someone face to face is much more productive when trying to discuss and resolve differences, but all I have here is a letter that pisses me off more and more as I re-read it. My initial reaction is to point out that this letter is filled with some borderline racist and extremely ignorant shit that offends on many levels. I admit, it's emotionally charged for me to a small degree, but I can say that it's nothing new and that to argue without a modicum of passion puts you at a disadvantage. I do not shy away from debate. Ever. What I do have to say is that I hope that Dylan, the author of the letter, will understand that what I am about to write is not to be insulting or talk shit, but to try to open up his/her viewpoint to understand that what was said in the aforementioned letter is in fact, an opinion. Not fact. An opinion that has the potential to harm rather than challenge viewpoints and breakdown barriers and oppression and all that idealistic, self serving intellectualism when it is beneficial only for the person with the big fucking mouth.

Dylan says, "I don't think religious ideas are the same as an identity." Well, you are wrong. You couldn't be more wrong, my friend. In a previous column (*MRR #323)* I made a reference to Bruce Lincoln's novel: "To paraphrase *Holy Terrors: Thinking About Religion after September 11* by Bruce Lincoln, most of the countries in the world are 'Maximalist.' This means that religion, whether you like it or not, is the central domain of the culture, involving ethical and physical practice. It is the stabilizer of culture; religious leaders are the ones who maintain the ongoing order and 'Minimalist' countries are seen as intrusive and power hungry."

I hate to sound like a broken record, but most culture in the world would fall under this description. Because the US does not have the most apparent religious controls upon social and political realms (well. not overtly, but the shit is there…) it does not, in any way allow you to intellectualize the level in which religion is intrinsically part of both individual and group identities of other cultures. I believe the word Dylan used was "entangled" that lets me know that even your word choice is as misguided as the point you are trying to unsuccessfully make.

When you introduced the Nazi comparison (are you a member of the Tea Party perchance?) to your insulting, simplistic, ignorant oversimplification of a tradition that is directly culturally tied to many Muslims of different cultures, it's enough for me to laugh with shame. I quote, "We don't let Nazis be part of the scene because of their ideas, and I think the idea that there is a sky god and he wrote a book that tells us to subjugate women and be assholes to non-believers should be challenged too." This is a case of what I like to call "Knowing better than the Savages" in which people think that they understand the inner workings of a culture more than the people involved. I guess you don't know shit about Islam or Taqwacore scene. I guess this is where I would like to ask you a question. Don't you *want* to know what the fuck you are talking about? Don't you want to *understand* things enough to make an informed opinion? Don't you at the very least want to avoid sounding like a dumb shit?

The last comment was mean, but here is where my personal experience is the basis of challenging an uninformed opinion. I do not take kindly to the idea that since you are not part of, subject to or involved in the religious tradition or culture that you feel so inclined to critique, you are graced with some sort of privileged "outsider intellectual" perspective. That, my friend, is prejudice, often racist and dangerous. Legacies of this type of "critique" and so-called "history" have caused much damage that still resonates today. It is not *perspective*, it is self righteous with a subtext of colonization entitlement that leads to misunderstandings and harmful realities. And when it comes down to it, people have been questioning, challenging and redefining their cultures and traditions (religious tradition included) for thousands of years before you decided to proclaim that nationalist socialism and Islam are the same thing.

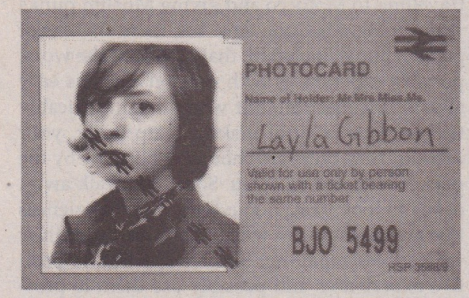
I have to say that I do agree that oppression in any form is bad and that religion seems to be at the forefront of justifying oppressive behavior, but in order to understand how a tradition works, how it can bond people, and how people can make it work or challenge it takes more than travelling to Morocco and giving Muslim punks your his Hero is Gone tape. Yes, there are tons of people, punks included, that have had the worst possible experiences with religion and it is easy to say fuck that shit, but when it is inextricably tied to your cultural make up, up bring, your identity, then there are choices to be made by the persons effected, not you. Some can walk away, never to look back. Some have had experiences that are damaging in which they will spend their whole lives repairing. Some will embrace positive experiences and possibly use them to prosthelytize ad nauseum. But others, those I believe that Osa was referring to, stay and fight for something they believe is just as much theirs as any one else who calls themselves Jewish, Buddhist, Christian, Muslim, etc… Taqwacore is not concerned with making you a Muslim; it's about challenging the definition and rules that are imposed on them by human, not necessarily divine hands.

Welcome or not, my suggestion for Dylan, is to maybe brush up on his/her religious / cultural knowledge both here in the US and worldwide. I would recommend picking up a copy of *Worldviews* by Ninian Smart in which, very basically, Smart says that different religions are just another worldview, like capitalism, that frame your cultural make up, defining our values that fuel the fire of both change and continuity in both microcosmic and macrocosmic realms worldwide.

My intention here is not to be a dick, though I might sound like one, but in this particular instance I know my shit. I never shy away from a challenge. I am in no way endorsing any religious tradition nor am I saying that anyone should necessarily have some sort of belief system other than respecting one another, but in order to do that, one has to understand that *culture* means more than just the *ethnic* foods a group eats.

I was told that a friend of mine was complaining that I talk about "race" too much in my columns. Maybe that's true, but if anyone thinks that punk is devoid of the problems that the mainstream culture we are supposedly rejecting is victim to, you are mistaken. I do think people should know what the fuck they are talking about before making potentially harmful generalizations unless they want to be shut down, look like a prick or be dealt with in a way that is uncomfortable for them. If people have honest questions about things they know nothing about, that is great. I have often been that person to ask potentially embarrassing questions of my friends and have happily also been a comfortable "informant" on cultural subjects that people feel uncomfortable asking about in public. Hopefully, everyone has someone in their lives like that. I don't think that throwing your brain around is impressive, but educating yourself is. So is being able to take criticism, and have dialogue, and learning to interact with people that you thought were weak, or didn't understand that are in fact no longer afraid to take on the

bullshit that has kept them down. The days of the Noble savage are gone, so get with the times. Get your information straight, toughen up, and bring the fight.
mariam@maximumrocknroll.com



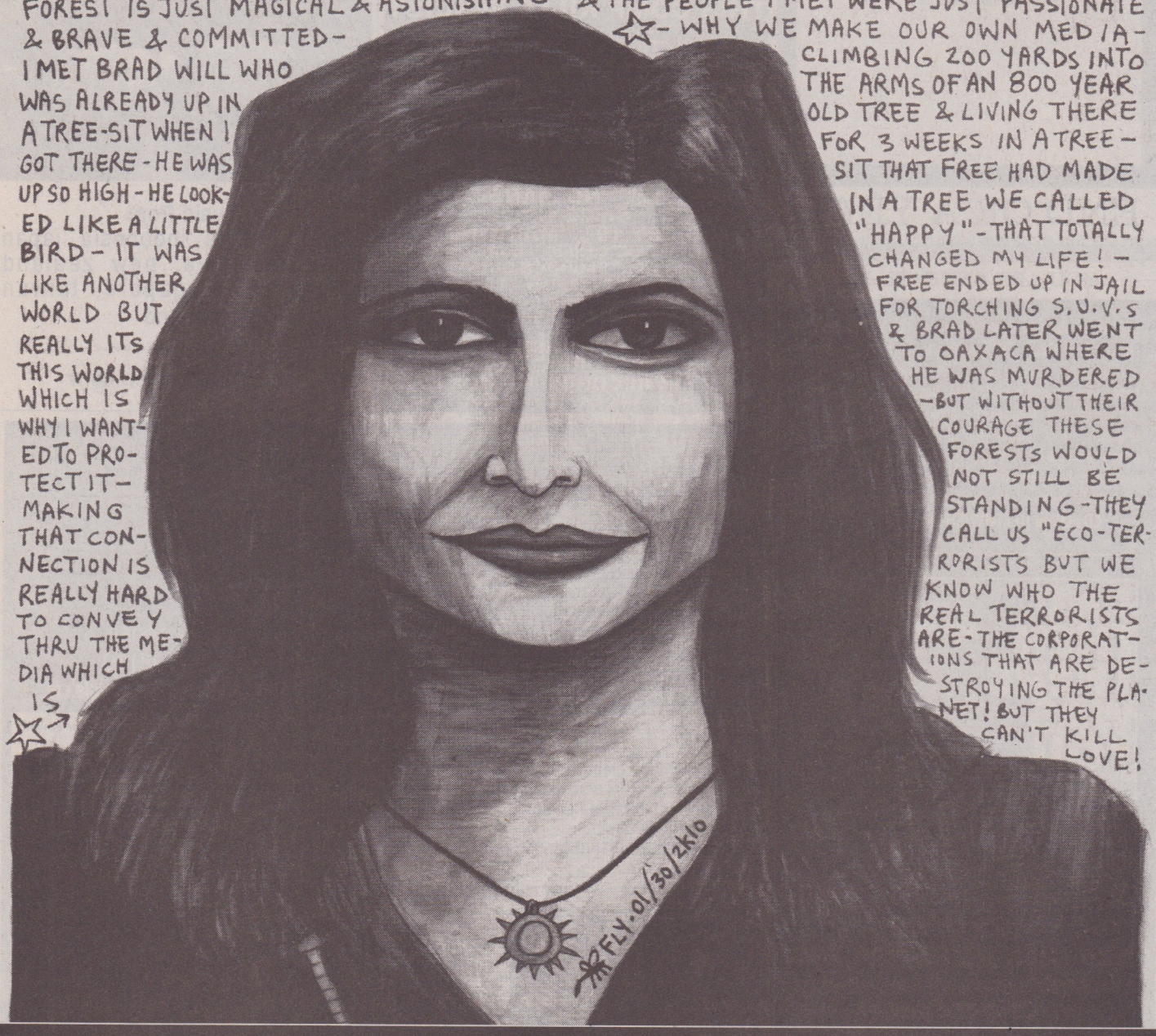
When my Dolly Mixture double LP arrived in the mail, my first instinct was to play the godamn thing, much to the displeasure of my co-coordinators, who were polite, but it was soon apparent that this was music to be endured with a grimace rather than an indifferent shrug... This is the reissue of the much sought after *Demonstration Tapes*, an almost perfect vinyl reproduction of the bands only long player, originally released in 1983. I have had Dolly Mixture songs on mix tapes over the years, but when this was reissued in the '90s on CD, it was super hard to find, plus I did not own a CD player, so this is the first time I have had all these songs in one place by this genre defining all girl indie pop group. Did they in fact invent twee? Dolly Mixture started in 1978, who knows if they were the first to twee, not me, that's for sure... They were definitely early practitioners, and the first platter of the aforementioned double LP features the dreamiest early stuff, including a somewhat barbed ode to Jane, of Modettes fame, and her prowess with gentlemen, entitled, "How Come You're Such a Hit With the Boys, Jane?" Along with my favorite, an ode to being the other woman, "Side Street Walker." Their sense of melody is so incredible, and perfect, and the fact that teenage girls constructed these songs is so inspiring and cool... It's funny, whatever I have read about the band refers to the fact that they didn't make it, as if they were the British Go Gos that shoulda coulda woulda, but I think they are from a completely different planet from that band. This sound would not work in an arena! And as if "making it" has that much to do with history's judgment of how good a band is…

The '90s CD reissue of this record goes for over a hundred bucks. ('90s CD! $100!!!??!). Which is basically why I am writing this. The aforementioned reissue I was making Mariam miserable by listening to is already sold out. Dolly Mixture may not have been the English Go Gos, but more than 300 people wanted this record obviously. I think it sold out in two days! It's a certified classic, made by three teenage girls because of, and in spite of the DIY explosion caused by punk. I am not the hugest indie pop nut; I prefer stuff to have at least some infusion of punk, some sorta early Television Personalities or Desperate Bicycles intonation... My teenage band used to play with Comet Gain a lot in the early '90s, but I did not start liking them until they moved on from the cleanliness of the Style Council twee soul sound and incorporated more of the aforementioned punk sneer, starting with the majestic *Tigertown Pictures* LP. In fact their last three LPs and the *Beautiful Despair* 12" are close to punk-soul-perfection... I just write this random disclaimer to indicate that I am not usually swayed by the twee. I am in fact writing this whilst wearing Bruce Roehrs' Raw Power t-shirt that he bought at a Rock Against Reagan show in '84. There are no hair clips in my bangs, I am not sporting an anorak, nor do I own any records on the Sarah record label. I like pop music, but I like it when it's made by a band that fucks with the constraints of twee, more Shop Assistants than Tallulah Gosh. I think that's pretty much the rule to most music I like. I am not interested in perfection, I like mistakes, music that sounds like it couldn't be any other way, like it had to be made. Rather than perfect constructions of musical genres. The last song by Void on the Faith/Void split is my favorite song of all time. This of course is a perfect construction. EXPLODE!!!!

Speaking of Roehrs, we are running an Agnostic Front interview this issue that was his last before he died. Before he did it, he asked our permission, in light of *MRR* and that band's antagonistic history. Bruce and Tim Yo were close, and he knew that Tim would have had something to say about this interview being in the magazine. Initially we were going to send someone alongside Bruce to make sure that the questions weren't too deferential or unchallenging, since he was not only good friends with the band members, but they were his favorite hardcore band... (Going by the band's first two records it's easy to see how he reached this conclusion). I think the interview demonstrates that the fears we may have had were not realized. It may not provide a voice for Tim's ambivalent feelings towards the band, but Bruce did not shy away from controversy, or ask only easy questions. Bruce was a complex, charming and often difficult man, and the fact that he is gone is still hard to comprehend, in terms of his history with the magazine, but also in terms of my friendship with the man. I think about him often, and his absence is a void, his voice still rings in my head, his particular and peculiar turns of phrases appear out of the blue, along with the memory of the way he bear hugged everyone.

We are currently raising money to make sure he gets a permanent memorial worthy of a man of his stature and character. One of the places that he took out of town guests, (and in town guests, present company included!) was the San Francisco Columbarium. A copper domed grand Victorian building that was built to house the ashes of some of this city's founding families, especially popular after cemeteries were banned from SF city limits. It is now a non denominational resting place; apparently San Francisco's "Pope of Punk" Dirk Dirksen is there... Our goal is to raise $12,000 to secure Bruce a spot. We have gotten about half way there, and have a memorial nook secured. We need help to make the rest of the money, and anything you can spare would be a huge help. I know that there are some memorial benefit shows planned, and if you would be into doing something like that I know Bruce would have appreciated it. He was most at home at the front of a show, fists in the air… If you want to make a donation via paypal this is the email: brucememorial@maximumrocknroll.com, or you can send checks payable to Maximum Rocknroll—please make sure you put Bruce Memorial in the memo line of the check or MO.
layla@maximumrocknroll.com
whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

I WAS BORN IN A LITTLE VILLAGE IN THE SOUTH OF INDIA & CAME TO THE USA WHEN I WAS 5 & THATS WHEN THE SHIT STARTED - I LIVED IN MINNESOTA FIRST FOR A YEAR -THATS WHERE I FIRST SAW SNOW -THEN WE MOVED TO THE BRONX & THATS WHERE I GREW UP- I WENT TO COLLEGE IN SF & THATS WHEN I STARTED GETTING POLITICAL - I WAS READING EMMA GOLDMAN - I WAS INVOLVED IN DIRECT ACTIONS TO SAVE THE REDWOOD FOREST & THATS WHEN I FIRST GOT INVOLVED WITH DIRECT ACTION & EARTH FIRST! - LATER ON IN SACRAMENTO THEY WANTED ME TO HANG A BANNER ON A BRIDGE TO SAVE THE REDWOODS - WHAT I WASNT EXPECTING WAS FOR THE STATE TO SEND IN SWATT TEAMS & HELICOPTORS - IT WAS LIKE APOCALYPSE NOW FOR ME & THIS VEGAN KID - "NATURE BOY" - AFTER THAT I WENT TO OREGON WHERE THEY HAD THE "CASCADIA FREE STATE" - THAT WAS 98/99 & IT MADE A DEEP IMPRESSION ON ME - THE OLD GROWTH FOREST IS JUST MAGICAL & ASTONISHING - & THE PEOPLE I MET WERE JUST PASSIONATE & BRAVE & COMMITTED - I MET BRAD WILL WHO WAS ALREADY UP IN A TREE-SIT WHEN I GOT THERE - HE WAS UP SO HIGH - HE LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE BIRD - IT WAS LIKE ANOTHER WORLD BUT REALLY ITS THIS WORLD WHICH IS WHY I WANTED TO PROTECT IT - MAKING THAT CONNECTION IS REALLY HARD TO CONVEY THRU THE MEDIA WHICH IS - WHY WE MAKE OUR OWN MEDIA - CLIMBING 200 YARDS INTO THE ARMS OF AN 800 YEAR OLD TREE & LIVING THERE FOR 3 WEEKS IN A TREE - SIT THAT FREE HAD MADE IN A TREE WE CALLED "HAPPY" - THAT TOTALLY CHANGED MY LIFE! - FREE ENDED UP IN JAIL FOR TORCHING S.U.V.S & BRAD LATER WENT TO OAXACA WHERE HE WAS MURDERED - BUT WITHOUT THEIR COURAGE THESE FORESTS WOULD NOT STILL BE STANDING - THEY CALL US "ECO-TERRORISTS BUT WE KNOW WHO THE REAL TERRORISTS ARE - THE CORPORATIONS THAT ARE DESTROYING THE PLANET! BUT THEY CAN'T KILL LOVE!



PRIYA WARCRY - 01/30/2K10 - LOWER EAST SIDE NYC

I FIRST HEARD OF WARCRY WHEN SHE WAS ON THE RADIO REPORTING ON THE WORLD BANK PROTESTS HAPPENING IN MONTREAL BUT I DIDN'T ACTUALLY MEET HER IN PERSON UNTIL THE INFAMOUS 9TH PRECINCT DONUT RIOT OF 2K8 - PRIYA IS A NO-COMPROMISE WRITER/FILMMAKER/ORGANIZER - PRIYA IS AN ORGANIZER OF THE NYC ANARCHIST FILM FEST & SHE JUST STARTED I.A.M OR INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST MEDIA WHICH IS A GLOBAL COMMUNITY OF RADICAL MEDIA FOLKS HELL BENT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF CAPITALISM AND ALL FORMS OF OPPRESSION AND THE DEFENSE OF NATURE AND LIFE - TO CONTACT PRIYA YOU CAN EMAIL PRIYA.REBELALLIANCE@GMAIL.COM - TO CONTACT FLY YOU CAN EMAIL FLY@PEOPS.ORG (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT) - PEOPS ZINES # 4 & #5 (PLUS OTHER FLY ZINES!) NOW AVAILABLE AT WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM - CHECK WWW.PEOPS.ORG - WWW.FLYSPAGE.COM - CONTINUALLY IN CONSTRUCTION - TO SNAIL MAIL = FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA - I LOVE SNAIL MAIL!

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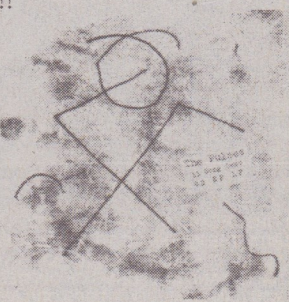

The Pulses EP

NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY MARIAM BASTANI

U.N. DECLARES WATER AND SANITATION A BASIC HUMAN RIGHT

By Thalif Deen from IPS News

When the United Nations General Assembly adopted the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR) back in December 1948, 58 member states voted for a historic document covering political, economic, social and cultural rights. Nearly 62 years later, a widely expanded 192-member General Assembly adopted another memorable resolution: this time recognizing water and sanitation as a basic human right. The resolution proved politically divisive, with 122 countries voting for it and 41 abstaining, but with no negative votes.

Still, it fell short of a North-South divide: a rich-versus- poor split, as originally expected. The United States abstained, as did some of the European and industrialized countries, including Britain, Australia, Austria, Canada, Greece, Sweden, Japan, Israel, South Korea, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Ireland. But several developing nations, mostly from Africa, also abstained on the vote, siding with rich industrial countries. These included Botswana, Ethiopia, Kenya, Lesotho, Zambia, Guyana, and Trinidad and Tobago. Ambassador Pablo Solon of Bolivia, representing a country that spearheaded the resolution, said human rights were not born as fully developed concepts, but are built on reality and experience. The human rights to education and work, included in the UDHR, evolved over time with the International Covenant on Economic, Social and Cultural Rights. "The same will occur with the human right to water and sanitation," he predicted in a statement to the General Assembly Wednesday.

Speaking on behalf of the United States, John Sammis told delegates his country had hoped to negotiate and ultimately join consensus on a text that would uphold and support the international process on water and sanitation currently underway in the Human Rights Council in Geneva.

"Instead, we have here a resolution that falls far short of enjoying the unanimous support of member states and may even undermine the work underway in Geneva," he cautioned.

"This resolution described the right to water and sanitation in a way that is not reflective of existing international law; as there is no 'right to water and sanitation' in an international legal sense as described by this resolution," he said.

In a statement released after the vote, Maude Barlow, board chair of Food and Water Watch, and Wenonah Hauter, the group's executive director, said: "Our network of allies have been fighting for over ten years towards achieving a legally binding recognition of the human right to water at the United Nations."

While the resolution is non-binding, it is a crucial first step to providing clean water and sanitation to all, the statement added. Barlow and Hauter described the final vote "as an amazing and surprising victory for water justice".

According to the United Nations, nearly two billion people live in water-stressed areas of the world and three billion have no running water within a kilometer of their homes.

Sahana Singh, editor of *Asian Water,* a leading monthly magazine on water and wastewater, told IPS: "I think the concept of water as a human right is enshrined within the right to life itself."

"We all know that there is no life without water. No more time should be wasted on drafting new laws and resolutions," Singh said. In developing countries, where implementation of laws is already such a big problem, it makes little sense to push for more laws, which will only be relegated to dusty files, said Singh, who has closely followed the water sector in the Asian region for the past ten years. An engineer turned editor, Singh pointed out that unless clearly specified upfront, the right to water could be taken to mean that water should be free or nearly free. In fact, many argue that it is the improper pricing of water, which has led to the whole problem of this life-giving liquid being under-valued, wasted and polluted.

"It has led to a situation where millions of liters of water are lost daily due to leakages from pipe networks. Would such a situation be allowed to exist with oil pipelines?" she asked. The point to note is that the governmental authorities of Singapore, Manila, Phnom Penh and others, which understand the benefits of providing water and sanitation to all their citizens, are working hard to do so even without water being declared a human right. On the other hand, the irresponsible governments which have done little for existing rights, such as the right to equality or the right against exploitation, are certainly not going to implement any more new rights, she warned.

"What we need to focus on is how to make the mostly public water utilities of the world function in an effective and transparent manner," Singh said. The utilities need proper management, financial autonomy, training and support from peer groups, she argued. And they need to be allowed to charge appropriate tariffs in order to recover their costs and plow the money back into improving their services. They need to have their performance benchmarked against other well-performing utilities so that they know where they need to improve. All this cannot happen just by declaring water as a human right, Singh declared.

Anil Naidoo, of the Canada-based Blue Planet Project, which was at the forefront of the campaign, told IPS Wednesday's resolution had the overwhelming support of a strong majority of countries, despite a handful of powerful opponents. "It must now be followed up with a renewed push for water justice. We are calling for actions on the ground in communities around the world to ensure that the rights to water and sanitation are implemented," Naidoo said. Governments, aid agencies and the United Nations must take their responsibilities seriously, he declared.

ARIZONA IMMIGRATION LAW: SECTIONS BLOCKED BY FEDERAL JUDGE

Jacques Billeaud and Amanda Lee Myers from AP

A federal judge stepped into the fight over Arizona's immigration law at the last minute, blocking the heart of the measure and defusing a confrontation between police and thousands of activists that had been building for months. Coming just hours before the law was to take effect, the ruling isn't the end. It sets up a lengthy legal battle that could end up before the Supreme Court – ensuring that a law that reignited the immigration debate, inspired similar measures nationwide, created fodder for political campaigns and raised tensions with Mexico will stay in the spotlight.

Protesters who gathered at the state Capitol and outside the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City cheered when they heard the news. The governor, the law's authors and anti-illegal immigration groups vowed to fight on.

"It's a temporary bump in the road," Gov. Jan Brewer said. The key issue before U.S. District Judge Susan Bolton in the case is as old as the nation itself: Does federal law trump state law? She indicated in her ruling that the federal government's case has a good chance at succeeding. The Clinton appointee said the controversial sections should be put on hold until the courts resolve the issues, including parts that required officers to check a person's immigration status while enforcing other laws. In her preliminary injunction, Bolton delayed provisions that required immigrants to carry their papers and banned illegal immigrants from soliciting employment in public places—a move aimed at day laborers.

The judge also blocked officers from making warrantless arrests of suspected illegal immigrants for crimes that can lead to deportation.

"Requiring Arizona law enforcement officials and agencies to determine the immigration status of every person who is arrested burdens lawfully present aliens because their liberty will be restricted while their status is checked," Bolton wrote.

The ruling came just as police were making last-minute preparations to begin enforcement of the law and protesters, many of whom said they would not bring identification, were planning large demonstrations against the measure.

At least one group had planned to block access to federal offices, daring officers to ask them about their immigration status. "I knew the judge would say that part of the law was just not right," said Gisela Diaz, 50, from Mexico City, who came to Arizona on a since-expired tourist visa in 1989 and who waited with her family at the Mexican Consulate to get advice about the law. "It's the part we were worried about. This is a big relief for us," she said.

At a Home Depot in west Phoenix, where day-laborers gather to look for work, Carlos Gutierrez said he was elated when a stranger drove by and yelled the news: "They threw out the law! You guys can work!"

"I felt good inside" said the 32-year-old illegal immigrant, who came here six years ago from Sonora, Mexico, and supports his wife and three children. "Now there's a way to stay here with less problems."

Opponents argued the law will lead to racial profiling, conflict with federal immigration law and distract local police from fighting more serious crimes. The U.S. Justice Department, civil rights groups and a Phoenix police officer asked for the injunction. Lawyers for the state contend the law was a constitutionally sound attempt by Arizona to assist federal immigration agents and lessen border woes, such as the heavy costs for educating, jailing and providing health care for illegal immigrants. They said Arizona shouldn't have to suffer from a broken immigration system when it has 15,000 officers who can arrest illegal immigrants.

In her ruling, Bolton said the interests of Arizona, the busiest U.S. gateway for illegal immigrants, match those of the federal government. But, she wrote, that the federal government must take the lead on deciding how to enforce immigration laws. The core of the government's case is that federal immigration law trumps state law—an issue known as "pre-emption" in legal circles. In her ruling, Bolton pointed out five portions of the law where she believed the federal government would likely succeed on its claims.

Justice Department spokeswoman Hannah August said the agency understands the frustration of Arizona residents with the immigration system, but added that a patchwork of state and local policies would seriously disrupt federal immigration enforcement. Federal authorities have argued that letting the Arizona law stand would create a patchwork of immigration laws nationwide that would needlessly complicate foreign relations. They said the law is disrupting U.S. relations with Mexico and other countries.

About 100 protesters in Mexico City who had gathered in front of the U.S. Embassy broke into cheers when they learned of Bolton's ruling. They had been monitoring the news on a laptop computer. "Migrants, hang on, the people are rising up!" they chanted. Mexico's Foreign Secretary Patricia Espinoza called the ruling "a first step in the right direction" and said staff at the five Mexican consulates in Arizona will work extra hours in coming weeks to educate migrants about the law.

"None of this is very surprising," said Kevin R. Johnson, an immigration expert and the law school dean at University of California at Davis. "This is all very much within the constitutional mainstream." The federal government has exclusive powers over immigration to ensure a uniform national policy that aids in commerce and relations with other countries, Johnson said. A century ago, differing policies among states led to problems that prompted the federal government to adopt a comprehensive immigration policy for the country, Johnson said. Supporters took solace that the judge kept portions of the law intact; including a section that bars local governments from limiting enforcement of federal immigration laws. Those jurisdictions are commonly known as "sanctuary cities." "Striking down these sanctuary city policies has always been the No. one priority," said Republican Sen. Russell Pearce, the law's chief author.

Brewer spokesman Paul Senseman said the state will appeal Bolton's ruling to the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, asking the appellate court to lift the injunction and allow the blocked provisions to take effect. The appeal will ask the 9th Circuit to act quickly, Senseman said. Whatever way that court rules, Bolton will eventually hold a trial and issue a final ruling. The decision was seen as a defeat for Brewer, who is running for another term in November and has seen her political fortunes rise because of the law's popularity among conservatives. Her opponent, states Attorney General Terry Goddard, pounced.

"Jan Brewer played politics with immigration, and she lost," the Democrat said. "It is time to look beyond election-year grandstanding and begin to repair the damage to Arizona's image and economy." Some residents in Phoenix agreed.

"A lot of people don't understand the connection between, 'Yes, we have a problem with illegal immigration' and 'We need immigration reform,' which is not just asking people for their papers," said Kimber Lanning, a 43-year-old Phoenix music store owner. "It was never a solution to begin with."

CONGRESS REFORMS COCAINE CONVICTIONS

By Alex Spillius from The Telegraph/UK

The US House of Representatives approved a bill reducing the disparities between mandatory crack and powder cocaine sentences, which will now be sent for President Barack Obama's signature. During his presidential campaign, Mr Obama said that the wide gap in sentencing "cannot be justified and should be eliminated".

More than eight in ten of those convicted for crack offences in 1987 are black, according to Senator Pat Leahy, a top supporter of the bill when it passed earlier in the Senate. That is "wrong and unfair, and it has needlessly swelled our prisons, wasting precious federal resources," Sen Leahy said after the House had voted.

The measure alters a 1986 law enacted at a time when crack cocaine use was rampant and considered a particularly violent drug. It decreed that possession of five grams of crack triggered a mandatory minimum five-year prison sentence. The same mandatory sentence applied to a person convicted of trafficking 500 grams of powder cocaine. The legislation as introduced by its lead author, Democratic Senator Dick Durbin, would have that imbalance from a ratio of 100 to 1 to 1 to 1, but deal-making to ensure its passage resulted in a compromise ratio of 18 to 1. It also eliminated the five-year mandatory minimum for first-time possession of crack, in a rare instance of Congress repealing a mandatory minimum sentence.

"For Congress to take a step toward saying 'we have made a mistake' and this sentence is too severe ... is really remarkable," said Virginia Sloan, president of the Constitution Project. The new legislation will apply the five-year term to someone with 28 grams, or an ounce, of crack. Julie Stewart, president of Families Against Mandatory Minimums, said 28 grams is about what the average crack dealer might carry around. She said politicians and the US Sentencing Commission have for years acknowledged the unfairness of the system, "but no one wanted to look soft on crime". The legislative change, she said, was "much more about being smart on crime".

Almost 3,000 people a year subjected to the mandatory sentence would be affected by the change. The average sentence in these cases would be reduced from 106 months to 79 months. Some 80 per cent of those convicted of crack cocaine offences are black.

PUNK IN THE COURTROOM: VOINA PROTESTS FINING OF RUSSIAN CURATORS

By James David Morgan from The Groundswell and Vladimir Ryzkhov from The Moscow Times

The court's decision in the much-discussed "Forbidden Art" exhibit was handed down with fines for the defendant curators Yury Samodurov and Andrei Yerofeyev, for inciting religious hatred. The radical artists collective Voina was on hand for the verdict.

In addition to grabbing headlines by painting a giant penis on the St. Petersberg bridge recently, in 2009, Voina disrupted the Taganskiy District court during the hearing of the Forbidden Art case with a one-song punk concert, performing as the punk collective Cock In the Ass. The song they chose was "All Cops are Bastards" from the new album PLEN, a Russian acronym for "Fuck the Police Those Motherfucking Bosses." Watch in the video at: www.youtube.com/watch?v=EUaJLNonytg&feature=player_embedded.

As judge Svetlana Aleksandrova announced the verdict, stating that "the artwork at 'Forbidden Art' is very gross and very offensive for viewers and humiliates their sense of human dignity," Voina released thousands of cockroaches into the courtroom before being detained.

After Yerofeyev was convicted for inciting religious hatred, he said, "We did not lose. ... It was the country that lost because the country has denounced its own art." Much worse, however, the judge and prosecutor in the case showed the state's clear affinity for the reactionary, extremist forces in Russia who are demanding strict censorship in arts and education. What's more, the position taken by law enforcement agencies and courts violated the country's basic constitutional guarantee of freedom of expression.

The criminal case against Yerofeyev and his associate Yury Samodurov were filed by outspoken conservative State Duma Deputy Alexander Chuyev and various religious groups and private individuals. The court ruled that Yerofeyev and Samodurov's exhibit, which featured artwork depicting Jesus as Mickey Mouse and Lenin, violated Article 282 of the Criminal Code, which prohibits "the incitement of national, racial or religious enmity and the abasement of human dignity based on religious affiliation." As a result, the court fined Samodurov 200,000 rubles ($6,500) and Yerofeyev 150,000 rubles ($4,900). The curators have vowed to appeal.

WHITE HOUSE PUSHES FOR WARRENTLESS ACCESS TO INTERNET RECORDS

By Muriel Kane from The Raw Story

The White House has asked Congress to make it possible for the FBI to demand that Internet service providers turn over customers' records in cases involving terrorism or other intelligence issues without first obtaining a court order.

The Electronic Communications Privacy Act currently states that companies are required to provide basic subscriber data to the FBI, but lists only the four kinds of information that might be found on phone bills — customer's name, address, length of service, and toll billing records. In 2008, the Justice Department ruled that those four categories were "exhaustive," making some companies reluctant to provide any additional information. The proposed amendment would add the phrase "electronic communication transactional records" to the list in order to include the recipients of emails and when they were sent and received — though not their content. It might also cover web-browsing history. The administration is describing the proposal as intended to prevent "confusion" on the part of service providers, but the Washington Post notes that "what officials portray as a technical clarification designed to remedy a legal ambiguity strikes industry lawyers and privacy advocates as an expansion of the power the government wields through so-called national security letters."

According to the Post, critics of the change say it would "greatly expand the amount and type of personal data the government can obtain without a court order" and represents "another example of an administration retreating from campaign pledges to enhance civil liberties in relation to national security."

"You're bringing a big category of data — records reflecting who someone is communicating with in the digital world, Web browsing history and potentially location information — outside of judicial review," former Clinton administration Justice Department lawyer Michael Sussman told the Post.

The administration proposal also appears to fly in the face of recent attempts by tech companies like Microsoft to obtain changes to the Electronic Communications Privacy Act that would provide greater security and privacy for so-called "cloud computing," in which data is stored online. A Google lobbyist told Congress last week, "ECPA is difficult to explain to our users, and it's difficult for us to apply. The confusion and the costs associated with it really for us is undermining the growth of our services and the growth of the cloud." An expert with the Brookings Institution has suggested "Congress should update the Electronic Communications Privacy Act to change the process by which law enforcement agents obtain electronic information. Instead of using a prosecutor's subpoena, legislation should require a 'probable cause' search warrant that is approved by a judge. This would provide greater safeguards in terms of online content, pictures, geolocation data, and e-mails."

Making FBI requests for such data easier rather than more difficult would weaken those safeguards — and the Post notes that national security letters have been abused in the past. There are also questions as to how broadly the new language might be applied. Kevin Bankston of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, for example, told the Post that because the phrase "electronic communication transactional records" is not defined in the statute, "an expanded NSL power might be used to obtain Internet search queries and Web histories detailing every Web site visited and every file downloaded."

Internet attorney Marc Zwillinger even speculated that it might give the government access to social networking activity. "A Facebook friend request — is that like a phone call or an e-mail?" he asked. "Is that something they would sweep in under an NSL? They certainly aren't getting that now." And Greg Nojeim of the Center for Democracy and Technology, emphasized that the email information is "much more sensitive than the other information, like name, address and telephone number, that the FBI gets with national security letters. It shows associational information protected by the First Amendment and is much less public than things like where you live."

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Salad Days

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Salad Days is amazing...a must-read for any fan of the punk/hardcore genre. - Through These Eyes eZine

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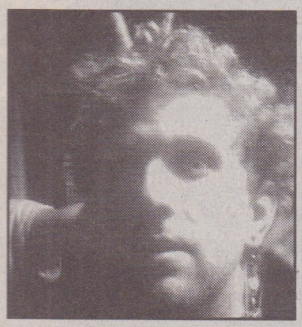
what's the scoop?

This month's question: when was the last time you shit your pants? (Asked by Zoe at the Strip Mall Seizures last show at the Church, Oakland, and a party at the 29th Street House, San Francisco).

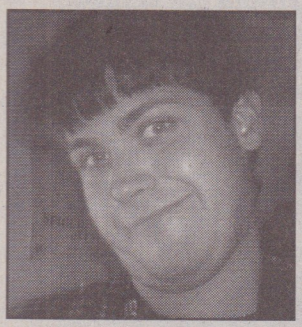
Shanice, 21, West Oakland
Last summer I went on a bender and I was gluten free vegan. I ate some raw barbecue chicken because I was all sorts of drunk off a liter of Kentucky Gentleman (which where I'm from is a very special drink for six thirty five a liter). I woke up and I had shat my pants and I vomited all day from food poisoning and ended up stranded between the kitchen and the bathroom. I lay there for four hours until someone came and fed me gatorade. I had to get into the shower with all my clothes on.

Peaches, 26, West Oakland
I crapped my pants in an elevator in this hotel and I ended up taking off my pants and putting them in the trash can in the hallway of this hotel.



Kevin, 29, West Oakland
Over Christmas of 2008 I had this amazing series of consecutive food poisonings that led me to do things like puke chocolate cake into the snow where it froze for two weeks and also shit my pants repeatedly. That was cool.

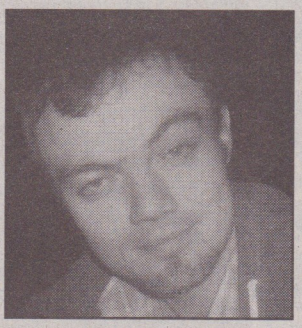
Valentina, 15, Berkeley
I was nine, and I was in Italy with my parents and I got drunk for the first time 'cause they were having a party and I basically went around and drank everybody's champagne glass when they weren't looking. I was throwing up hella hard. I threw up so hard I cried and shit my pants.



Joe, 32, San Francisco
I was fourteen. I was at the mental hospital and I had to go to the bathroom. I go to my room and before I get my pants down, I blew a bubble with my ass. I wipe all the shit off my ass with my underwear. The room had one of those beds with the drawers underneath, and I put my shitty underwear in the drawer under the bed. I got discharged that day, so it was no problem.

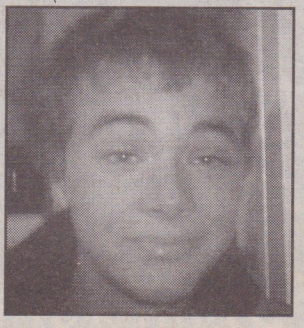
A.M., 22, Oakland
This one time I was at the Book Zoo and I was on Adderall and I was looking through pictures of dancers from the '30s and I got so excited while on Adderall flipping the pages very quickly...and then I shit my pants.

Kari, 24, Oakland
There was one guy that was staying at our house constantly and he had a habit of falling asleep in the bathroom. I really really had to shit but I thought I could wait until I got to work so as to not disturb him. So I was getting ready in my room, and I thought I just farted a little...but I actually shit my pants. But, still being too modest to kick him out of the bathroom I went to Whole Foods and I left my shitty underwear in the tampon dispenser.



Jake, 21, Oakland
About a month ago, I was at work. I work at a radio station, I'm a board operator, and basically, we can't leave the board for eight hours at a time. I shit myself and I had to stay there a good two or three hours.

Joyce, 30, San Francisco
It must have been like ten months ago, after a large drinking bender. I was throwing up and coughing and walking to work. So I had a shit fart and totally had to call into work. "I'm sorry but I had an accident, I need to go back home." I think he might have caught my drift because we work with preschoolers.

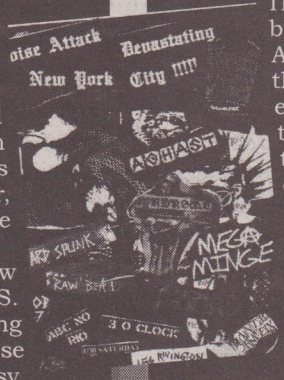


Colin, 15, Berkeley
One time when I was watching fucking *Dazed and Confused* and I was smoking my bong in my house, I laughed so hard I shit out my pants and it rolled out my pant leg.

N.Y.C.

BY IAN /AMELIA/ SHIVA/ TYLER

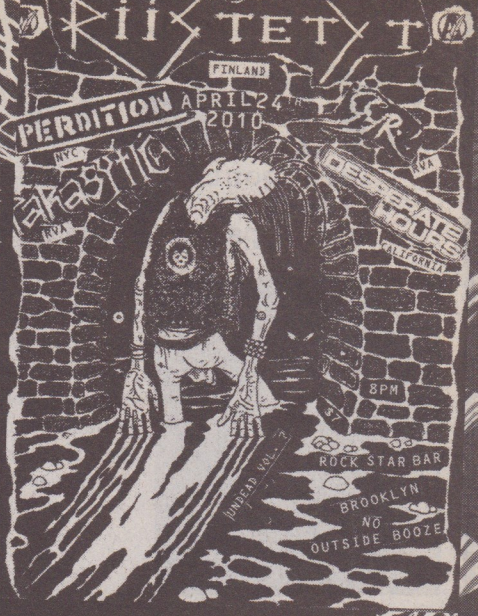
Let us start with a disclaimer. As a result of the massive size and population of the city of New York there are many different punk "scenes" here consisting of the numerous genres, sub-genres and combinations of music and noise that is generally accepted as punk, hardcore or underground music. This report will be covering only one part of the overall NYC scene and the bands contained within are made up of the raw, noisy, dirt covered style of punk that would rather wake up hung over with the *Why* 12" playing rather than ride their track bike over to that hip new café in Williamsburg for brunch. So this is by no means complete coverage of the NYC punk scene. More noise, please, and punk over norms, thanks. This "raw punk" scene centered primarily in Brooklyn is small, but close with lots of love for each other and obviously for DISCHARGE, DISORDER, Ballantine ale, and pizza. After seeing everyone come together when our friend Nick Poot of ABSURD SYSTEM was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease last summer, it is obvious that our scene transcended noise and distortion.



Our longest running bands right now are PERDITION and DAWN OF HUMANS. PERDITION is the band that will probably ring a bell for the most people reading this, because of all their tours. They've been playing noisy, fast and angry raw hardcore since 2007. These guys are jam packed with an array of '80s international HC influence all thrown into the blender with added chainsaw fuzz and distorted gurgles in place of your conventional string instruments. No worship though, just straight loud, noisy hardcore punk, armed to the teeth with blood boiling anger and seething hatred for the system. They've released two EP's and many tapes. They're killer live and one of the best bands playing in the US right now. Up next for the band is an East Coast tour with MUNDO MUERTO in August and upcoming split records with NERVESKADE and SYNDROME. They just released their second 7" on Distort Reality. They're going fast and will probably already gone before this is printed, so get one quick, punk!

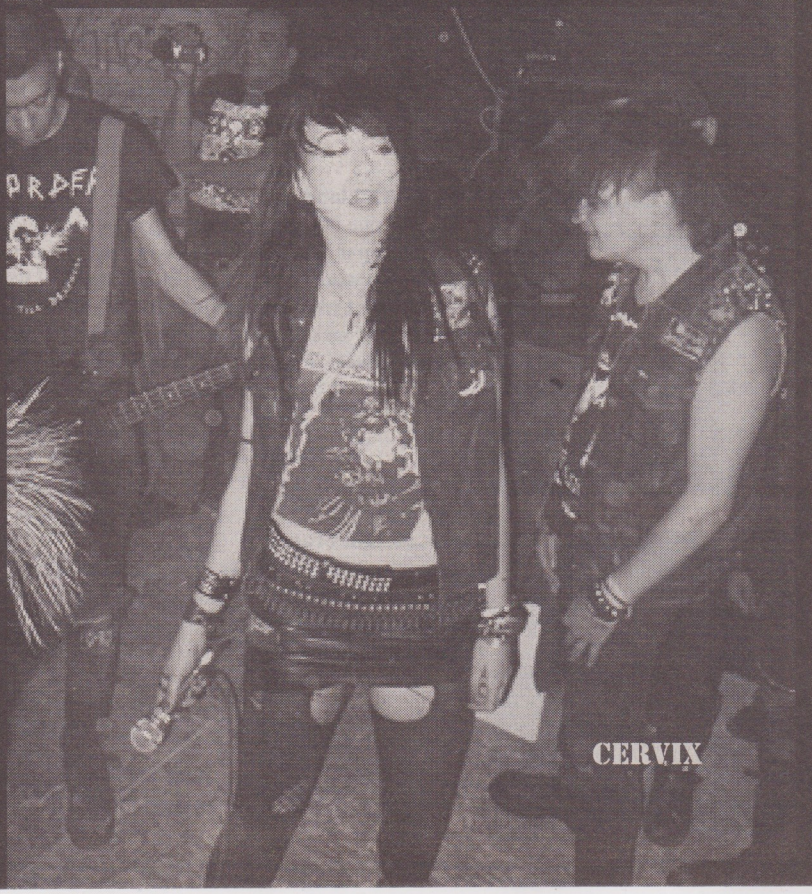
DAWN OF HUMANS is weird as fuck hardcore punk that defies all genre-defined boundaries. They change tempo, drumbeat and riff when you least expect it, but it all works so fucking well. This band's sound is filled with wild emotion and a sort of uplifting vibe. They get compared to more straight HC stuff nowadays by reviewers, but I can hear clear '80s hardcore inspiration just being expanded on to cosmic levels. They are nothing short of lunacy live, and they are going on tour soon, so we won't spoil it for you. As of June they have two EPs out.

CRAZY SPIRIT has a sound that has been problematic for anyone writing about it. The GERMS are probably the closest point of reference, due to the undeniably irritating qualities of the vocals and simple tunes. Singer Walker is like Darby Crash if he grew up in Tribeca and looked liked he should be in late-era POISON IDEA. Early Brazilian hardcore was an initial influence of this band which can be heard in the weird pogo inducing simple, catchy punk they play, as well as the horrendous equipment they use to achieve such a primal pop sound played absurdly loud. Inconsiderate feedback all the way! They have a killer nine tracks or something tape you can get, as well as EPs coming out on Toxic State and Que Punk? Records soon. They really are one of the most unique bands around. They're also going on tour this summer—not to be missed live.



ABSURD SYSTEM was a sonic mind-fuck, though not around for even close to long enough, but hopefully they will be back on their feet very soon. They play pure and tight hardcore punk with the benefit of years of experience in the punk scene, drawing influence from the UK, US, Swedish and Italian HC scenes of the '80s. Total raw punk annihilation! They released an EP a while ago. Try to grab a copy if they aren't already long gone, you won't regret it. There's also a great demo tape floating around somewhere. Hopefully this band will reform when bassist Nick recovers.

Another band playing in the high gain vein is



CERVIX

NOMAD. Their sound is deafeningly violent. Any damage done to the ears should hold DISCLOSE accountable, as they seem to be the primary influence. Even the vocals are in Japanese. Check them out. They just recorded a 7" that already sounds like a lost Swedish HC record. Look out for material from them, but in the meantime try to obtain a demo. Going on a West Coast tour with CERVIX this winter.

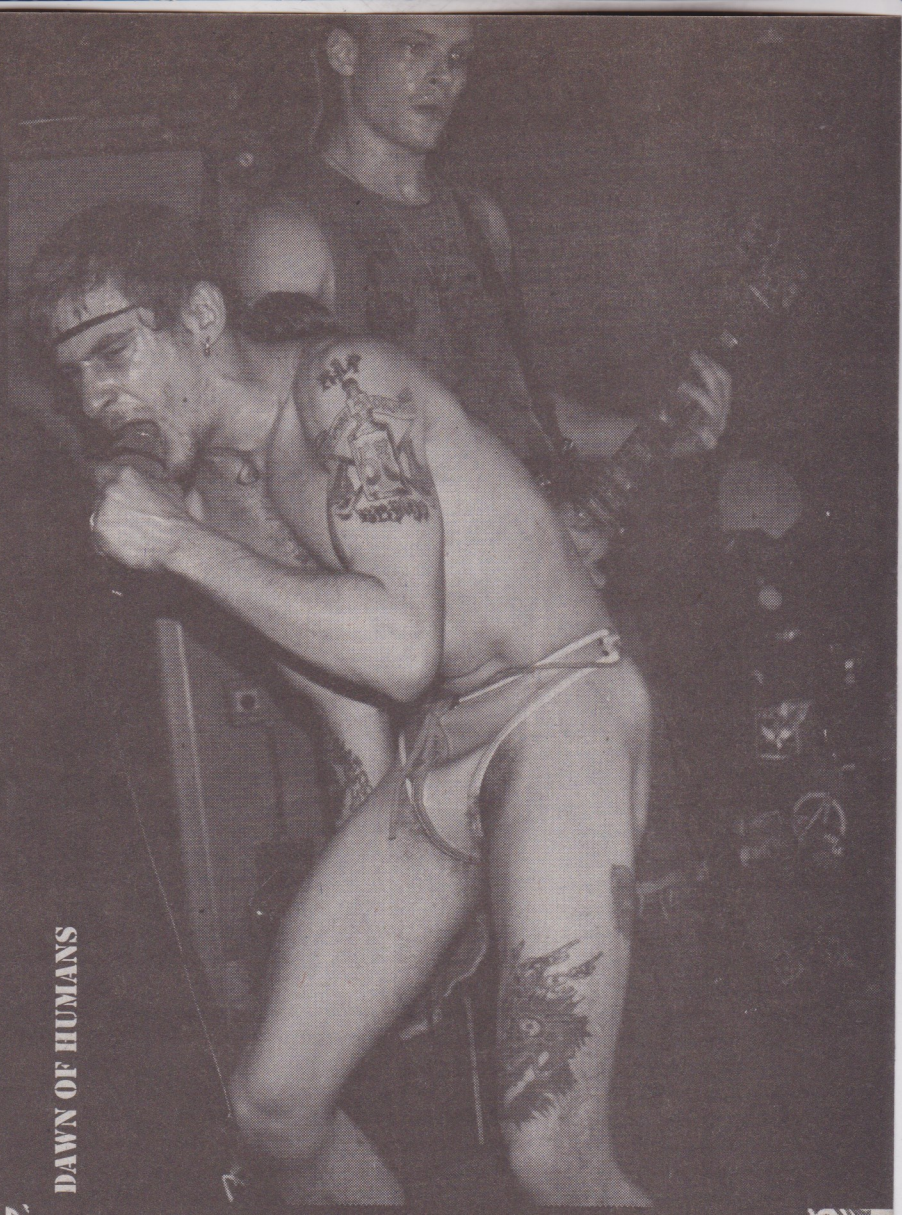
CERVIX (featuring members of NOMAD, ABSURD SYSTEM, and MUTILATION RITES) are raging female-fronted metallic hardcore punk in the riff style of early UK crust like SACRILEGE, ANTISECT and AXEGRINDER—but with more hardcore punk influence due to shorter songs and greater amounts of aggression. Maximum reverbed vocals pour out of the speakers and damage your fucking eardrums. Demo out.

It is interesting that the members of the band ANNIHILATION were only fifteen, and still managed to have a better grasp on punk aesthetic and ideal than anyone. They played chaotic fucking noise, completely musically inept (first demo anyway). They played a sound totally worshipping of Finnish hardcore, but have been broken up since 2009. Two members now play in DEFORMITY a noisy and incompetent raw punk "band" influenced by SHITLICKERS and DISORDER, done by disorganized minors with developing deafness. Two tapes out with a new one coming soon.

More crushing raw punk from DODWORTH with fully distorted sound and a mixture of styles that holds its own. Vocals in Spanish and riffs bringing together an obvious Swedish HC influence and nods to FRAMTID with the intensity and anger (and shitty recordings) of early WRETCHED. They have a demo out that's limited to 20. When asked why there are so few, they reported, "Because we're poor, mother fucker." Probably said immediately after using their last food stamps purchasing a Ballantine 40 and a pot of glue instead of more tapes.

The PENIS is one obscure noise cult band that you've never heard of. Screaming guitar racket, rattling bass, rapid fire drumming and lyrics about solvent abuse, masturbation and getting arrested for abusing solvents while masturbating. To give you an idea of the sound of this band we can tell you that their guitarist yelled at the WANKYS for tuning. Their limited to zero no sided 8" flexi is sold out, but the demo may still be available...

The overall NYC scene is in a constant state of flux: venues opening and closing, punks coming and going, massive turnouts one day and dismal ones the next. An overwhelming police presence in NYC makes any underground DIY show spaces really hard to find. And if it does outlast the cops for a month or two it's inevitably ruined from the inside by "punks" fighting inside or destroying the bathroom or tagging all over the walls. Finding someone willing to put up with a drunk unruly mob, pogoing and jumping off amps and making a bloody racket is hard by itself, but possible. Add fucking idiots causing mindless violence and destruction to the equation and you get banned after a few shows. There really is nothing reliably left besides ABC No Rio, but that's only open for shows for a short window on Saturday afternoons, and bars which we try to avoid due to age restriction, over pricing and having no connections to punk in the least.



DAWN OF HUMANS

Here in Brooklyn, we really need our own all ages, DIY venue. We have a really hard time finding cool spots for all ages shows to happen. We have a really young scene here with a lot of people in their late teens and early twenties. Not everyone is of age and bar shows suck. We keep losing venues left and right due to cops, gentrification, and no tolerance for punks. We don't have a punk house where we can have shows and the cats that do aren't down to have a lot of the above mentioned bands in their homes because we have too much fun and don't mix well with dry wall. A lot of our shows are still happening at Party Expo, Silent Barn, and Tommy's Tavern. Shows in the past have happened at, some sometimes still do happen at, the Rockstar Bar, the Charleston (sucks), 538 Johnson Avenue, Stolen Sleeves, Cake Shop and the Knitting Factory. The NYPD has been cracking down on underage drinking—so it's been a real pain getting people into bar shows, more or less getting in underage people who are playing those shows.

Just a background on who makes what happen: Ian Dickson has been doing the "Hardcore Gig Volume" for ages. He makes quality punk happen in New York City and supports the scene immensely. Amelia's been booking at ABC No Rio for several years and outside of ABC No Rio under the "Undead Volume" name for about a year and does most of the DIY punk shows in New York City. Amelia's leaving the ABC No Rio Collective in July due to some musical taste differences and some disorderly rule breaking. Familiar questions posed by the collective were, "What's all this noise not music? Can we get some more folk and melodic

bands in here?" Anyway, differences aside ABC No Rio has to get torn down and rebuilt due a command from the City of New York if they want to keep their space—so no shows will be happening at ABC No Rio for a while starting this winter. Enjoy the old building and ceiling falling on your head while you can. To keep up with news about the reconstruction, go to abcnorio.org.

We have two DIY punk run record labels. Toxic State Records which has released records for recently broken up NYC punk band THRILLER, the second DAWN OF HUMANS EP and several other bands from the NY/NJ. They also have a release lined-up for the CRAZY SPIRIT 7" among others. The second label is Always Restrictions which released the first DAWN OF HUMANS record and will be releasing the NOMAD 7" as well as an EP for Richmond's MEGA MINGE.

We have some regular zines that come out here—*Dirge* and *Accept the Darkness*. *Dirge* is a long running NYC half sized photocopied zine that has been going since '06. Eugene who plays in PERDITION, DAWN OF HUMANS and CRAZY SPIRIT does the zine. There are only six issues so far with large gaps between issues, but they are all packed with plenty of interviews and live photos that capture the real essence of the bands covered. *Accept the Darkness* is a new half sized photocopied zine, done by a member of DEFORMITY, that has been going since the beginning of 2010, with two and a half issues out. Issues of both these zines will hopefully surface soon, and there will probably be a split between the two coming up in the future. Jesse Gasface managed to do *Quality of My Life* weekly for a year. It ruled and covered all types of bands and shows in New York and was basically him just shit talking work and worshipping new found bars and sandwich shops.

Sam Ryser, Shiva, Eugene, and Corbin do most of the show fliers. They're all punk as fuck and each has his own style. We still flyer here in New York City and have some of the meanest looking punk flyers around. Punks that don't flyer anymore are lame. Get off the Internet!

We have a few decent record stores, mainly Academy and Generation. There is a sprinkling of small, under the radar stores in the East Village and Williamsburg where you can find some gems. I don't really want to write too much about our record stores because we don't want anymore "record threats" in this town, most good used new arrivals are picked over very fast. We have a lot of record nerd norms here with money, so it makes getting punk records into punk hands a fight at places like Academy. Most of us go to the few record fairs here a year or hit up distros when they come through with touring bands.

We don't really have specific hang out spots anymore. We can't usually hang out in bars because a lot of us are young, don't have money, or both. New York City has rapidly gentrified in the past ten years so we've lost a lot of neighborhoods like the Lower East Side and Williamsburg to yuppie scum. Most of us now live in Bushwick and Bed Stuy in Brooklyn due to being forced out of aforementioned neighborhoods by exorbitant rent prices. Typical rent for a studio apartment in the Lower East Side these days goes for about $2,000 a month. St. Mark's Place is long dead and filled with corporate chain stores. Some of us still work on that street in the independent stores still left, though so you usually run into someone if you're around there. Most of us can be found at Amelia's, Saira's, Gabby's, or the DODWORTH house. The main outdoor hangout spots, weather permitting, are the East River Park or anyone's roof. We try and stay away from Tompkins Square Park due to the warm weather bringing our favorite summer squatters.

We have close ties to the Boston, Richmond and Montreal scenes making a touring, traveling network of friends. People outside New York City help keep our scene going and are vital to what's going on here. Punks from upstate, nearby New Jersey, Connecticut and even places as far north as New Hampshire are frequently at our shows. We would really like to thank Matt Sachs, Janick, SSR, SYNDROME, BRAIN KILLER and many others for all they do to make East Coast punk happen. Without whom we wouldn't have nearly as many rad touring bands coming through or fun times. I guess that's it for our scene report. Any questions, band contact info etc. email ameakins@gmail.com Noise not music! Up the punx!

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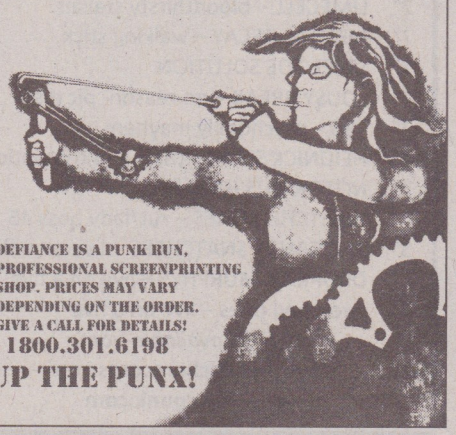

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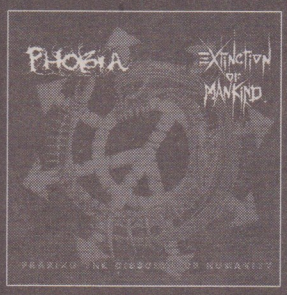

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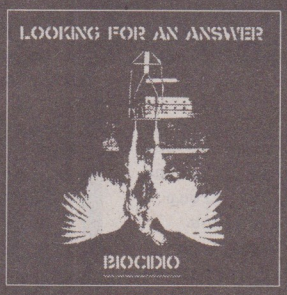

LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER - Biocidio LP
The spanish band pleases worlwide grindcore freaks with a new slab of vinyl. BIOCIDIO album tracks are taken from the split with KONTRAATTAQUE recorded in July 2001, and it includes unreleased bonus tracks from the same studio session. 500 copies available, no represses!!!

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Jucifer

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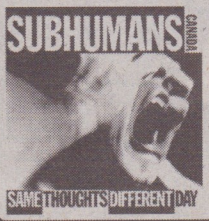

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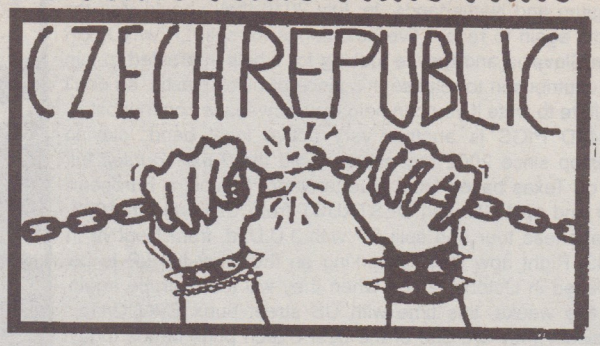

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So this is not the first MRR report ever I submitted—I did couple more of them few years ago whenever there was a motivation and urge to contribute. You may check out my old MRR scene reports in back issues 247, 267 and 276. Of course there's a lot going on in the rest of Czech Republic, but maybe that other people could finally step in and write their own reports, OK? I don't feel so qualified to do all the job by myself so I will write about my hometown Brno-city only, but please, make no mistake, there are great and vibrant local scenes all around this small 10 million assholes populated country and especially in places like Southern Bohemia (Pisek/ Ceske Budejovice area), Jihlava, Ostrava or Prague should be described in detail on these pages, but rather by somebody better informed than me.
Let's leave all the geographical/historical bullshit aside and concentrate on the hardcore/punk stuff which matters right now:
By Filip Fuchs

BANDS

If you are one of the few people, who are "interested in international hardcore" (I am not sure if I ever understood this term completely, but I guess it means hardcore outside USA???), then maybe you spotted the release of *Spalte Brno Na Prach* compilation LP back in 2008. The name translates as *"Burn Brno to Ashes"* and you can find twelve bands on this piece of vinyl. This compilation was coordinated by me and released with the help of the bands and fourteen DIY labels. We didn't wanted to make a collector item out of it, so there were 1100 copies pressed (300 on red vinyl!), which means that you can probably still find it in cheap record bins and bankrupted distro sales all around the world (if not, drop me a line!). So at first I will talk a little about the bands involved in this compilation and I will start backwards.

ZEMEZLUC are the true veterans of Brno's punk scene with their roots going back to the dark '80s. Still punk as fuck, still pretty good, they are one of the very few rare occasions of bands that are still relevant even after more than twenty years of non-stop existence. Their latest two releases are EPs released on Ultima Ratio called *Zabit V Akci (Killed in Action),* and *Odlozte Vsechnu Nadeji (Give Up All Hope)* belong to the best stuff they ever released (and they released *a lot* of stuff). Especially the second one is really honest/true as it deals with the loss of loved person and death/dying issues in general. Needless to say all their recent records come in extremely well done packages and some part of each pressing comes as ltd. edition w/extra stuff (posters, obi strip, stickers etc.). If you haven't heard ZEMEZLUC till now, then you've missed a lot—their music is typical Eastern-European hard-driving punk with shouted vocals in Czech. There's some talk about new full LP to be recorded in not so distant future. All their recent releases were done by Ultima Ratio label (www.zemezluc.net).

REAKCE NA ZMENU split up and three members are now in new band called V DOBE MORU (originally they had Latin name DE TIEMPO PESTE, but later opted for the Czech translation). Musically they're pretty similar—ultra fast hardcore with screaming vs. growling vocals. In April 2010 they released their first CDr demo (incl. cover songs by STATE OF FEAR and RAMBO!), and toured Europe with RISPOSTA. By the way, REAKCE NA ZMENU left behind them besides these two songs on compilation LP, also a tape on Ultima Ratio and a split EP with RISPOSTA, which was released in cooperation of many labels (www.bandzone.cz/detiempopeste).

CORE BASTARDS added Mirek (ex-FESTA DESPERATO, BASTO, SCARTO, Ultima Ratio label) to their line-up in 2008 and changed their name to KORUBO. As KORUBO they released great tape on Ultima Ratio and in early 2010 played their last gig with this line-up. Mirek left the band and currently they don't play live (I have heard something about another possible change of band's name). It's a big shame that KORUBO never did anything on vinyl as they were one of the best local bands I have heard in a pretty long time—playing furious raw punk with aggression and live vibe of some of my fave Japanese/Finnish bands and also with great lyrics. I feel this is the on-going curse of too many great bands with Mirek behind the mike (BASTO, SCARTO, old FESTA DESPARETO too)—many plans for vinyls, but nothing coming out of them in the end. Sad! (www.corebastards.wz.cz).

PRIPYAT split up already back in 2007 before the compilation was even released. They are definitely the rawest/noisiest sounding band on the record, but many people liked them esp. due to their honest and non-musical approach. They played spastic, ultra-fast, non-technical hardcore w/two shouting female vocalists. They had only one recording session in a garage, part of it was used on the compilation, part was supposed to be released as demo tape, but this never happened (you see, there are many never published recordings in Brno!). However, there are some plans made, that the demo tape should be released in US by IFB Records, the label of Nevin from MERKIT. PRIPYAT members went to various directions - Jaana to AGE OF DEATH, Blanche to TOMORROWS HELL, Paaya back to FESTA DESPERATO, Ofca to RESURGO and Iwan back to LAST CALL FOR PEACE (www.myspace.com/pripyat86).

RISPOSTA are currently one of the most active of Brno's bands. Releasing their second LP on Insane Society in the fall of 2009 called *Schvalen Byl Novy Rad (New Order Has Been Established)* they sound totally killer now—brutal, down-tuned stenchcore/crust steamroller with not too much metal influences (Thank god!), dual shouting vocals and some great melodies, (No emo crust! Thank god for second time!). The LP/CD is pretty good, not only does the music shred, the Czech lyrics (well, almost all the bands covered in this article have lyrics in Czech so I will stop repeating this again and again, OK?) totally fit the music and the artwork as well. You can try to find their very first LP from 2007, but I guess there were only 300 copies pressed, so good luck. The split EP w/REAKCE NA ZMENU is pretty good too! As I already said they did recently

their very first European tour covering Czech, Germany, Belgium and Netherlands. In July 2010 they should visit the studio again to record five new songs for split LP w/ROXOR from Slovakia and they're looking for labels interested to join the contribution to release this piece of black plastic, so don't hesitate to write if you can help (www.myspace.com/risposta).

MAD PIGS is another very active local band, playing nonstop since 2002 recently they did the *Trust Yourself* full EP on Texas based label Muerte Negra Discos, a European tour and split CD with DESTRUCT from California in 2008, a Japanese tour and split EP with J.U.U.M. from Nagoya in 2009. Right now they're working on their first full LP to be released in October 2010, when they will tour Europe again for two weeks, this time with US street punx EVACUATE. Musically they are one of the best Czech punk bands today in my opinion—full on energy, super-driving punk w/lots of catchy gang choruses and great guitar parts. Actually they sound a little like D.S.B. in last years of their existence to me and the funny thing is that they did back vocals on D.S.B.'s *Useless System Abuse* as they were in Tokyo on the same time when Japanese recorded this LP! The vocalist Kejkla is pretty busy with his Voltage shop, gig organizing and tour booking (www.myspace.com/madpigs).

FESTA DESPERATO is back after three years long hiatus. The last time I saw them before was when they supported both the Czech gigs of FRAMTID back in 2007, later they kicked out the original drummer and tried to find a replacement, but with no luck. They recorded two songs for *Spalte Brno Na Prach* comp. with Tom (RISPOSTA's drummer), but never played live with him. Now they are finally back in full force in their line-up from 2007—they just supported DISCHARGE here in Brno and sounded totally amazing to me! Just a merciless raw punk blitzkrieg with completely out of control drumming, twin-guitar assault and deep-throated raw vocals... I often described this band as a collision of Portland and Osaka crusties and I am really glad to discover that they didn't changed their style at all! And they still do this BOMBANFALL cover song live! To talk about FESTA DESPERATO and their recordings is always a tricky issue since they are one of the unluckiest (or laziest?) bands I know... you can probably still find a copy of their *Novy Babylon (New Babylon)* EP from 2006 and there should be another EP recorded back in 2005 called *Zivot Ve Hrichu (Living in Sin)* waiting for release on Waking the Dead Records. (Maybe that by the time you read this it's already out?). Now they're working on their debut full LP, to be released on Insane Society Records in autumn 2010 and you can check them out on this year's Play Fast Or Don't Festival in Hradec Kralove city (www.playfast.cz). You can contact FESTA DESPERATO through www.myspace.com/festadesperato or www.festadesperato.com.

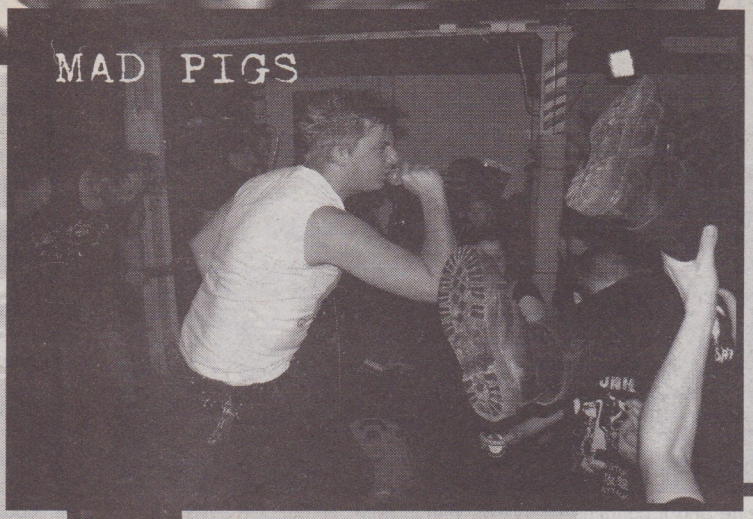
THE LONGEST SILENCE NEVER HEARD split up after their American guitar player Blair moved back to the US. They played passionate hardcore w/some BORN AGAINST influence and their only song on the compilation is their only official release at the same time. They recorded their whole set during the recording session for the compilation, but did not released it aside from publishing few more songs on their myspace profile (www.myspace.com/theloudestsilenceneverheard). The drummer Martin (also ex-SEE YOU IN HELL and ex-MORE BAD NEWS) later formed TUMMO who play dark and brutal stoner metal/hardcore, influenced by bands like ENTOMBED, DISFEAR or HIGH ON FIRE. There are plans for full LP (autumn 2010) and split LP with TOMORROWS HELL (www.myspace.com/tummo666).

AGE OF DEATH split up in early 2010. Sadly their original singer Kodl died tragically back in 2008, just few months before the compilation was released. Later they continued in a new line-up with two female vocalists and did a recording session in the autumn of 2009 for some split LP. I am afraid this will be added up to a huge pile of recordings of Brno's bands collecting dust... By the way AGE OF DEATH played ultrafast hardcore with really good drumming and screaming vocals. I am not sure where the ex-members continue now, but Jaana is quite active in organizing shows in Brno w/Gatastrofa Crew and she also sung with EVIDENCE SMRTI and SEE YOU IN HELL live on some rare occasions here in Brno (www.myspace.com/ageofdeathfastcorepunk).

MAC GYVER started back in 2003 from the ashes of PAZI SNAJPER, but in the passing seven years were sometimes more dead than alive. Releasing one full EP a very long time ago and their gigs taking place on just really rare occasions—they seemed to get more active in 2010 with a split LP with MY DEAD CAT in the works. If you like melodic, passionate, "Eastern-European" sounding punk not unlike POST REGIMEMT or INNOXIA CORPORA, then I guess you will like them. No MySpace, no website.

SEE YOU IN HELL is the band I play guitar in, well, lets make this as short as possible: split EP with CROW, second Brazilian tour and ten year anniversary gig in 2009, split EP and mini-tour w/SYSTEMATIC DEATH in April 2010, split EP with CONTRAST ATTITUDE (on Insane Society again, like both previous records) and *Raw Punk Blasphemy 2008-2010* collection tape ltd. to 100 copies (on Black Trash Records from Austria, www.myspace.com/blacktrashrec) out soon and a second Japanese tour organized by Tomio/CROW from July 31st till August 8th 2010. There's some talk about possible US tour in May/June 2011, East Coast and Midwest only (Any ideas? Write to me please...). Contact: www.myspace.com/seeyouinhellthrash or www.seeyouinhell.cz

EVIDENCE SMRTI was not hyper-active in 2009, but 2010 looks definitely brighter. People from this band are busy in RISPOSTA, FESTA DESPERATO and V DOBE MORU, and the only recording they did besides comp. LP is the demo CDr 2008 (same recording session). There were many plans for different splits and compilations on vinyl, but nothing came out of them. Right now they work on their debut full LP with recording planned for July and release some time in autumn 2010 on Insane Society Records. There was also some talk about cover artwork to be painted by the well-known Japanese artist Sugi (like in the case of SYIH/SYSTEMATIC DEATH split). While the 2008 demo received great reviews everywhere, I feel that the new EVIDENCE SMRTI's stuff is maybe even better—now, with two guitars line-up (new guitar player came recently from INTRUDERSS), it's just totally desperate and apocalyptic stenchcore/raw punk demolition with great "old school thrash-style" vocals and very dark/morbid lyrics. They are one of my top fave current Czech



bands and you should also make sure to check them out live on this year's Play Fast Fest (www.myspace.com/evidencesmrti).

OK, so that's it as far as the *Spalte Brno Na Prach* compilation and the bands involved in it go... but of course there are couple more bands in Brno and around who are definitely worth mentioning:

6 MAS have been around since 2003 and they produce some pretty devastating grinding crustcore. Currently they're working on debut vinyl LP and they're looking for labels to co-release it! (www.bandzone.cz/6mas).

RESURGO started in 2008 and play furious raw punk w/ some emocrust parts, people from MAD PIGS, PRIPYAT, V DOBE MORU, KORUBO etc. were/are in the line-up, no recording so far and not so active with playing gigs recently (www.myspace.com/resurgo).

INTRUDERSS (not to be confused with Japanese band THE INTRUDERS!) play since 2006 but still without any official release out. They play rampaging UK82 punk and in truest Brno's incestuous fashion some members of course play in other bands too (V DOBE MORU, RESURGO, EVIDENCE SMRTI). Same as RESURGO they are not so active gig-wise recently (www.myspace.com/intrudersinyourmind).

MY DEAD CAT play for pretty long time already, but their style is very far away from the music I like and understand... indie rock? Post emo HC? They just did split EP w/THE MOOD and work on the above mentioned split LP. By the way, ex-MRTVA BUDOUCNOST singer (this was the band I played in back in the '90s) is in the line-up playing guitar. Well, check them out for yourself, I am really not the best person to comment on this - www.myspace.com/mddct.

SCARTO played last gig in 2009 and I am afraid they split up now. Full LP on Ultima Ratio was planned and even recorded, but I am not sure if it will ever see the light of a day. They played pretty original fast HC/thrash/grind and managed to tour Spain back in 2008. Their bass player now has a new band called HIGH PURITY, which is musically in more traditional grindcore direction, but they didn't play live yet.

BIBLBROXX are another band of punk rock veterans besides ZEMEZLUC playing for fifteen years already and even having the ex-ZEMEZLUC/VZOR 60 (another '80s Brno punk band) in the line-up. I don't know too much about this band, but they released CD on Papagajuv Hlasatel recently (www.biblbroxx.com).

INSANIA is the band defying categories, well, I had always problems whether I should include them in my reports or not, but the thing is, their last two records sound pretty punk to me and they are released on vinyl LPs as well, so why not. Originally started back in 1987 as thrashcore band, later, after secret police intervention reformed as SKIMMED and doing one of the very first DIY vinyl releases in Czechoslovakia in 1990 (which received a rave review by Chris Dodge in *MRR* back then). In 1993 they've changed the name back to INSANIA again and started to play more experimental metal/crossover influenced music. Their current style sounds to me like a crazy mix of nu-metal and DEAD KENNEDYS with keyboards and actually I like it a lot. As I said, their both recent albums, *Rock'n'Freud* (2007) and *Kult Hyeny* (*The Cult Of Hyena*, 2010) are available on vinyl as well, so check them out, if you want to hear something pretty original (www.insania.freemusic.cz).

There is one more band I would like to mention even they are not from Brno, but from Znojmo town, some 40 km South from my hometown. They are called RAW REASON and play dis-beat/raw punk covering bands like DISCHARGE, MOB 47 or SHITLICKERS and even having own tribute song for Kawakami! Very young and promising band, no official releases out so far, but playing live in Brno quite often (www.bandzone.cz/chaosriot).

I should also mention that many bands from Brno area (RISPOSTA, SEE YOU IN HELL, FESTA DESPERATO, AGE OF DEATH, EVIDENCE SMRTI) record their songs some 200 km away from Brno in little and isolated village called Cestice located close to Austrian borders in Southern Bohemia. Hellsound Studio, situated right there, is currently one of the very, very few places in Czech where you can get 100% killer studio sound and for pretty cool price too! (hellsound666@gmail.com).

ZINES

Drunk Nach Osten is the zine published by Paaya, who makes two different editions of each issue, one in Czech and another in English. They are almost the same, but the English one has also reviews of Czech/Slovakian releases and translations of parts from *Kytary A Rev* book covering the history of punk/hardcore in Czechoslovakia before 1989. As you can suggest from the name, the zine is 100% dedicated to an Eastern European hardcore/punk scene (= Poland, Hungary, ex-USSR, ex-Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Romania and Greece) and it contains interviews, tour/travel reports, reviews. Issue two was published in January 2010 and contains interviews with HUMAN ERROR (Hungary), Sanych from DEFECT IN INDUSTRY zine and ME4TEC (Belarus), GRAZHDANSKAYA OBORONA (Russia—actually an old one stolen from the 1991 *MRR* special Soviet punk issue!), CRITICA RADICALA (Germany/Romania), scene report from Ukraine, articles about HC/underground in Latvia and History of Czech punk (KECUP, A64), lots of reviews, lyrics and photos. It should be also said that it is written in quite good English! You can download it for free as .pdf file (http://dno.maskcontrol.com), but I suggest, especially if you can help to distribute this zine to contact Paaya and to buy some copies from him as he printed few hundred copies of the last issue at printing plant and they are now collecting the dust in his flat. Yeah, I nearly forgot, every issue comes with CDr compilation covering mostly the bands inside the zine!

Spalena Ramena is a new grind/fast HC zine published by Erik who moved from Hungary to Brno. Issue one contains interviews with SAKATAT (Turkey), GYALAZAT (Hungary), Cerelitida zine/Human Liberation Front Records (Czech), ATAQUE PERIFERICO (Brazil), Hungarian mini-tour report of SCARTO/CORE BASTARDS, reviews etc. Written in English! Contact: shrunky@freemail.hu.

Smrt is published by Miruus, who plays bass in RISPOSTA and FESTA DESPERATO. Three issues are out so far with totally cut'n'paste punk as fuck layout and with lots of raw punk inside. Issue three was published last year as a split with *Zlo*

zine and it contains interviews with SUMMON THE CROWS, PRUMYSLOVA SMRT, Balkan tour report of FESTA/RISPOSTA, reviews of Brno shows etc. Sadly it's written in Czech language only. I have heard that new issue is in the works, Miruus meanwhile publishes reviews on his blog at www.periferia.blog.cz.

Network of Friends is the name of a free newsletter published in few hundred copies and given away mostly in Brno every few months. There were different pages donated by different gig collectives active in my hometown who also put money together to cover the printing costs. I coordinated all this shit and after ten issues published I think, that I will stop. The goal especially from the United Crusties collective was to present the bands in some more serious way like translating their *MRR* interviews, reviews etc. to Czech, so people would know more about them before their actual show here in Brno.

For Punx is the zine done by Kejkla, last issue came out back in 2006, but now he works on new one, which should include also MAD PIGS Japanese tour diary and the zine should be in cut and paste style. Contact through MAD PIGS myspace.

Hluboka Orba is my zine, last issue (27) was published in 2008, now I slowly and painfuly work on issue 28. I do the zine since 1993, but as you can see, there are quite huge periods between each issue. Anyway, if you feel like contributing with anything or if you want to send something for review (please contact me first!), feel free. The zine is in Czech by the way and the last issue had 200 full pages in book cover and the print run of 800 copies.

LABELS

Papagajuv Hlasatel is one of the oldest and most active Czech DIY labels, going strong since early '90s with more than 100 releases out. They focus on Czech and Slovakian punk rock mostly, but not so strictly. Some of their recent releases are DEMARCHE EP, ZEMEZLUC 2007/2008 discography CD, PNS/SOCIETY PARASITES split CD, THE FIALKY EP, THE VIBRATORS "Energize" LP, CLIMAX CD, UCHAZIM/BLACK SPIRIT ROSE CD etc. They also run huge distro incl. vegetarian shoes and 2nd hand vinyls and they also distribute *MRR* in Czech, which is a pretty noble cause since I seem to be the only person buying it from them regularly each month (www.phr.cz).

Ultima Ratio seems to me less and less active in recent years, still doing distro, but not releasing any new stuff now. The KORUBO tape and both ZEMEZLUC EPs mentioned above are the latest releases I remember from Mirek (ultima.ratio@seznam.cz).

Gasmask Records is run by Mara (voc in EVIDENCE SMRTI, guitar in FESTA DESPERATO and another ex-MRTVA BUDOUCNOST member!), also not very active in last two years, but recently he released CDr w/2005-2008 demos by US thrash/noise/raw punk band ROTOZAZA and he still does small distro (www.maskcontrol.com).

Hluboka Orba Records—well, this sounds pretty weird, to mention my "label" which was stopped for few years and which only took small part in some cooperation releases before, but in 2010 I decided to resurrect it cooperating on ROXOR EP release. This is a killer raw punk band from Eastern part of Slovakia, their excellent debut demo tape included FRAMTID cover, so you can imagine the kind of music they play... this record will be out in June, let me know if you are interested.

As you probably already notices, many bands from Brno already released or plan to release their record on Insane Society Records, so I think it's only fair to mention this label's address here as well: www.insanesociety.net.

GIG COLLECTIVES

In recent years you can safely say that Brno became one of the most important cities in the middle Europe concerning hardcore/punk gigs. There are more or less ten various collectives booking gigs and almost every week(end) you can see some band beating the shit out of their instruments live in one of the many currently existing live houses. For the list of upcoming gigs not only in Brno, but in whole Czech Republic and Slovakia make sure to check out www.czechcore.cz website!

Loser Crew are probably the oldest active Brno collective booking gigs already since 2000. Recently they organized shows for American bands like LANDMINES, AGAINST EMPIRE, LORDS, TOTAL ABUSE, CLOAK/DAGGER, AKIMBO or COLLISEUM, as well as for European bands like 12XU (France), M:40 (Sweden), SMALLTOWN (Sweden), OBSTACLES (Sweden/Denmark),

ZANN (Germany) or AUSSITOT MORT (France). They book huge variety of styles ranging from emo/post HC to '80s hardcore and even crust sometimes. Jirza (czechcore.cz) and Martin (TUMMO) are the two main losers in this crew (www.myspace.com/losercrewbrno).

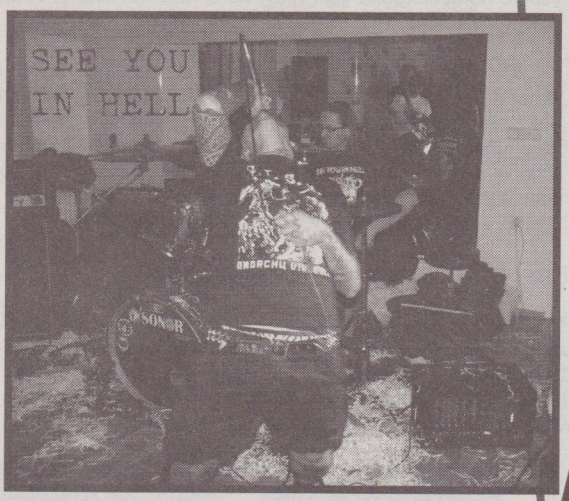
Friday Night Kids have also long history and tons of gigs behind them, some of the recent ones include VARUKERS (UK), HAT TRICKERS (Japan), ENGLISH DOGS (UK), INEPSY (Canada), UNSEEN (USA), DAYGLO ABORTIONS (Canada), DROMDEAD (Venezuela), PESTPOCKEN (Ger), LOWER CLASS BRATS (USA) or DISCHARGE (UK). The singer of MAD PIGS and Voltage Shop owner Kejkla is the mastermind behind FNK Crew and as you can see, mostly street punk bands are booked, but not exclusively (www.myspace.com/fridaynightkids).

United Crusties = all four SEE YOU IN HELL members, we book shows since 2003 and so far have done around 80 of them for bands from all corners of the world. Recently we did gigs for HELLBASTARD (UK), MOB 47 (Sweden), BLOODY PHOENIX (USA), HELLSHOCK (USA), CAPITALIST CASUALTIES (USA), GASMASK TERROR (France), GERIATRIC UNIT (UK) or SYSTEMATIC DEATH (Japan). We also do an annual Killed By Brno Fest every December and so far we did seven volumes of this. Right now we suffer a period of tiredness and lack of motivation, so no plans for the rest of 2010 year

(www.seeyouinhell.cz).

Gatastrofa brought some young and fresh blood to the world of Brno's gig booking, starting in 2009/2010 this independent group of women from various backgrounds was formed with the aim of "providing an alternative to the constrained style of other crews, who —despite sharing the same views and goals—are often unable to communicate and cooperate with each other" as they say. So far they did some smaller shows of mostly Czech bands of various styles at Vegalite Restaurant, but they brought or plan to bring some foreign bands to Brno as well like f.e. SHADES OF GREY (Sweden) or DRUMCORPS (USA) (www.myspace.com/gatastrofa).

Ustredni Pujcovna Hluku is today probably Paaya only, and he specializes in doing gigs for Eastern European bands mostly, some of the gigs he organized in recent times were for bands like DISTRESS (Russia), DISKELMA (Finland), DESPITE EVERYTHING (Greece) or AKTIVNA PROPAGANDA (Slovenia). Contact through FESTA DESPERATO or Drunk Nach Osten website.



Shitrecords is Johan from PRUMYSLOVA SMRT fastcore troop, he's Jihlava-city expatriate currently living in Brno and booking some gigs from time to time for all kinds of underground bands (shitrecords@seznam.cz).

Noise Mafia is Obstik (singer from 6 MAS) and friends booking usually crust/grind shows and bringing some pretty crazy noise performers from all parts of the world to Brno during last few years! Some of the recent gigs I remember include DISKOIRAA (Spain), ATTACK OF MAD AXEMAN (Germany) or ANKYLYM (Russia). Contact through 6 MAS website.

Disnotice Punx is group of punx from Prisnotice/Vranovice villages situated some 15 km South from Brno and the homes of some of RISPOSTA/EVIDENCE SMRTI/FESTA DESPERATO members too. They organize gigs once or twice in a year in local "House Of Culture" and these small fests with usually mostly Brno area and other bands from Czech are always great fun including vegan food and lots of alcohol!

Papagajuv Hlasatel Crew also book shows from time to time—recently they did FLEAS AND LICE (Holland), SISTA SEKUNDEN (Sweden) or RAKKAUS (Finland) and they plan to bring Polish DEZERTER for their first proper Czech punk shows in the autumn. Contact info above.

Also every year in the end of May there is cultural/political event called Protestfest organized in totally DIY/grassroots way. It puts various underground musical styles from rave to hardcore/punk and radical politics together. There are also lectures, films, workshops, info-stalls etc. and the main part of the event is street fest in the city centre and then march through Brno. The main issue of last year was climate change and this year the fest focused on "society of fear," surveillance and police state (www.protestfest.cz, www.myspace.com/protestfest).

SPACES

Yacht Club is still one of the best places ever to play in this part of the world! Very friendly staff, excellent P.A. and kind of run down spray-painted building on the outskirts of the city = this is our CBGBs, our Mermaid or our Earthdom... It can hold 150-200 people safely inside, but even with 50 people

attending the show it looks full. Loser Crew, Friday Night Kids and United Crusties book most of their gigs here. The address is Brno, Kolejni 5 and there is no website for this club - even after all these years (at least 15?) it's kind of "underground" and already maybe even "a cult" place to play...

Vegalite celebrated first year of its existence this spring. This vegetarian restaurant was started by a group of old-time punx with the intention to provide not only cheap vegetarian dinners, but also a space for different underground activities. This tiny two room operation consists of bar-room and show space with small stage. More or less 50 people capacity, but for many gigs organized here it's quite OK. Gatastrofa, U.P.H., Shitrecords or Noise Mafia book gigs there, Loser Crew sometimes too. The place is located cca 15 minutes walk straight from the city centre in the very dodgy area of Brno often called "Bronx" by the outsiders. Kids sniffing the glue sometimes do gather in front of Vegalite, so don't get scared if you decide to come over... Adress: Cejl 43, www.vegalite.cz.

Jolanda Club was also opened in 2009 I think and it should cease to exist very soon as the owner of the house has sadly other plans with it. I have never been there, I can't comment on this place in detail, but I have heard that it's pretty small holding only few dozens people and various kinds of events like acoustic performances and poetry reading, but also emo/hardcore/punk shows takes the place there as well as public cinemas mostly with radical/political films. The club is situated in a house rented by some people as a living space and I think it operates in totally non-official/completely DIY way. Address: Rostislavovo nam. 8, www.jolanda.cz.

Boro/Tuner Club is situated in the cellar and there used to be the famouse Krenka/Bumerang Club in late '80s/mid '90s right above it on the ground floor (the first ever punk shows in Brno took the place in this

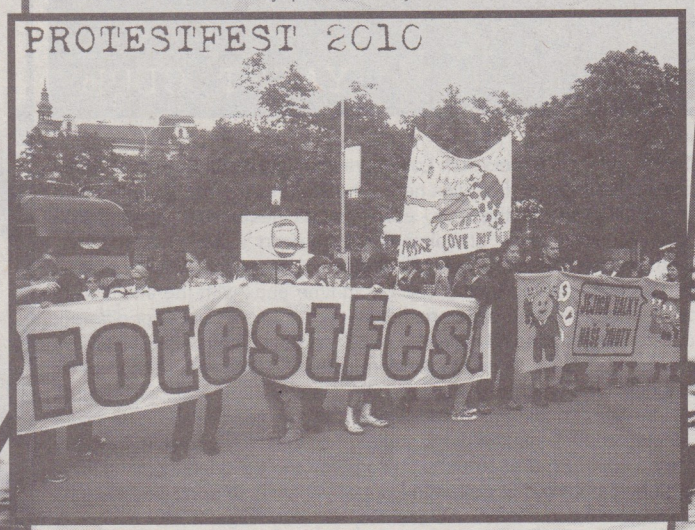
club, which was closed in 1995 and later converted into shop). The club is wet and cold which only adds to an "underground" vibe of the whole place and the owners do change from time to time. I am not sure about the current status of this place, I remember that usually some techno/rave DJs played there, but also Noise Mafia and Gatastrofa booked some gigs there from time to time last year. The house itself is damaged and it looks that it will get demolished in future. An important part of Brno punk history will die then. The address is Krenova 74.

Muzak Club, U Babicky Pub and Sklenenka Pub are all cellar operations as well with small capacity rooms situated in old houses under the ground level. First two are used mostly by Friday Night Kids for some of their smaller shows. You can find Muzak at Antonina Macka 2 (www.muzak-klub.wz.cz) and U Babicky at Drevarska 22. Sklenenka is situated right in the city centre in independent cultural complex called Sklenena Louka *("The Glass Meadow")*, which includes bookstore, cafe, bar, gallery etc. Mostly experimental HC/post emo/sludge etc. bands do play there. Adress: Kounicova 23, www.sklenenalouka.cz .

Melodka Club is a new bigger club also near the city centre, kind of luxurious and probably too commercial space for the kind of music I enjoy, but as there are two MAD PIGS members employed as promoters, some punk gigs usually organized by Friday Night Kids take the place there. Adress: Kounicova 22, www.melodka.cz.

SYIHs practice room—this was a true DIY space for small gigs between 2004 and 2009 with two rooms rented and two more squatted from time to time with little capacity of 40 people only. Last summer we did last show there and decided to stop for now as there are many other places to play in the city today.

DIY Flek was an attempt to start an autonomous DIY space in Brno, which was sadly not successful so far. From 2008-2009 a group of people mostly from various bands and gig collectives started to meet regularly with an aim to start space similar to these we often see outside Czech Republic, similar to places like 1in12 in UK or Gilman in US. Civil association was born and even the space in an abandoned factory was found, but later everything got so complicated with the owners of the factory (which is supposed to be demolished in the near future), that in the end nothing came out of it. Right now only the MySpace remains as far as I know: www.myspace.com/diyflek.



SHOPS

Voltage Shop is the new Brno punk store opened few months ago by Kejkla (MAD PIGS, RESURGO, Friday Night Kids) and it focuses on punk-rock and hardcore music and offers punk clothing and accessories too. As I am not too much into fashion, I can't comment on this, but speaking about music, the selection is pretty good with records/CDs from labels like Feral Ward, Black Water, HG Fact, Havoc or Insane Society. There is also growing second hand vinyl section and some zines for sale too. The shop has a soft spot for Japanese hardcore/punk and you can find there surprisingly good selection of f.e. DVDs from bands from the land of rising sun. Voltage operates as an internet shop and soon will work as a record label (Voltage Records) w/

EVACUATE EP as a first release too. The address is Lidicka 73, www.voltage-shop.com

By the way if you ever decide to visit Brno and look for vegan/vegetarian food, then there's quite a big selection (besides Vegalite):
Oaza, Slovakova 2 (restaurant, shop)
Rebio, Mecova 2 - on the 1st floor of Velky Spalicek shopping mall (restaurant)
Rebio, Orli 26 (restaurant)
Vitalite, Lidicka 26 (restaurant, shop)
Manna, Krizova 8 (shop)
Romana a Silvia, Veveri 28 (shop)
Biotip, Udolni 32 (shop)

Speaking about non-musical stuff I should also mention that currently there are at least two or three different Food Not Bombs groups active in Brno, sometimes you can meet FNB at some hardcore/punk gigs too. The contact for one of them is www.jmz.ecn.cz.

OK, that's it, as you can see Brno is still burning... but on the other hand I feel that the great times of cca 2003-2007 period are now over and as some of the once quite active participants face other pressing issues in their lives now (shitty jobs, shitty schools, families, kids, mortgages...), I feel that we desperately need a new generation of punx to take over... let's hope for it! Thanks a lot to *Maximum RocknRoll* for still being here!

Filip, May 2010 (contact me at orba@seznam.cz)

PS The fourth reprint of my book *Kytary A Rev* (*Guitars and Screams*) documenting the hardcore/punk scene in Czechoslovakia before 1989 including dozens and dozens of photos and long English summary (the book is written in Czech) is available now from Papagajuv Hlasatel Records!

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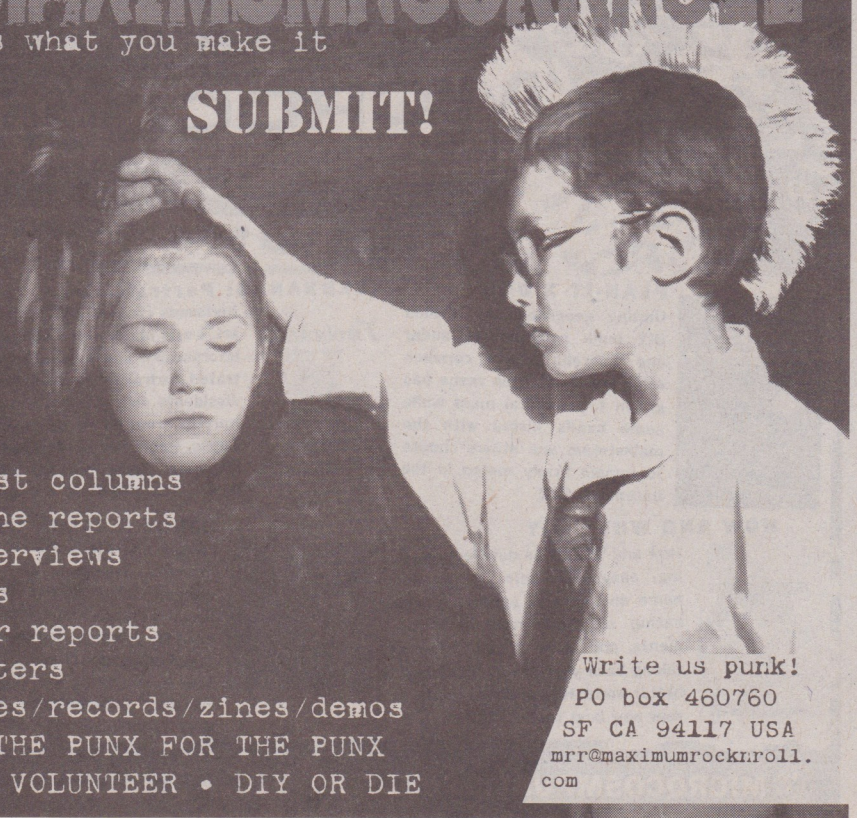

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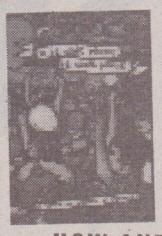

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I don't know where this band came from! I mean, obviously they are from Calgary, which I was basically ignoring because I had no idea Alberta was becoming a breeding ground for fast, heavy hardcore with smart ideas, but all of a sudden, every single one of my friends in every single little city across Canada (except mine) were being fucking destroyed (in a good way) by XRAPEXREVENGEX's blend of radical violent feminist politics and sick, heavy riffs. I took the trip to see them in a shed in Halifax and had my face blown off in a set of, oh, say, eight minutes? I sat down with them to figure why I love this band so much while being so neutral about all their influences. Dillinger Escape Plan? Really?

rape revenge

Interview and intro by Juls Generic

Photos by Trista Kroft

MRR: Can you introduce yourselves and say what you do in the band?
Gwen: I'm Gwen, I play bass.
Arielle: I'm Arielle and I play guitar.
Samantha: I'm Samantha, I do vocals.
Keaton: I'm Keaton and I play guitar.
Matt: I'm Matt and I play drums.

MRR: Can you guys fill me in on a bit of the history of the band?
Samantha: So Matt and I formed Rape Revenge in August of 2009. We wanted to start an in-your-face feminist, heavy, angry hardcore band. We asked our friends Keaton and Gwen to join shortly after. We had a different drummer and Matt was originally on guitar and then the drummer was kicked out of the band, and Matt started playing on drums and Arielle then joined the band in September.
Arielle: November.
Samantha: It was after October because October was our first show.

MRR: Woah, why did you kick the drummer out? Drama?
Matt: It was almost kind of like a miscommunication.
Samantha: I started the band because I wanted to go on tour and I wanted to put out records and I wanted to do shit. He just, like, cancelled a lot of practices and maybe had a different idea about how serious the band was. He was a really great drummer and a really great guy and he wanted to move to Vancouver so there was this time line about how far we could go with him.

MRR: Oh that makes sense. So how long are you guys on tour for?
Samantha: What day is it? May 15th? We've been on tour for like 15 days and we get home June 1st.

MRR: You're in Halifax right now, you've come to basically one edge of the country and now you're turning around and going back to the other edge. That's fucking crazy. This country is super big, the gas prices are crazy, how are you doing and what's the longest drive that you've done?
Samantha: Our tour is going so well. We're getting fed really good food at every show, we're getting paid pretty well, the promoters are doing amazing jobs, we all put in $200 dollars out of our pockets in the gas fund as a back-up fund, and we haven't touched it yet so… Oh, I think our longest drive is 22 hours. We didn't plan it, you always try to get shows in between, but it doesn't always work.

MRR: I guess the drive between Toronto and Thunder Bay is pretty crazy.
S: Yeah, that fucking Canadian Shield.
Keaton: That 22-hour drive is straight from Ottawa to Winnipeg, what's in between there?

MRR: So when your record came to my house, my roommate saw it and was like, "Holy fuck, this is so fucking '90s." I kind of agree with like the aesthetic and the overt feminist politics at the same time, I think a lot of punks across Canada are really into seeing you on this tour. Maybe it's because you guys are the first band after the winter to do a full cross-Canada tour, so people are especially excited, but I think a lot of people are stoked on the in-your-face feminism thing, almost relieved, especially combined with being straight edge. Where are you guys

coming from? What are your influences in the past and present?
Keaton: I guess the aesthetics of the record, like the manila envelope record sleeve, I guess we just wanted to make a record that looks like records that we really like and a lot of them were recorded and released in the '90s.

MRR: From Calgary, or?
Keaton: No, from everywhere. For me, it's like bands on Gravity or Ebullition, screamo type bands, that have handmade do-it-yourself records.
Samantha: Some records that we looked at, we looked at Indian Summer, which one was the one that was also an envelope?
Keaton: Channel.

MRR: I've never heard of these bands!
Keaton: They're like, emo bands from the '90s. Also, there was a Submission Hold record that we looked at.
Samantha: They're my favorite band. I brought this seven inch down and I was like, "I want it to look like this." and we all agreed it was sweet.
Matt: Charles Bronson also had the envelope record.
Samantha: We also just, like, figured it was cheaper, I don't know if it actually was. But we had some envelopes and we had a paper cutter, so…

MRR: What about the screen-printed of like, wolf girls poking at a bunny with sticks? I heard you did that, Gwen?
Gwen: That was an outline of a drawing that I did a couple of years ago that Samantha saw and liked, and asked if we could use it as the album art. I think the image can be interpreted differently for different people. For me, it's not necessarily meant to be a dark or disturbing image at all, although I think some people think it is…to me, it's more about the innocence of childhood and the curiosity of death. Although the image wasn't initially made for Rape Revenge, it seems to work well for our album cover art.

MRR: What bands right now are getting you excited? Like why did you start this band? Do you know what I mean? You guys obviously have to have seen a power violence band or heard one, and you mentioned before that you all write the songs, so something must have inspired you or led you to sound this way.
S: I was extremely influenced by Think Don't Pray. Seeing that band changed who I am and changed how I was a feminist. I was a feminist before that band, it changed how polite I was about it (laughs). Their songs were short, their singer was crazy and spoke so much in between songs, and that's my main influence for this band. Which is interesting because Matt was in that band.
Matt: Yep!
Arielle: I dunno… I don't know any modern bands that I'm stoked on.

MRR: Dude, you are like The Shaggs of power violence. You just play like brutal complex riffs, but you're all like, "huh? What is this?" And you play that hilarious hollow body guitar that is like the size of you. Can you tell us about your guitar?
Arielle: Umm, it's a semi hollow body. I dunno, it's black, it's nice, I love it and it's sweet and badass, it's the best guitar I've ever had.
Keaton: Arielle is really into music from the '60s.
Samantha: She loves the Beatles, they're like her favorite band.
Matt: Which might explain why she plays a hollow body guitar.
Arielle: Yeah, I really, really, really, really, really, really like The Beatles. I have so much paraphernalia, I have like every record on vinyl, I have every Beatles 45 that was ever came out, I have, like, collectable buttons and trading cards, everything. Really, really, really nerdy like.

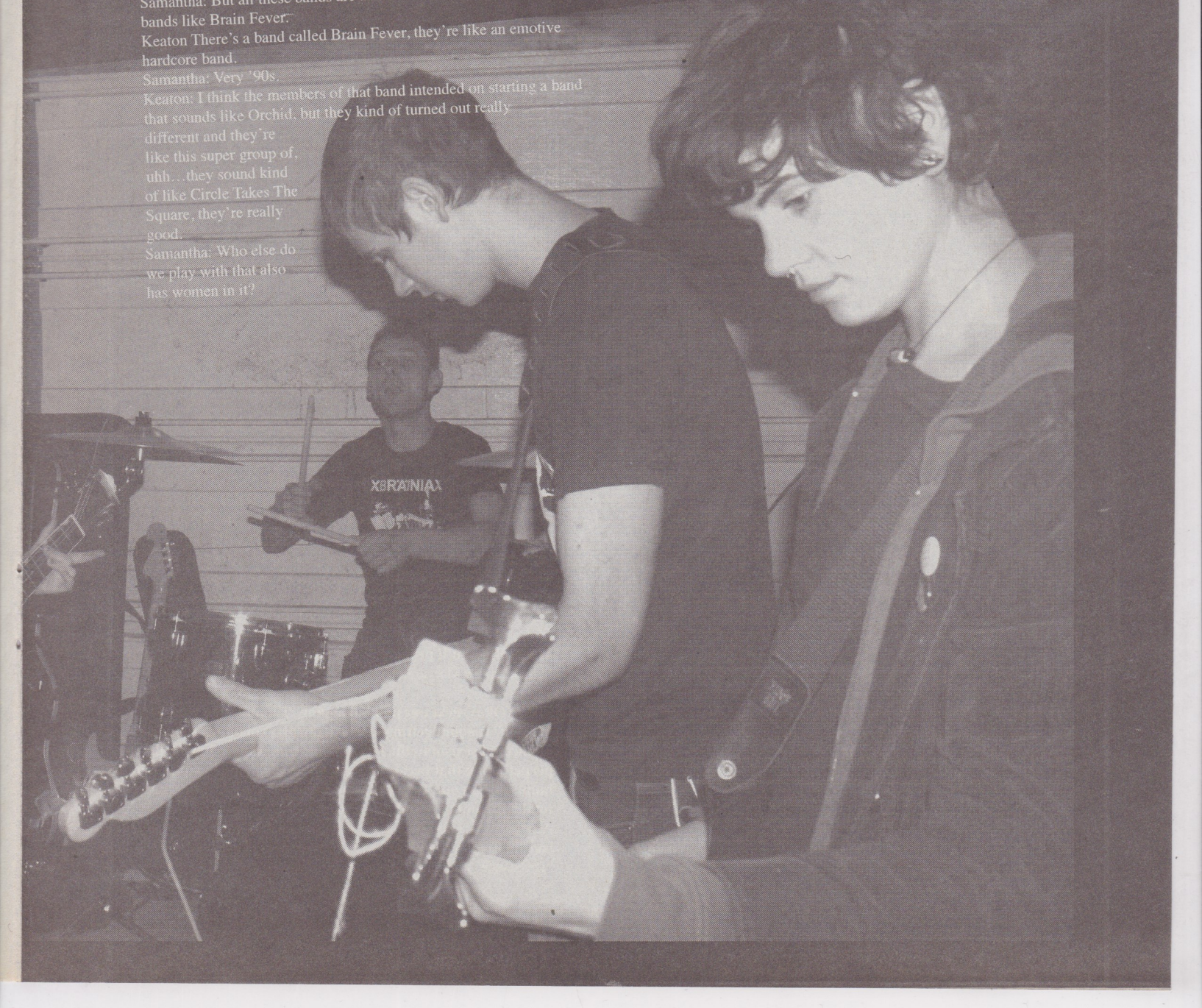
MRR: That's fucking crazy.
Arielle: I also really like the Cramps, and I love their guitarist Poison Ivy and she's so hot and she plays a hollow body, so that might be why I originally got that guitar...
Keaton: But you don't see a lot of hollow body guitars in hardcore music.
Samantha: I think it's like, we formed this band because we're friends and because we like each other, and I wanted to hang out with Keaton and Gwen and I didn't know them very well, so I was like, why don't we ask them to join the band? We didn't form this band because we were all in bands that sounded exactly like this band already, there was no recycling going on, and I think that's maybe why we don't have this clear influence too...

Keaton: One thing. Oh, sorry Samantha.
Samantha: No, go a head.
Keaton: I dunno, one thing I want to mention is that the first five songs of this band, Matt and Samantha wrote together back when Matt played guitar and I think that the way those songs are and the way that they were written have a lot to do with how the guitar riffs are still written. You know? Like, I really like those songs...

MRR: So you just continued to write songs that sound like that?
Keaton: Yeah, exactly. And we've progressed and added different stuff. Like I really wanted to add a noisy/chaotic element to the songs or like, weird chords with open strings that people have described as sounding really crappy but really good at the same time.
Samantha: Yeah, when Matt and I wrote those first songs, it was super collaborative. We would find a few notes or bar chords, I think they were all bar chords.
Matt: Uh-huh.
Samantha: And we would be like, "how can we make this song more fucked up?" We were both really stoked on Dillinger Escape Plan at the time and we'd be like, let's make this part sound like Dillinger Escape Plan, we'll play this part really fast and weird, and then move on. And that was how we approached writing our first songs.
Matt: I've heard people make the criticism that our songs "aren't fast enough," or "aren't slow enough," and I think they don't understand where we are coming from.
Samantha: It's also really weird to write lyrics over it, 'cause it's like "shit, this is fucking strange." and "where do I fit into it?" It's become this huge challenge and I've worked harder in Rape Revenge than I have in any other band.

MRR: What kind of bands are you playing with in Calgary, it being a small city and all? Mostly other fast bands or mostly other "girl" bands?
Samantha: We play with Lab Rat a lot. They are our friends and Matt is in that band and they're all vegan and feminist.
Arielle: And they're fast...
Samantha: Yes, so fast. And we also play with…
Arielle: Kali is from Red Deer and I'm not sure how you would describe it...
S: They're very…extremely Trash Talk worship, and a little like Drop Dead.
Matt: They have the best drummer.
Samantha: He's amazing.
Keaton: Kali is one band in Alberta where, because they don't tour or anything, a lot of people outside Alberta don't know about them and it makes them like Alberta's best-kept secret.
Arielle: For sure.
Samantha: They're so amazing, all vegetarian, all very friendly.
Arielle: And then there's Jeff Spicoli. But they're from Edmonton and the cool part about Alberta is that, like, if you're a fast hardcore band…
Samantha: In Alberta, if you're a fast hardcore band, we all know each other and all play together.
Arielle: We play with Point Break too.
Keaton: Yeah, Point Break is a friend of ours.
Samantha: But all these bands are all dude bands. We like to play with bands like Brain Fever.
Keaton There's a band called Brain Fever, they're like an emotive hardcore band.
Samantha: Very '90s.
Keaton: I think the members of that band intended on starting a band that sounds like Orchid, but they kind of turned out really different and they're like this super group of, uhh…they sound kind of like Circle Takes The Square, they're really good.
Samantha: Who else do we play with that also has women in it?
Keaton: There was like band for a while called Hamas that had this woman, Noelle, in it. She was amazing.
Samantha: She played bass and did vocals.
Keaton: They were kind of a really chaotic band, they always get drunk...
Samantha: Don't even play their songs.
Keaton: Yeah, they would just play like Dystopia covers.
Arielle: Or Refused covers...
Samantha: We also play with a wonderful woman called Lauraleef and she does solo ukelele stuff. I just had her play a few shows that we've played, because I love her and think she's the most talented songwriter in Canada. She's the best.
Keaton: She's actually the reason why I started playing music or have anything to do with music.
Samantha: She was in a band called the Contanant C and she was also in a band called Sheshells and she was in a band called Boys Kissing Boys. Oh, and we should talk about the gender role thing.
Keaton: Juls hasn't asked that question yet.

MRR: Right, yeah. So what initially struck me about this band is that there's not conventional gender roles happening, and it's almost 50/50 dudes and girls, which is pretty uncommon in hardcore... and a female guitar player, which is also really not very common. Like, when you say that Lab Rat is feminist band, the first thing that comes to my mind is, "If you're a feminist band, why don't you have girls



in the band?" It just seems like a crucial point to me, like there are so many all-male units in hardcore that dominate hardcore so much. And then on the flip side, there are a number of bands that have just a lady singer with overt feminist lyrics, but I'm always thinking, "if you believe so strongly in feminism, why don't you trust girls to play instruments in your band? Why don't you play music with girls?" Ummm... was this a question? Do you guys have any comments on this? Ladies, was it hard for you to get into playing bands? Dudes, did you always play music with girls and if not, umm...
Samantha: Well, for one, Lab Rat originally did have a female member, and when she left the band, they found Johnny, and he's just so great, and I remember Matt being like, "Aw this sucks, we're just another all-dude band."
Matt: Yeah, we had Maria, who played bass and we did a West Coast mini tour with her and it was rad, but then she left. Originally, I wanted Lab Rat to be more like this band, like a mix of sexes, and we also asked Noelle who is in Hamas, but it just didn't work out.
Keaton: One thing that happens in Calgary that we've talked about on this tour is that there's a lot of bands that recycle the same members over and over and the same people are in three or four bands and it's hard for them to be in bands outside of that that might want to tour.

Samantha: That's why I think asking people who have never been in bands before to be in bands is really important. I was asked to be in a crust punk band and I had to learn to play bass to be in that band and my life changed because of that. So it's good to give people that opportunity. And sometimes you can't and that's okay. Like, Lab Rat, they're a unique band, they're all vegan and they are all really feminist men and they really step up about that.
Keaton: Yeah, they talk about gender roles and gender violence and call people out on that.
Matt: And I think that can be effective too, being men addressing other men about gender violence.
Keaton: In Calgary, there are a lot of women in bands though. When I started going to shows, there was this band called The Constanent C and that band was two guys and three girls. And then a woman from that band, Laura, who we mentioned earlier, would write songs and get her friends to play them. I was in that band, playing her songs.

MRR: Who brings the songs to the jams in this band?
Samantha: We write them together. I write the lyrics.
Keaton: This is the first band that I've been in where the songs are written together, at jams. I mean, someone might come with a riff, but I don't think that's really happened yet. Except those original five songs...
Samantha: But those were written collaboratively between me and Matt.
Keaton: Yeah.

MRR: That's cool.
Samantha: Yeah, it's really interesting, because there are people who don't play guitar being like, "Try this, put your hand over here, play in this weird way."
Arielle: I have another band called The Throwaways, pop-punk/power-pop band, with my two best friends. We've been playing for like two years now and just came out with a split seven inch. I dunno, we were just like, we play instruments, let's play together! Actually, me and Jesse were like, we play bass and guitar, let's *make* our friend Warren play drums. I dunno, it never really occurred to me, I just always played music with girls.
Samantha: I used to play in an indie band and we didn't have a bassist and I was like "let's get a girl, I'm tired of this boy's club." When I played in a band that was all male, it was shitty.

MRR: Yeah, I don't like that situation at all. Like if you're on tour and you get arrested, you'd have to be in a jail cell all by yourself.
Samantha: Yeah!

MRR: And then when you stop at a gas station, and you have to go to the bathroom by yourself and you can still hear everyone laughing and joking around from the boys' bathroom.
Keaton: Yeah, I think the swimming pool change room has been one of the defining experiences for me on this tour. We went swimming at the YMCA.
Arielle: I was swimming laps and some girl kicked me in the head and I had to stop swimming laps!
Samantha: Wait, why was it a defining experience for you?

MRR: Because most of your band couldn't hang out with you?
Keaton: Yeah, it was just me and Matt. We used to work together at an organic food store and we never really get to hang out, yeah, the change room.
Samantha: That's why being on tour is so sweet, because we're all so busy and never really get to hang out.
Arielle: Now you can't get away from me!

MRR: What's it gonna be like when you tour with Asshole Parade? I saw that they asked you to join them on a west-coast tour on your myspace page.
(band laughs)
Samantha: They're gonna be like, getting high and we'll be like, maybe drinking slurpees.
Arielle: And then we're all gonna wear giant, giant t-shirts with giant marijuana leaves on them.
Samantha: They're such a huge band, it's so weird that they asked us, I don't know if it's serious. I dunno, we'll see, I'm gonna see.

MRR: So you're gonna follow-up on that?
Samantha: It's just, I'd really like to tour with bands with women in it though. I like touring with Lab Rat so much, but it's like, sometimes we're like "that women band that's touring with Lab Rat" but sometimes it's like they're "that all-dude band touring with Rape Revenge." I dunno, I wish we could just tour with Punch. [Laughs]
Keaton: I dunno, if we tour with Asshole Parade, we can write books about it and that's how we'll make our fortune.

MRR: But you'll probably meet other girl bands along the way.
Samantha: Or Margaret Thrasher will re-form and go with us...

MRR: Okay, next question! The song "I'm not your Fucking Mother" is about getting exhausted with explaining about the nuances of sexism to the men in your community. I guess this is perpetuating that because I want you to explain examples that are bummin' you out. Like shit that might be subtle to other people but totally in-your-face bullshit to you.
Arielle: Well, I don't want to shit-talk bands, well, whatever, there's this band in Calgary, they don't even play this song anymore, it was called "Bromance" and all the dudes would get so fucking stoked because

it's like "Aw yeah, hardcore shows are all about this male bonding," and blah blah blah and the chorus was like "This isn't romance, we call it bromance!!" and all the dudes would get up with the singer and sing along. And it was always like, "Oh, this song. Okay. We're at a hardcore show, it's 90 per cent dudes and now there's like a song honoring how sweet that is and I can't sing along." Like I'd be stoked for the entire set and then stand there and not enjoy it. It was really weird and I like, mentioned it to some of my friends. I was like "I dunno, I think it's kind of fucked up that they have a song that's rubbing all this in my face," and they were like "You're being too sensitive, it's just a song."

MRR: But imagine if you had a song that was like "We're white people! We're hanging out! We're all white punks! Yeah!"
Arielle: Yeah! They didn't get it *at all*. They were like, "You're over-thinking it, you're over-sensitive..." But it seems that in Calgary people are pretty apathetic about it. I guess I failed on that one.
Samantha: But you didn't fail, they failed on not listening to you, and in the end it's not your fucking obligation to teach them how to not be assholes.
Arielle: Exactly, it's not my job to explain all this shit to people, like ughhh, You're being an asshole, you're saying you're a feminist and then making it a boy's club and I don't feel like I should have to tell them, they should be calling themselves out on their shit. But they're too apathetic to even be thinking about their lyrics or being conscious of what they're putting out there and being conscious of making shows or bands or whatever more accessible.

MRR: Sam, you were earlier talking about how you hate when you meet people and they talk about how they hate Calgary, can you tell us why we shouldn't hate Calgary? And what Calgary is, since I'm sure most of the MRR readership doesn't know.
Samantha: Calgary is a town like any other town where the people in it can make a choice to see it as shitty or good! I really think anyone can make that choice, no matter where you are. You're given situations and a backdrop and it's up to you what you do with it.

MRR: But what is it! What is it!
Arielle: Calgary is in Alberta in western Canada. I dunno, it has like a million people in it. It's a really oil-rich city. Our town's sign has a cowboy hat on it. We are known for the Calgary Stampede which is a shitty cultural event that takes place every summer that just fucking treats animals like shit and is an excuse for people to get drunk in the streets.
Samantha: Actually the domestic violence and sexual violence rate in Calgary is at its peak, it like quadruples, during the Calgary Stampede. It is the worst time to be a woman in Calgary. We have a song called "Shank a Cowboy" about how much the Stampede sucks.

MRR: So what's good about it?
Samantha: We have so many all-ages venues in Calgary right now!
Gwen: The all-ages scene is booming. It's awesome.

MRR: Woah, cool! What kind of venues are they? Like places punk started up, or…?
Samantha: Yeah.

MRR: Really? And there's more than one?
K: Yeah, there are five all-ages venues in Calgary right now. One is called The New Black Centre, one is called Local Library, which is not really a venue, but a workshop space that a church gave some kids, there's a hotdog stand that has shows
Arielle: For free!
Keaton: And they were doing all-ages shows for like a year when there was no other place to do shows, not even a house. And then Gwen and I are involved in a venue that started this year called Comrade Sound. It's a really small venue run by a small handful of people. We have workshops and shows about twice or three times a week, lots of touring bands. We try to have young bands play our shows, bands from high school or even junior high. There aren't a lot of shows for those bands to play in Calgary that aren't marketed as a competition.
Samantha: What are the other all-ages venues? You said five.
Keaton: There's a house called the Safe Spot, and a house called the Fun House.
Samantha: There's a lot of house shows, right before we left we played a show at the Dollhouse. In Calgary, people mosh a lot. Women mosh a lot! We all have so much and people participate very actively in our community, because it's easy to.
Keaton: The cool thing about Calgary is that there are like 40-50 bands!

MRR: *What?!?!*
Samantha: Yeah, like punk bands, but other kinds too, lots of hardcore and indie and noise. There's a great noise scene here too!
Keaton: This year we had a really warm winter. And we had a super productive summer last year and it just didn't really stop. And we're looking to have another great summer!
Samantha: In the winter, I started putting on a lot of shows at the Dollhouse because nobody seemed to, because there were no touring bands. And I was like, "fuck! Why aren't we putting on shows?" And so we had shows in my living room a lot and in a laundromat over the winter. It was so rad.

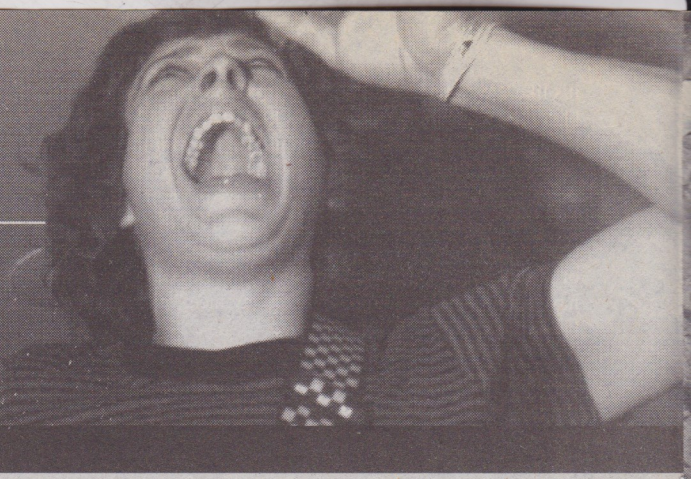
MRR: Seriously?! I've always wanted to have a laundromat venue.
Keaton: Well, it wasn't so much a venue, we just went in there and played a show and then left.

MRR: Rad, like one of those automated laundromats?
Samantha: Yeah! And we played a parking lot recently.
We have a lot of guerrilla shows,

which is funny because there's so many places where we *are* welcome, and we're still like, *let's go where we're not welcome*! But it's so much fun. We also have a lot of 'zines out of here and I have a zine library.
Arielle: And they've started having way more shows in Edmonton and Red Deer. These cities are all only a few hours apart and everyone travels a lot to the different towns, it's really fun!
Samantha: People are always like, "Calgary sucks, why do you live there?" But they don't ask us any questions about what's going on there. It's really important not to let mainstream culture define a city for us. When people think of Calgary, they think of oil and the Stampede, or all that stuff, but you can guarantee that if there's something fucked up in a city, there are people there mad about it who are trying to create an alternative to it.

rape revenge

DEATHRATS



Once every generation a band come along that rocks the foundations of hardcore. For kids in America today, that band is Deathrats. No, seriously, this DC hardcore band basically came out of nowhere in the past year turning the heads of crust kids and fastcore nerds of all shapes and sizes. Not only do they bring crucially fast riffs, but their insightful and honest lyrics are a breath of fresh air in a genre dominated by generic carbon copy lyrics sheets. The band currently has one 7" out on To Live A Lie Records, a split coming out with Stripmines, and more records in the works. On a dark and stormy night in May 2010, Will Butler and I sat down with four of the five Deathrats in a haunted attic in Manassas, VA to glean the following interview. Enjoy.

Interview by Gordy Tornado and Will Butler.
Photos by Corey Kittrell and Will Butler and Fil.

MRR: OK. Who the fuck are you?

Christine: In the room right now we have 4/5 of Deathrats, Bradley, Brian, Christine, and Greg. Jaime, who is our second guitar, is currently on the west coast.

MRR: How important are riffs to your band? Where do you come up with those riffs?

Brian: We come up with the riffs by listening to the music we like, I guess.

Greg: We rip off the bands that we like.

Brian: We try hard not to rip off the bands that we listen to, but sometimes I suppose we do. I steal most of our riffs from Born Against….and Judgment.

Christine: Brian's brain in a riff-writing machine.

MRR: How important is brevity? You keep your songs respectably short.

Bradley: We are a punk band. We keep our songs short.

Greg: Coming from someone who loves '90s hardcore when the average song length was like three minutes, I get really bored playing long songs. I like songs to be as intense and heavy as possible in the shortest time possible. Minute to a minute 30 at the most on average.

MRR: This isn't really a question, but we booked a show for you in Raleigh during the big snowstorm and you had the rest of your tour kind of fall apart. Any other band at that point would have just canceled but you as a band pulled together and drove down here under hazardous conditions and I just wanted to let you know that we really appreciated it!

Greg: I was extremely skeptical that we could fit five people, three guitar heads and three instruments plus bags in a Golf hatchback, but I'm a pretty pessimistic person and it worked out in the end, and that afternoon show was a fucking rager.

Bradley: Honestly, we couldn't have done it without your help, Will, and the help of Ira and all the bands. They basically let us use whatever we needed in order to get down to Raleigh and were able to play two amazing shows.

MRR: How was your most recent tour?

Greg: All the shows were great. I think it's really hard for six people to be in a van together for an entire week and not manage to get on each other's nerves because it happens. In the end, though, I think we all had a great time.

Bradley: I was a bit skeptical about taking our school bus on the road for seven days but it handled like a champ and managed to only need a new battery.

Christine: I had a great time. All the shows we played were awesome. As far as personal interactions, rocky moments are inevitable on any tour. I hope that we got it out of our systems. Or something.

Brian: I think you said it.

MRR: I've heard stories from your tours where guys at shows have assumed that the female members of the band were all roadies, or even told you guys to smile more. What does it say about punk or hardcore that you still run into dudes with the attitude that girls can't be in bands or that if they are they should be posing for them? Any anecdotes you'd want to share?

Christine: I think it further proves that punk and hardcore are just microcosms of everyday society, regardless of how different, or even superior, we can see ourselves as being sometimes. It's totally frustrating because you just feel like people, especially punks, should just fucking know better. I was in a band when I was 15 and some older punk guy wrote on a message board that he wanted to rape me because of the way I scream. That was pretty bad. More recently, Jaime was tuning her guitar and some guy approached her and asked if she was Deathrats' roadie. Sometimes guys comment to Brian and Greg that they shouldn't be "making" me or Jaime carry equipment. I feel like almost every woman I've spoken with about being in a

Photo this page : Fil

band has at least one cringe-worthy story about some dumb shit that someone has said or done to them. Especially when it comes to playing an instrument, a lot of dudes kind of assume that you're carrying in your boyfriend's stuff, or that if you're playing, you certainly don't know what you're doing. It's totally disgusting and frustrating that this kind of attitude is still so prevalent.

Bradley: I think that we are really lucky to live in Washington, DC and have a scene where there are so many awesome ladies playing in killer bands and I am constantly reminded of this fact when I travel to places where it is more of the exception than the rule. But DC also has a long way to go, too.

Christine: That is definitely true. We're really fortunate to have so many amazing, talented, crazy women playing music in DC. It's always really awesome and refreshing to play with other lady-bands on tour, too!

MRR: Christine, you said on the Deathrats blog that you're "tired of hearing straight, white, middle-class boys talking about revolution, because frankly, they don't know shit. There is so much more that could be said about that." Care to elaborate?

Christine: Let me rant for a second. The quote from our blog is more aimed toward a frustration with white-boy anarchists who take up tons of time and space babbling about fighting violently for some vague revolution that they will probably never truly understand the need for because they've been sheltered by their privilege their entire lives. I definitely don't think that you have to be exposed to constant and varied oppression in order to have something to say. I'm just frustrated that so many people who don't seem to get it always seem to be the loudest and most accepted when they speak up. I'm frustrated with the fact that so many white-boy anarchists still use sexist, homophobic and racist language and tactics and don't realize it until they get called out by someone who is conscious of these things, and typically expect these people to walk them through every step of being accountable, if they are willing to admit fault at all. So, it's not so much about hardcore or punk, though the social circles are interrelated.

MRR: I've heard you talk at shows on more than one occasion about how you feel hardcore is saturated with boys who are pissed off but have nothing to say. Why do you think that is? Also, what constitutes having nothing to say?

Christine: At a couple of shows I've vented some frustration about how hardcore is starting to bore me because I'm tired of hearing the same thing over and over again. Don't get me wrong: I really love a lot of hardcore and enjoy going to hardcore shows, but I don't really care about how some teenage boy from the 'burbs is mad because his parents and teachers tell him what to do, or about how there are unjust wars, or about fighting drunk people or something. How many hundreds of punk songs have been written about how a war that was going on sucked, and how many of the people writing those songs were actually ever affected by those wars in any kind of way? And it's not wrong to write about how the government sucks or the war sucks or whatever; I just find it to be obnoxious that people feel like they have to write about things that are so distanced from themselves in order to feel comfortable, and that if you do write about things that are personal to you but still politicized, you're seen as a bitch, a PC kid, or a hippy. I'm very tired of the labeling and the bullshit.

MRR: Imagine someone reading this either doesn't know or couldn't give a fuck as to what "male privilege" is. Would you be interested in briefly laying out for the hypothetical reader what male privilege is and how it manifests in hardcore and punk rock?

Greg: At least in punk and hardcore, I think one example of male privilege is the fact that men can mosh hard, stage dive, rush the stage, and sing along without any thought that what they are doing might be taking up too much space (and I will admit I can be very guilty of this) and that this is accepted and a lot of times expected. Also, like mentioned before when Jaime has been assumed that she was a roadie for the band, the norm for most punk and hardcore bands is that they are dudes, so folks tend to rarely think a lady is in a band and get caught with their heads up their asses when they assume they are just on tour with the band.

Christine: I think about male privilege mostly as an entitlement to take on certain roles and behave in ways deemed acceptable for men. It's the expectation that men can do whatever they want within the realm of whatever is defined as "manly" and not ever have to answer for their behavior. In punk and hardcore it manifests in the way that people take

Photos this page : Corey Kitrell

up space, either in terms of numbers, the way that people are dancing, or the way that people are talking. It sucks that women are often talked over or pushed out of the conversation whenever there are talks of bands, shows or records. It sucks that it is kind of assumed that most spaces, punk shows included, are going to just be comfortable spaces for straight, white men.

MRR: In the song "Girl Style," you seem frustrated with the fact that there is so much attention given to riot grrl bands from the '90s but women today are still pretty unrepresented in the punk scene. Do you think the focus on riot grrl historicizes women's involvement in punk in a way that makes women involved today feel invisible?

Christine: Well, I think it depends on how you frame it. I think that the way women's active and visible involvement in punk has been documented in the punk history books tends to limit it mainly to riot grrl. I don't think it is so much a "focus" on riot grrl, as it is a lack of concern for or documentation of women fronted projects. But I think that the potency of riot grrl transgresses time. It is still totally relevant in the way that it encourages women to take up space, start bands, and mouth off. Also, there is an amazing documentary film about more recent punk-women activity in the US in the works. It's by KC Oden and it's called *From the Back of the Room*! Keep your eyes peeled!

MRR: How do you feel about dudes pushing women in the pit out of the way to rush the mic and sing along to a song about women empowering women?

Christine: This happens a lot during "Girl Style." I think it's awesome that people know the song and feel good about it and want to sing along, but it is kind of weird when I can only see a bunch of guys singing along to a song written to and for other punk women. There is a pretty solid group of awesome punk ladies in DC who consistently sing along, though! And when Jen Hauser was on tour with us she always raged to that song! She is really great.

Greg: The end of "Girl Style" is a really raging, catchy riff, which I think is why there tends to be a lot of dudes taking up space in the pit. They don't necessarily make the connection between the lyrics and their actions. I think it's awesome that anyone gets wild for our band but it is important to understand the context of the situations. We've played some shows in DC where the ladies have ruled the pit for that song and even most of our set, which I thought, was pretty sweet.

MRR: There have been several lineup changes since the original inception of the band. At one of your first shows you covered "Cop Killer" by Body Count and your original singer wouldn't sing it. Christine, had you been in the band then, would you have sung it?

Christine: Brad did a great job. But yes. Absolutely.

MRR: Also what are your perspectives on cover songs? I heard you did a Saves the Day cover once.

Bradley: I personally really enjoy both playing and hearing cover songs at shows. The story of the Saves the Day cover was that Chris, our old guitar player, had learned it shortly before we left for a weekend tour up the East Coast. At our show in Brooklyn, I broke a string and in the interim, the rest of the band played a very sloppy version of handsome boy. As a band, I think it is sometimes difficult to all come together and choose a song to cover and as a result we only have a couple in our repertoire.

Greg: I am into covers. That being said, every cover I want to do gets shot down.

MRR: Greg, as the newest bassist, you have a lot to offer. For example you giggle like a school girl when tickled and have an inverted sternum from which you could eat cereal. However, your old bassist, Evil Steve, had the laugh of an angel and the softest pair of hands I've ever had the privilege to shake. Do you ever wish you could combine their best assets into one sort of super-bassist?

Greg: If Steve grew the mullet back, I would be into it.

Brian: Only Evil Steve is on the Deathrats recording. Greg has yet to play on a record.

Christine: Yet...maybe. Just kidding.

Greg: I have significantly upped the loud factor of Deathrats, which, for better or worse, makes Pat Vogel happy.

MRR: At that show where you covered "Cop Killer," you dedicated it to Alexandros Grigoropoulos, the Greek teenager who's murder by police inspired weeks of rioting by anarchists in Greece in 2008. You all don't seem to have a professed political position, but have made gestures of solidarity with anarchists and animal rights activists in the past. Aside from lyrics, what other ways do you think a band can act politically? Are any of you involved in any kind of activism?

Bradley: As you said, our original singer wouldn't sing the song "Cop Killer" and

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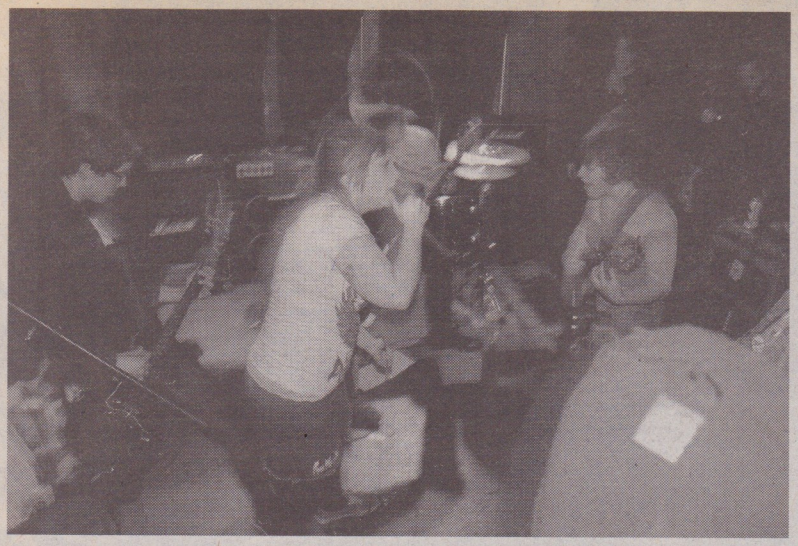


me, having no qualms, I volunteered my services. It was about a week after I heard that Alexandros was killed and the riots in Athens were just beginning to heat up. It was very cathartic to sing a song about killing cops and it was a release after feeling so helpless sitting halfway around the world watching injustice. But then again, when the cops kill someone in Washington DC, it is viewed by some with less outrage because it's more difficult to relate. I am certainly guilty of this and hate that it is easier to identify with a young, white anarchist in Greece than someone who lives down the street from where I live. I think as a band we all have causes that we feel very passionately about and sometimes those issues find their way into Deathrats' lyrics. I can say personally that I have been involved in a few projects around the world that I have felt very passionate about, but over the past several years I have fallen into the role of jaded arm-chair anarchist.

Greg: When I lived in Baltimore I was involved with a few labor struggles. I tend to focus my political energy towards the Labor Movement, but since I have been in DC, I have been laying low on the activism. I do believe though that there is great weight behind the ideology of syndicalism and strength in the union and I plan on focusing my energy towards the Labor Movement as much as I can.

MRR: I know some of you are straight edge and some of you are vegan. Do you think issues revolving around personal lifestyle decisions should carry as much weight as they tend to in hardcore?

Christine: Not really. I think that sobriety and changing your diet to make your life better or more comfortable or whatever are valid, healthy, and great. However, I get kind of frustrated when straight edge and veganism are used as identity politics. When it comes down to it, they're consumer choices. And sure, they are valid and can carry a lot of significance in a person's life, but I feel like there are more important things in the world.

Greg: Yes. I am vegan and straight edge, but to be honest, I don't care if you are or aren't. I think socially conscious people, especially punks, should be vegan but if you aren't and are totally closed off to the idea, then there isn't anything I can do so I don't really care. Why I think personal lifestyle decisions like veganism, less so straight edge, are important in punk and hardcore is because they encourage questioning and challenging of other norms and systems of oppression. All forms of oppression are tied together in one aspect or another.

MRR: How do you relate to the DC hardcore scene? Do you ever feel like you're too PC for the hardcore kids, too hardcore for the PC kids?

Christine: I don't even know...if anything, I guess we're too PC for the hardcore kids sometimes. There is definitely some crossover but I think that some people don't like us because I write "political" lyrics. Like how it sucks to get sexually harassed. That is probably just a bummer for them to hear about. But I don't care. It's cool when people are concerned about making other people comfortable, too...

Bradley: I think that in Washington D.C. we are seen by many as a PC band or whatever the fuck that means. For as long as I have lived in D.C. there has been a rift between the so-called "political bands" and the "hardcore bands" which is complete shit. For the most part the music sounds the same but because of subject matter, people won't come out or not get into it. And I would say that both sides are equally guilty of this. For me, I don't consider myself politically correct and I do not embrace the term like I might have in the past. If people think that it's PC to care about certain issues or take offense when someone calls someone else a "bitch" or a "fag," then they can say that I'm PC and not watch my band and go fuck off.

Greg: I grew up going to shows and being involved in the Baltimore punk and hardcore scene which is much different than DC. I think I relate to a lot more folks in DC than I did in Baltimore. Baltimore has some amazing spaces but not a lot of kids go to shows. The opposite is true with DC. If anyone says that we are too "PC," they are a moron. PC is a term created by the "Right" to belittle people who are trying to make this society a safer space for those who aren't straight, white, Christian men. How can anyone be too concerned with trying to make our scene better?

MRR: Tell me about other bands you are in, I know that Brad and Brian are in Lotus Fucker and that Christine is also in Cunt Sparrer. Do you folks stretch between any other bands?

Bradley: The nature of Washington, DC is that all bands are very incestuous. That being said, Brian and I both play in a noise punk band called Lotus Fucker. Christine, Brian and I play in State Violence. Brian also plays in a band called Rations with Pat who happens to also be in State Violence....you get the idea.

Christine: Well, the DC chapter of Cunt Sparrer is definitely over. Jaime and I are in a straight-up punk band with two other women called Hot Mess. A pop punk band is in the works.

MRR: Do you think when you roll up to a town where people have heard your record before, they expect you to look crustier? What's the story about the guy with the Black Flag shirt who didn't know the words to "I've Had It?"

Bradley: I got called a hipster outside of a show in Wisconsin the other month. I think they were probably right, I do sort of look like a hipster. At the end of the day, I don't care what some hesher thinks of the way I look. If I had been wearing my vest with patches on it, it wouldn't have been a problem. Y'know?

Christine: I have no idea what people might expect us to look like. So when we played "I've Had It," I gave him a shout out somewhere along the lines of "If you're wearing a Black Flag shirt and you're not up here singing along, you're probably the fucking hipster." Too harsh?

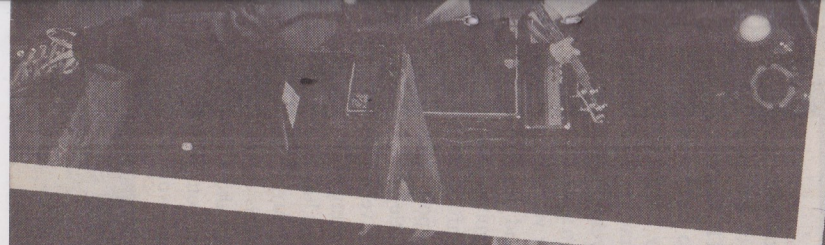
MRR: What is in store for Deathrats? More touring? New records?

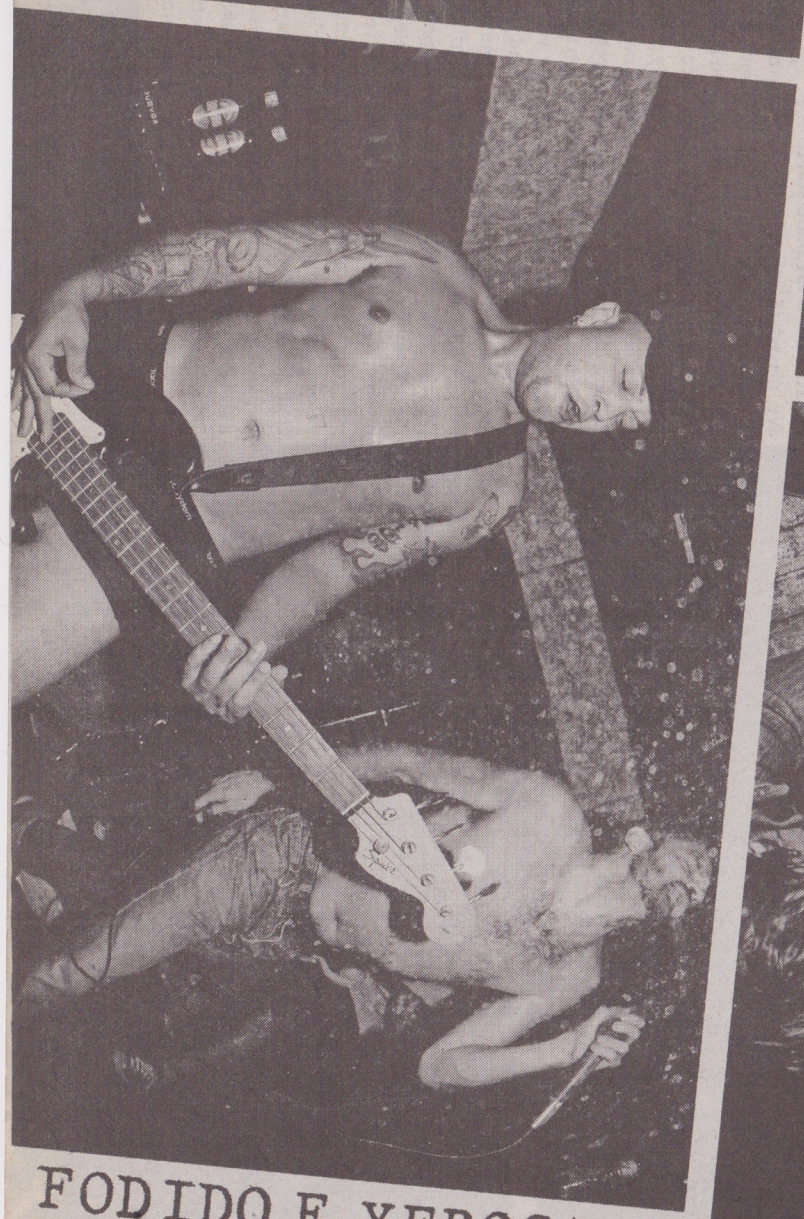
Christine: YES AND YES!!! Hopefully, we will squeeze in a weekend or two over the summer, and we've got some songs lined up to record.

Greg: I am really excited for our split with out friends Stripmines from Raleigh, NC

Bradley: Other projects in the works are another record of an unknown size and a two week West Coast tour in the winter.

Photos this page : Will Butler





FODIDO E XEROCADO

Photos by Daigo Oliva and Mateus Mondini
Warcry, Wild Thing, Os Estudantes, Southside Stranglers and Red Dons.
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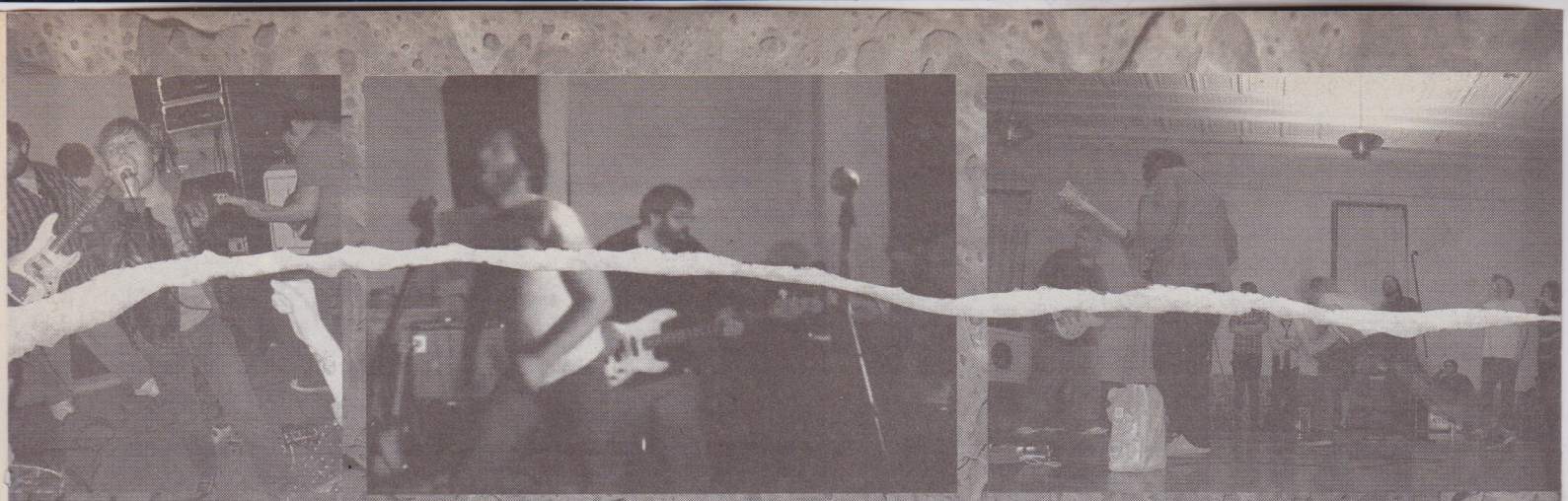
puffy areolas

For the past few years, Puffy Areolas have been fritzing synapses and scorching the landscape with their corroded psych / hardcore scree. Enlightened by the most unhinged charters of Acid Archives and Killed by Death alumnus, the Puffies' sound might best be described as embodying the Stooges' Raw Power if your pretty face had gone to hell. There, it would have encountered (among others) White Boy and The Average Rat Band, Tampax, Opus and Mag Amplitude for an eternal damnation of scarred depravity, the excesses of which would be legendary even by Hades standards. Interview by Matt Elliot

photos Tina Junker

MRR: How'd the band start?

We played together in a screwball, minidisk recorded, clatter band called Karoli. Damon did some solo stuff under the names D.O.S.E. and Dragonspit. I had two projects going: A loner disco duo called Hard Gospel With Child and a county fair lurker rock project named Dead Condors. Krauty's been kicking it around the DJ circuit, psych Mafioso rings, and sang for TiT and Seers. Damon started experimenting with Terence Trent D'arby wig pieces in addition to his constant research and development into guitar frippertrocities. The guitar pedal bills parallel what it costs to build scumfuck playpens under the Denver International Airport. After the solo-syrup, Damon assembled a motley bunch of Toledo shut-ins (and a deejay from Cleveland) to play improvised music around his Steinberger guitar onslaughts. The headless guitar is what lured me from my dad's basement. I want to make my dream of playing for Johnny Winter in the 1980s a reality. Along with the promise of wrestling shoot interviews, Clevo stomped on, and hanging out with other guys that looked like us who weren't women.



MRR: Can you talk a little about the members who have played with you over the last couple of years? Does it affect band dynamics to have members come and go?
We're like a truck stop urinal. All makes and models step up for a chance to drop off their poison. If you have a saxophone, we'll take you. If you have a loud amp and can do "White Boy And The Average Rat Band" riffs, you're in. The only thing we don't have is the rent boy cruising stuff that goes on in those places. All the diesel is huffed, the showers stagnant, and the traveling bear wranglers have scrambled for finer pastures. Always outcreeping the creepers.

MRR: What kind of reaction did you get from the audience and from the bands you were sharing bills with during the first shows you played?
The punk crowd in Cleveland was the first to really respond to us having a death metal drummer. They would stomp around, smack each other, and hand out punk hugs and platonic pushing to Krauty. Most of the bands we've shared bills with seemed into what we were doing. But everyone seems to be your friend in this underground music community, right? You never know where you're going to sleep and you never know who's going to have a pocket knife and daddy issues. *Make nice with your local friendrock!*

I think the Columbus crowd was just happy that we stopped playing "Night Of The Assassins" for a half hour at Bourbon Street. Seriously, Columbus has been very supportive to what we've tried to do. It's nice that the fellow wastoids come out and misbehave for a spell.

MRR: Are you weary of the underground music community?
I don't think there's any weariness involved when I communicate with that community. Puffy Areolas usually share bills with bands whose sound we enjoy or at the very least have a handful of interesting people to pass the time with. I'm not sure what my band mates have to say, but I'm still naive and excited to meet new people. This probably stems from being surrounded by the rappin' NASCAR CHUD contingent daily. Any chance I get to have a conversation with a human being, I'll take it. Even if it's with a Jehovah's Witness or prosthetic limb salesman. If you can form a sentence and can articulate on the things you enjoy, let's talk. For me, to run into other people who like some of the same records and bullshit I'm into is a godsend. Perhaps when I spend more time touring, going to shows, and talking on forums, I will get to the point of coordinating "friends" and "enemies" camps. Right now I just don't want to hear about Godsmack and UFC, and I'm right as rain.

MRR: How much of what Puffy Areolas is and has become is created by tension within the band?
The only tension in the band is the uncertainty of performance. I never know how long a song is going to be. I'm unsure of the drummer's tempo. I'm also unsure of which crusty-in-training is going to fly over the drums into my fucking shoddy bass gear. If you stay in fight or flight mode, you will survive and have a good set. If you're one of these musicians who likes rehearsing, chord changes, dynamics, melody, or sobriety, then you have come to the wrong fucking band. The only real tension that arises is over the "who, what, when, whys, and wheres" of people holding out on party favors. We are rats in the cargo bay of a sinking steamship, sucking out the last of life-giving chemicals while it descends into the bacterial sediment of forgotten death.

MRR: What's the current drum situation? I know there's a checkered history here.
It's almost a different band every time a new drummer enters the picture. Dicktone was on the kit when we were more of a Les Rallizes Denudes cover band that bummed out the "Toledo Musical Youth Community" by playing forty minutes too long. When Ronnie Skins came on board, people really started to pay attention. He was a technical death metal drummer and stuck around long enough to get some great shows and the album finished. I think he grew tired of the wrestling shoot interviews and the drug dysfunction. J. Guy, our current drummer, retains the intensity of Ronnie Skins, but doesn't mind the pro wrestling and chemical abuse. He joins right in on the soul killing, which makes me feel at home. All of this self-respect, personal development, and goal

setting really bums me the fuck out.

MRR: What is the history of punk rock in Toledo? Why is Toledo a place without hope?

You can Google "Touch And Go" and find all of that information. Some of the 1980s heavy hitters used to troll through back in the day. Being part of this record collector rock/ DIY community in Toledo is like being Jodie Foster in *Nell*. All you got is yourself and whatever bullshit dreamscape you have in your head. From there you can write your own self-serving history.

Toledo is a place without hope to me because it does not have a musical identity. We have a very insular and tasteless musical community. You are either stuck in some late 1990s garage-turkey meets arena rock vacuum, or some eight year old Pitchfork Magazine chest freezer. This constitutes the "youth" or "indie" sphere. We have all of the other useless subcultures, too. NuMetal, Ska, Dial-A-Decade Punk, Grindboyz, Skinny Jeans Diary Dung, and these fucking strange beard, Adult Swim guys throwing jazz and metal around their masturbatoriums. Mike Patton posters everywhere and not a clean sock in sight. When those do-gooders in the Tide Detergent truck get done with New Orleans or Nashville, they should come up here and give these Hydra Head records fans a hand with their sock laundry. The guilty parties know who they are. Thank you for making the worst place to live in America even more unbearable. Not belonging to this parade of poor taste leaves you with no friends, no shows, and no respect from the local community. There are a few stray morlocks out there who are down, don't get me wrong. Maybe I could do better playing in the LPGA? My tits are starting to look the part, that's for certain.

MRR: What are your plans and ambitions, short-term and long-term?

The only way I survive is by having my goals limited to playing in a band and seeing if someone is willing to put out a record. You are not going to catch me snapping my hull on the iceberg of ambition. People I respect and admire liked what I was doing and put themselves on the line to release something I helped create. That's all I've ever wanted out of this bullshit. Anything else and you're asking for disappointment, compromise, or both. The history has been written on that subject. I already have a job. I'm not looking to be the toothless rock guy in a stained dinner jacket and Nikki Sixx hair asking for cigarettes and shit at shows. "I used to open for Brainiac and Girls Against Boys and all I got was gingivitis, wasabi of the urethra, and this lousy t-shirt!"

MRR: Is it all improv? What's the plan being followed?

At the start, the drummer would just start playing and Damon and I had to find some shape for it. Then it would fall apart. Now we have six riffs. The drummer plays them until it falls apart again. Plan A is to find out where the pain meds are. Another plan I have is to keep Krauty's mike cord from wrapping up my legs or instrument cable. You could call that Plan B. Plan C is sleeping behind a garbage can. Plan D is the final plan, THE FINAL HIGH…find the shitcan van and the wrestling interviews. I don't want to be bothered with human interactions.

MRR: Live bands are expected to put on

great shows but not always expected to make great records. You guys do both. What are your thoughts on being perceived as a live band?
If you play anything resembling rock music, being perceived as a "live band" is probably the greatest compliment. Especially these days when most people are just downloading everything for free anyway. Being a decent live draw is the only way to get the mediafire mafia to take some of their hydro-funds and purchase your records. What's going to be remembered more, the lathe-cut one sided noise 10" or that face scar you got from Now That's Class trying to climb the rafters?

MRR: History has always been kinder to bands from Ohio than their present. Why do you think that is?
Either we don't have a preconception of "making it" here, or there IS but it's so malformed that it's like a scoliosis spine in a Jello mold. No logistical chance of running a popularity decathlon or even getting to the qualifying round. There isn't a gaggle of sycophants telling you how cool you are. Except for your drug dealer and current girlfriend/crash pad, maybe. You also don't have any conceivable PR industry helping you get in touch with the people's tastes. The closest thing to contact is the internet and television. We even fuck up conformity here! This will get us some bizarre Breaking Benjamin/Tool/Disturbed knock-off. Some of these goobers will probably end up in the butt rock version of the Acid Archives. I just hope someone has the patience to document all of the wing nut metal in this state.

But as far as punk/underground/DIY goes, it's always going to be the same people buying your records and coming out to your shows. Eventually a new guard of these collector types comes of age and joins the fray. As long as having this fan base makes you happy, you will have a long run of selling 250-500 units and meeting interesting people. Maybe history is kinder to the people who don't pander? Maybe history is kinder to the people who pander and fail miserably with gorgeous results? It could go both ways for me and Ohio has a fair share of both. But I'm not certain that it's history that is being kinder. The ease of information changing hands and the simple fact that there's more people on the planet is what we're viewing as "kinder".

MRR: Do you read reviews? Do you have anything to say about the recent, somewhat inaccurate review from the Still Single website?
I always have a special place in my pizza roll-encrusted heart for reviews that are negative about anything I'm involved in. They seem to be the most fun to read and the most accurate. This Doug fella was into our band and our sound at one point. He wrote a negative review because a member of our band was copulating with someone he fancied. It's like when your mom doesn't give you money for the movies/whipits and you say "I hate you! I wish I was never born!" You can't really mean that phrase. Unless she burns you with an iron and sells photos of you taking a bath on the internet, of course. These are two things we have never done to that reviewer. Ninety percent of this band had nothing to do with this guy's cum archery. Let's keep things fair and balanced in the underground. Start hating me for *me* and not because you got Morrissey Lyric'd out in the abyss.

MRR: Talk about recording the LP and how you think it turned out.
Columbus Discount Records have a great facility and their roster is one of the best going. So when they wanted us to record with them *and* release our records, I was shocked and thankful. Adam is very patient with our bullshit and puts in the time for a reasonable rate. He understands where we're coming from, which is a rarity for us when dealing with engineer/producer folk.

MRR: Who're some of your guitar, vox, bass influences?
I don't really have any influences in terms of playing the instrument. It all goes along with the "not having goals" goal. Spiritual influences include Jim Shepard and Jack Parsons.

MRR: What about Jim Shepard and Jack Parsons make them spiritual influences of yours?
The Jack Parsons fascination was initially rooted in all of the prurient, tabloid moss surrounding his legacy. The more I read, the more I respected his aptitude in chemistry and the science of rocket fuel despite having a limited collegiate background. It gives a little hope to rust belt underachievers like myself, I guess. Plus it's wild to think of a time where he was allowed to run with the merging of Thelemic magick and rocket science. They would probably send someone to a FEMA camp for fucking around like that today.

MRR: Drugs, yes or no?
No. The ultimate high is dealing with your rotting mind and worthlessness, naked, in front of your strongest critics and worst enemies, for a buffet of shame and realization. Until I find the sand for that scenario, I'll be at the afterparty.

MRR: Are you psychedelic speed freaks or record nerds or some hybrid?
I don't collect records nor do I have access to "real" speed. The format fetish thing is a bore for me. Spending more than 25 bucks on a piece of music is something I can't do. Collecting records, comics, and women's bathwater is for people with steady jobs, or rich families, stable lives, and limiting the "drug" aspect of their lives to dealer hype for EBay. If your band is good, and you have a minidisk, I will buy it from you too. I know what it's like to be on the road and five bucks is the difference between a warm sandwich and rummaging through trash or donating blood plasma. When that goddamn '70s trucker era speed hits the streets, gimme a call before it's KBD OOP'd outta dodge. If I gotta die in a house of cards, take me to the shithole that's the most fun.

MRR: Have you got a performing band sorted out to play the West Coast tour?
J. Guy is on the kit and our friend Andy is on bass. He plays in TiT and also jammed with us in Toledo, when he went to the university there. He's seen us a million times and is real familiar with all of us, too. Andy even drummed for us once at a show with Psychedelic Horseshit at the old Parish Hall in Cleveland. We were still doing the meandering, Les Rallizes gargoyle poop at the time. The rhythm section being stable was the most worrisome part for me. I'm glad that it came together amicably with no loose ends or pick up bands in random cities. Although Krauty and I won't be a part of this tour, I want everything to go well with as little "gentlemans gripping" as possible. Hopefully DJ Rick Ele can set up that lumberjack match with Mayyors in Sacto/Davis. Who knows, maybe I'll fly out and pull some four horsemen moves in the Bay and fly back right away. We'll have to wait and see.

MRR: What are your plans in terms of new recordings? What's in the works?
The Die Stasi single, *Rock n' Roll Express* should be out soon. We recorded material at Columbus Discount Records recently. Most of these songs will be used for releases on Permanent and Hozac. That's about as close as I get to planning anything.

Some bands are punk because their guitarist has green hair, scabies and is named Potato. Some bands are punk because they talk about DIY, know how to fix their own van and play in your mother's basement to your friends. Some bands are punk because they play punk music, like Super Wild Horses. This groundbreaking development in music classification will shock and amaze most concerned with lifestyle, culture and fashion. But, yes, Mr. Potato, punk is a style of music!

Characterized by primitive, flint and stone, clanging rocks on logs, THUD. Whereas most bands with affection for this music draw on other punk bands, or mine the rich history of ROCK and such, Super Wild Horses evoke suburban Australian teenage kicks by drawing their influences from most everywhere else. In a new documentary about the band, Henry Rollins and Thurston Moore said they "reinvented and revitalized the spirit of punk by accidentally stumbling upon it from elsewhere." Actually, they didn't, but I didn't want to write those words down without quoting someone. They look pretty awful on a page without parentheses. But, you get what I mean. Good band.

I sat down with them in the back room of a pub before a UV Race / Super Wild Horses show a couple months back. Mikey (Eddy Current Suppression Ring) joined in.

Interview: DX.

Photos: Kelli Morris

MRR: This is an interview for a punk mag, so tell us about Super Wild Horses and punk.

Amy: I didn't listen to much punk growing up. Mainly because the first punk I heard was commercial stuff and I hated it. When you hear a word and don't know what it means at that age, it turns you off. So I've only really been listening to it more recently, the last five years, after already developing a language for music. I don't think there's a punk influence in our music, apart from the idea of inventing something for yourself.

Hayley: I kind of knew things like Green Day or *Sid and Nancy*. But that's it. I knew I really liked high energy, loud drumming. I liked the feeling more than any particular band.

Amy: We were listening to bands like the Velvet Underground and Guided By Voices who have a punk attitude in the way they wrote music. In that sense I think they were a big musical influence from our teenage years. Some short choppy Guided By Voices tunes that switched from heartfelt moments to krrrrrrrr fuzz was really beautiful.

MRR: You mentioned briefly the idea of developing a language for music.

Hayley: We both grew up with heaps of music in our families. But, in teenage years it was all about going out with friends and watching bands. That's what you did every weekend. For me, I was connected to that feeling.

Amy: In Perth in the mid-'90s there was a really amazing under age scene. It was great. Every weekend, as a teenager, you'd go to a couple of gigs. And a lot of our friends were starting bands at the time. We weren't involved in that, but we'd spent a lot of time going and watching their bands. We grew up in Kalamunda, which was a little community in the hills. It had a bit of a hippie mentality, but there was nothing to do. So every weekend you'd go to whoever had the most lenient parents and get pissed or take magic mushrooms and make music, in a really informal way. But the stuff we listened to was really varied, jazz to R&B. I had a massive hard on for the Red Hot Chilli Peppers! But we listened to heaps of stuff… except punk!

MRR: When you guys were first talking about doing the band did you have an idea of what you wanted to do, or did you approach it more thinking "whatever happens?"

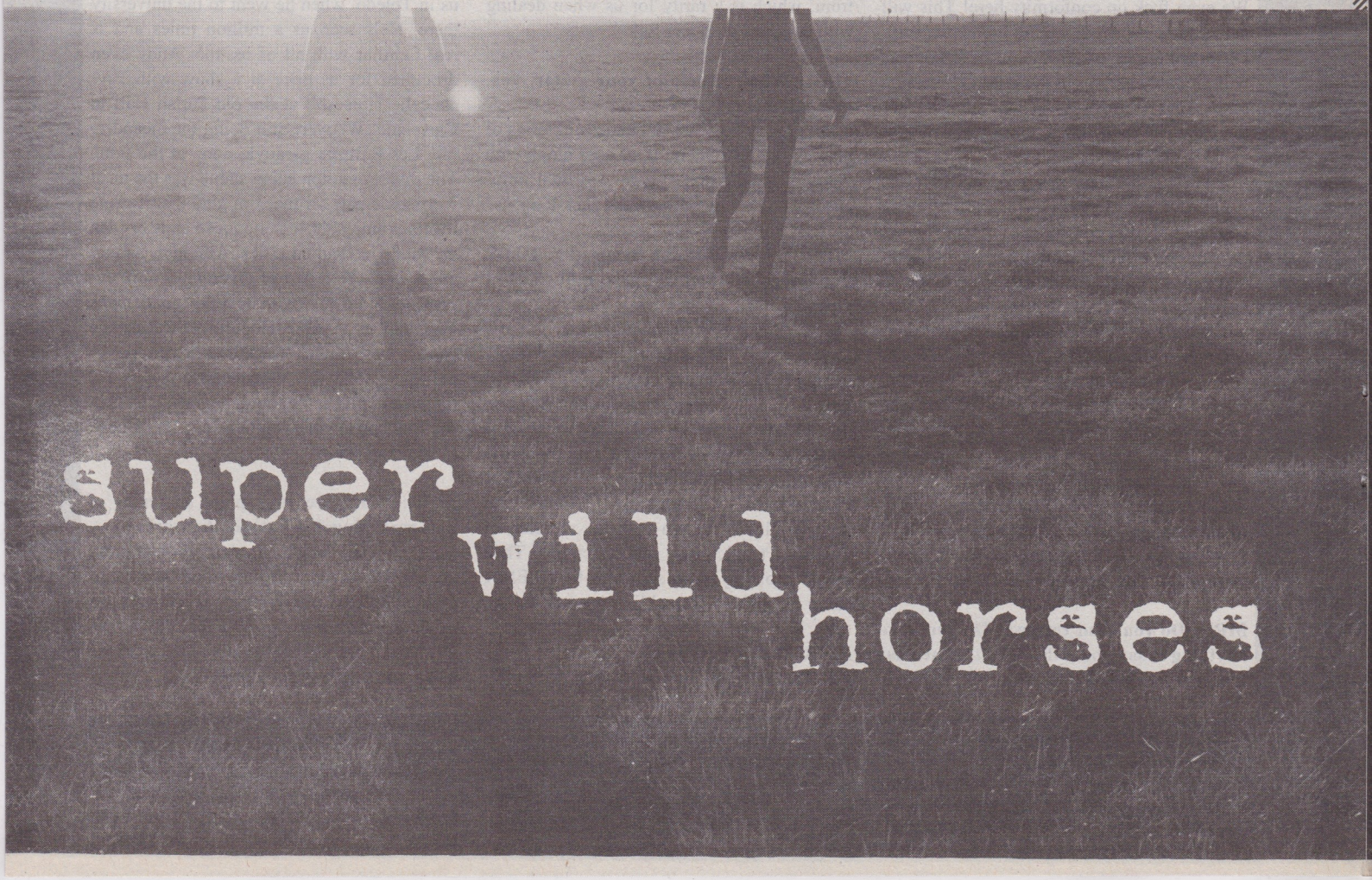
Amy: Definitely more whatever happens.

Hayley: I think whenever we were together we'd invariably just end up singing songs together, about whatever we were doing. And we just put that into writing songs.

Amy: In the start it was about yelling over whatever drumbeat we could make up, but recently we've been more interested in melodies. There was no plan at the time, and there is still not a plan for it now. When we were buddies, years and years ago, we'd write songs together about anything, often just really stupid shit.

Hayley: Hanging out at McDonalds.

Amy: When we started writing songs together it was about writing songs with this teenage rhyme making and trying to make each other laugh. Dumb shit, really.



MRR: You both moved here from Perth. What do you think of Melbourne? Especially the music scene here?
Hayley: Everyone thinks they are a music expert. That causes tension sometimes.
Amy: I reckon because music is one of those things that is so personal to people and people take music to heart, people like to think they're the only one who know about a band. They do the same thing when they talk about liking or disliking something, it's always so personal. The kind of conversation that used to happen at the pub, but now it happens on the internet, where people read about it permanently. It's kind of strange.
Hayley: The bands are very supportive of each other.
Amy: We've never been to Brisbane. Jensen (Deaf Wish) reckons Brisbane is ace. But anywhere else I've been just makes me think Melbourne is amazing for that kind of support between bands.

MRR: A lot of people talk about riot grrl when referencing you guys. This makes sense, as you are girls, you trade instruments on stage, you sound like punk. But I have always had a feeling that this is more accidental than anything else.
Amy: I have never ever listened to riot grrl. I don't know what they did.
Hayley: All I know is that you spell it g-r-r-l.
Amy: People have this misconception about us like we had some sort of plan. Two girls playing this kind of music—it just happened. We don't even have a reference point for this kind of music.
Hayley: If anything, we have avoided having these reference points.
Amy: We never grew up listening to that stuff. Maybe we're in some kind of weird time warp where we're creating the same thing those people were doing back in the day. Like anyone else, you just kinda do what you do. Later on in the annals of history people analyze it or break it down. But at the time, like any music, it's just an expression of what you do, or what you are going through.

Amy: Some of the great bands and greatest music is born out of people who can only play three or four chords, and who write these really amazing songs out of that. One thing I always liked about seeing UV was the way the band would intentionally speed up and slow down songs, it wasn't set when to start and finish all the time. Just go where it went. It's like a lot of old Kingston reggae recordings where they lost the master and the original press is warped and the songs sound like they're going in and out of tune. It is cool how fuckups create something you want to emulate.

MRR: Is the record called *15* because a lot of the songs reference being a teenager?
Amy: There is a song called "15," but originally the record was meant to have fifteen songs on it, which is why we named it that. A lot of the songs on the record are referencing things that happened to us growing up. We were having a great time when we were about fifteen.
Hayley: It was actually two unfinished songs that we'd each written that fit well together.
Amy: It was about a gang of fifteen brats coming to town.
Hayley: Once they were put together, there was this image of this gang walking down the street and you know if someone comes to knock on your window you're in fucking trouble.
Amy: Which we used to do a lot when we were fifteen.
Hayley: A big gang, kicking bins.
Amy: A lot of walking. Kalamunda is a really big town, and everyone would try get drunk and go to a party, but you'd end up walking for hours.
Hayley: You'd always meet at Sturt Park, and on the way to the party you'd stop at this guy Josh's house whose parents owned a 7/11.
Amy: Take cigarettes for the ride. We were really lucky; we had heaps of fun.

MRR: Do you guys feel like people want to focus on inept musicianship when talking about Super Wild Horses?
Amy: We'd be the first people to admit we're not that good at our instruments. But that's not really the point.
Hayley: We try. We're teaching ourselves as we go. We're not being slack. We really think about what we're doing and we work hard on our songs.
Amy: We're in our late twenties now, and this is our first band that either of us has been in. Probably what we're going through are what most people went through when they were teenagers. What we're doing in public is probably what they were doing in their bedrooms as teenagers. But we're giving it a go. There are a lot of great bands that can't play their instruments, but they can play their songs, and their songs are good. Whether people think this applies to us or not is another matter. You also get these bands where people can play really fucking well, and people always slam it because it's wanky or boring. There's always an attempt to explain why you don't like something. For us, if you don't like it, don't come to our shows.
Hayley: Haha!

MRR: The idea of someone hearing a song only after they hear and approve of someone's ability on the instrument is so alien to the way that I listen to music.
Hayley: It is strange to focus on those details. It's more of a highlight to me. If you watch a band and you like it and you realize what they're doing is crazy, you might think "what the fuck are they doing on guitar"? But never watch the guitarist and then hear the song.

MRR: One thing I like about the band live is the almost complete disregard you have for involving the audience with the show. You can see that the experience is all about the two of you.
Amy: Though we do care what people think about us. We would much rather everybody loved us. [laughter]
Hayley: The only time we've ever planned anything on stage was in response to us fucking up songs and freaking the fuck out. We decided we'd just look at each other and really concentrate and we'd figure it out.
Amy: Yeah Mikey, my proudest moment of this was the floor tom collapsed and we were supporting you, and a track later my guitar strap fell off. But we kept going and maybe 25% of people didn't notice.
Mikey: I think I was stressing more about that set than you guys.
Amy: Getting the opportunity to play on big stages has been real interesting as the sound is much better, so it feels really luxurious.

MRR: Like staying in a hotel or something.
Amy: Yeah! But the audience separation is really strange so I think that's why we end up looking at each other a lot. People don't cut sick when we play, so the energy we get is more from each other.

MRR: A lot of your songs reference people in the lyrics. Have you ever explicitly told the person to listen to the song because it was about them?
Hayley: Uh, yeah.

MRR: What happened?
Hayley: Uh... [everyone makes laugh noises with their mouths] Let's just say that I never should have told them.

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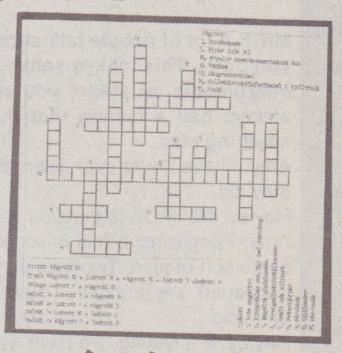

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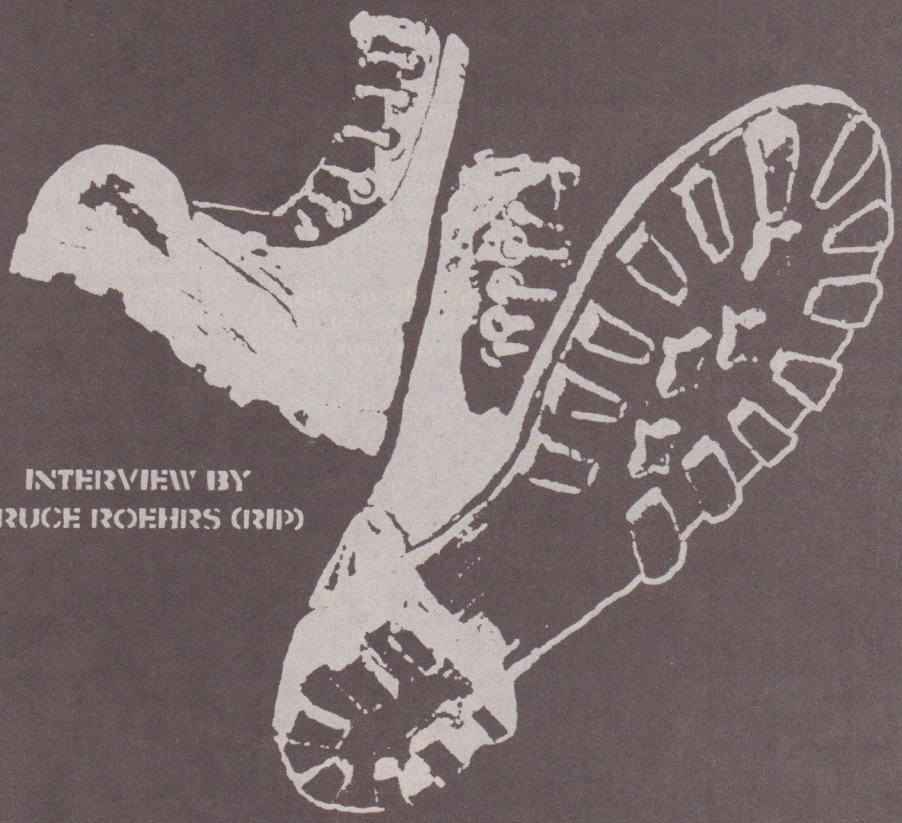


INTERVIEW BY
BRUCE ROEHRS (RIP)

MRR: We're sittin' down with Agnostic Front. We've got Roger and Vinnie in residence. We're gonna review the new record, which is thirty-some years old now.

Roger: It's twenty…

MRR: 1982?

Vinnie: No, it came out in '83. United Blood.

Roger: Oh, United Blood, yeah 27 years at least.

MRR: We'll round it off to thirty years, three decades of hardcore, New York hardcore. And in my mind you guys invented New York hardcore. Were there any bands before you guys that were playing hardcore that influenced you?

Roger: Well, absolutely. Bands deserve to get credit where credit is due and in New York bands like Urban Waste, Heart Attack, the Abused, Cause for Alarm…we all grew up together playing this music. Who else… Ultra Violence, the Psychos…

MRR: Were Antidote around?

Roger: Yeah, All these bands we're talking about they put out singles. How we stood out among these bands is that we were the first band of that genre to put out an album. Prior to Agnostic Front's Victim in Pain the only album in New York representing punk and hardcore was Kraut, which was a great record, but it didn't really have a hardcore edge…

MRR: It was more punk.

Roger: And we came out with this aggressive, real representation of music. What I like to call the true aborted children of punk. You know, we put the "hard" in hardcore. (laughter) We brought some grungy shit right from the streets of New York.

MRR: And were some of the clubs like CBGB's already open?

Roger: Yeah, they were open, but our roots really come out of the 87 Club, the Two Plus Two Annex, then CBGB's was doing matinees too, so we would play there, but our home ground was really the 87.

MRR: Harley was all of fourteen at this point?

Roger: Harley was young. He's one of those single digit hardcore dudes.

MRR: Because he had that other band…

Roger: The Stimulators! That's how I met Vinnie Stigma, at a Stimulators show.

MRR: That's how you met each other!? Because I've seen a picture of him drumming and I swear to god it looks like he's fourteen.

Vinnie: I was at his twelfth birthday party at Max's Kansas City, and he bit me in the leg. I chased him around the bar all night long! (laughter) I swear to god, twelve years old.

MRR: And he was already a rowdy, arrogant fuck?

Roger: Same goes with little Chris and my brother Freddy…

MRR: And Freddy went on to form Madball in what, 1986, or later than that?

Roger: The first Madball single came out in '89

MRR: But they were playing two years before that probably.

Roger: Yep, I think two years before that was the first show

MRR: And that's cool. Freddy grew up in that scene. It was inevitable that he would have a hardcore band of his own. At what point did you guys start traveling? Start going to DC and Boston?

Roger: '83

MRR: Were there battles already between skins and punks from other cities? I heard there were confrontations between DC punks and New York punks and then the Boston skinheads would come down… Ya know, I talked to those guys in the Bruisers and they said, "When we'd go to New York we'd fight." Probably not with you guys, but with the people at the show.

Vinnie: Not with us

Roger: We always talk about unity

Vinnie: We were one of the first unity bands, we sung about it. "United Blood," united and strong we tried to push that edge. We wanted the kids to get along—we don't want the beef.

MRR: So if you saw a big fight break out in front, you'd jump in and stop it?

Roger: We started policing ourselves really. If there was a big show we were the bouncers. We never bounced nobody, but we knew everybody so it was all good. It was respect. Because if you put a bunch of mongoloids up front who don't understand our music and don't know what its about, that'll cause a fight. So you put people up there who understand and know what's going on.

MRR: So, you're already traveling a little bit before the first record comes out. Once it comes out you come further west. You said Ohio…

Vinnie: We did our first national tour with GBH.

MRR: What year was that?

Roger: No, we did it before GBH, the GBH tour was 1986. We did our first real national tour in 1985.

MRR: And that's going all the way to LA?

Roger: Yeah, California.

MRR: I saw you once at the Stone, and that's reaching to the '80s too. And there was much, much excitement up front! (laughter) Now I want to touch on how you used to fly the American flag behind your band in the early days. I thought it was a good idea but the people at *Maximum Rocknroll* take exception to that—they think it's nationalistic. I think it's just pride.

Roger: Of course! Lemme tell ya something, there are three basic things you need in life. To stand up for yourself, everybody's gotta have some kind of pride. You have to be proud of who you are or where you are and have some kind of pride. The only reason we flew the American flag was because all the British bands were flying their flag: Exploited, UK Subs, Discharge, even the Pistols and the Clash. So why can't we? And all those bands, just like us, were proud to be Brits as we were proud to be American. Although I'm Cuban, I was proud to be in America. And we're all punks and we all knew our government was at fault and that's why we were in punk bands.

photo by jessica bard

MRR: Love your country but hate your government.

Roger: It's pretty simple. Look, no one ties you down anywhere. If you don't like where you live, if you don't like where you are you can easily get the fuck up, pack up and move. That's your choice. I've been all over the world, my family came from Cuba—a communist regime into America, and there was a reason we came here for freedom. We came to this country to improve our family and ourselves. We left everything we had in Cuba to come here and start all over.

MRR: More opportunities.

Roger: Absolutely. Now, that being said everywhere there is corruption. Let me tell you something, you can go every single place corruption exists, everywhere.

MRR: I think greed is inherent in the human species. As people get power especially people in a position to manipulate other humans—government officials, police, senators—as soon as they get power they want to control other humans, and they abuse that power.

Roger: Absolutely, and it's everywhere, all over the world. Now going back to the flag, America is a beautiful place. I travel through it all the time, and like I said I've been all over the world and I would not live anywhere else. I just became a citizen of the United States of America four years ago. I had an opportunity to be a citizen anywhere else in the world and I decided to stay here. But the true reason we had the flag up there was because we saw these Brit bands flyin' their Brit flags and we wanted to fly our flag, 'cause we're an American band. And what the hell was wrong with that? It's clear, if you read our lyrics, you can see that we talk about injustice and we talk about oppression and how to overcome oppression. I mean clearly, "there's no justice it's just us," how right wing is that? How nationalist is that? Clearly it's not.

MRR: Coming from you as an immigrant, from another country, and embracing the opportunities that are here and feeling like you have the freedom to do whatever you want and make whatever you can out of yourself means a lot.

Vinnie: What I wanna say is that the nerve of some people who wanna judge Roger, who comes from a Communist country, and Agnostic Front…the nerve, considering he lived under Communism.

MRR: They haven't paid attention to the lyrics and who is singing them.

Vinnie: A man with out a country, this guy!

Roger: You know what's really interesting, speaking of politics and I hate talking politics, I'll be straight up with you. I'm barely a musician over here! I never claimed to be a musician and definitely don't claim to be a politician! (laughter) I'm a family man and I live by certain rules and morals that my mother showed me when I was a kid. Simple, you treat me right I treat you right.

MRR: Without being a real religious man, it's easy for me to understand the "do unto others" rule.

Roger: Right, exactly. A lot of these people, speaking of politics, I didn't even want to get into this... I was thinking about how some people are so extreme to the left wing and so extreme to the right wing…there are too many wings! The way I look at it, I like parts from both sides and I make my own decisions…I'm independent. I'm into socialized medicine, socialized schooling, I really am into that stuff. I come from a socialized country.

MRR: And those parts are the good part of socialism. When you say "socialized" some skinheads freak out because they think Communist right away. But medicine and education should be available to every person in this country.

Vinnie: It is available, really…

Roger: What I'm trying to say is that I'm for the people. There should be equality and everybody deserves it—for instance if you're a child and you're brilliant then there shouldn't be any limit to it. You should get as much education, as long as your grades are right, to succeed. You could be the next rocket scientist, but just because you don't have the money you can't be it? Naw. That's what I'm trying to say.

Vinnie: Well, if you're smart you get grants.

Roger: I'm for the people. But what I was thinking on the way here was really crazy. I was thinking about how some people are so extreme left, they don't have to live in this country, like I said, pick up move to a more socialized country and now you're somewhere that's so extreme left that, what are you? You're right. Anybody see that twist? You're so left here in the US that you pick up and move to a country that's extremely left wing—let's pick Italy for example. You're so far left wing that you're really right wing. It comes around full circle.

MRR: You're almost a fascist because you're so uptight about everything, with so many rules that you almost become a conservative. You want to start to police other people, and that's been a problem with *Maximum Rocknroll*, they got so far left that they wanted to tell other people how to live and what kind of music to play.

Roger: We always say there should be no rules among us, but obviously there has to be. We always try to say, like in our song "No One Rules," punk is about open minds and thinking for yourself. Then all of a sudden there's someone telling you what to think

Vinnie: What to eat! What to wear!

MRR: Vegan this, no leather that!

Roger: And if you don't fall into those guidelines then you're on the other side. You're the enemy. Meanwhile the real enemy is beyond the people who are reading this magazine. Like Ian MacKaye for instance, he talked about straight edge being simple: don't drink, don't smoke don't fuck. But all of a sudden there are a million other rules that come with that. He didn't even know he was creating a monster.

MRR: Then I get chastised if I eat a steak or if I smoke pot because I'm not living up to his rules. I thought punk was to think for yourself and make your own decisions and nobody is allowed to tell you what to do.

Roger: That's what I think too.

photo by David Gonzalez

MRR: Do you guys vote when it comes around? Do you bother with that? I still vote; I vote for what I call the lesser of the evils. Like if I see a guy that looks extremely conservative and seems like he is going to take away some of my rights, I vote for the other guy. Even though I may not like the other guy.

Roger: Well this was the first time I ever got to vote, like I said I just became a citizen, and I did vote but I'd like to keep my vote to myself.

MRR: That's your personal stuff.

Roger: Let's just say though, it's hard to pick a lesser of an evil for me, because they all suck.

MRR: Did it make you feel good though, to vote for the first time, as a citizen?

Roger: It did, it felt good to vote.

MRR: Why did you wait so long to get your citizenship?

Roger: You wanna know the truth?

MRR: I do wanna know the truth.

Roger: My criminal history. They wouldn't allow me. I'm from Cuba, like I said and…

MRR: That might get a little complicated. And that's what kept you from becoming a citizen for that many years?

Roger: It's very simple, and it should be known, being Cuban—now if I was Haitian, Columbian, Ecuadorian, from anywhere in Europe—after my crime I would've been deported, I would've never been allowed in this country. Because I'm from Cuba, guess what they can't do?

MRR: They can't throw you out, you're a refugee.

Roger: Because I committed A2 and A3 felonies, the only one worse is an A1 and that's capital murder. Because of my felonies I wasn't allowed to become a citizen. For many, many years I tried.

MRR: If you were any other nationality, Ecuadorian…

Roger: We wouldn't be having this conversation.

MRR: That's kind of a little twist, isn't it? That we kept you because you were from a country where we accept refugees, Cuba, and we have for a long time. But it took that many years for you to become a citizen and get the right to vote. That must feel good, huh? I mean you own a house, you've got a beautiful wife and two beautiful children and you're living the American dream.

Roger: I don't own the house; the bank owns the house! (laughter)

Vinnie: Isn't that the American dream? Credit! (laughter)

Roger: I got my eight thousand from the president. If that's how it goes, I'll keep voting every year! (laughter)

MRR: With the Cuba thing, are there other countries where that will happen?

Roger: No, just Cuba. Again, if you murder someone or something really bad, Cubans are never released. They go right into federal prison. So there are a lot of Cubans who have done a crime and paid for their crime, well did their time. You know I'm not into people who murder, rape, child molesters and stuff… Do your animal testing and shit on them, not the animals!

MRR: What about crimes that involve recreational drugs or something that doesn't hurt other people?

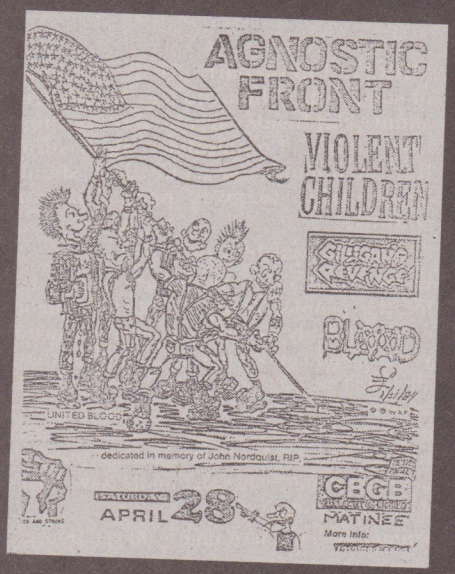
Roger: You know, everybody fucks up. I say give everybody a chance. What I'm sayin' is if you do your 25 years, normally you get out. These guys go to federal prisons and they're stuck there for the rest of their life. That's why there is a lot of uproar, even here in America.

MRR: So it's federal, not state.

Roger: Right. They'd go from state to immigration court, I had to go to immigration court and they can't deport you, so they send you to federal prison. And that's where you stay for the rest of your life, which is crazy because you just did your time and now you can't even come out. You're almost better off taking your chances and going back to Cuba!

MRR: An American, if you're regular white trash, would do eight years for murder and he'd be out? But a Cuban goes to federal prison.

Roger: Which is ridiculous.



MRR: You can't buy sugar from Cuba, you can't do this, you can't do that…

Roger: They were bothering me for having Cuban cigars coming here… I had a Cuban passport but when I'd travel the world people didn't think it was real. (laughter) People don't see them. How many people do you know that travel on a Cuban passport?

MRR: Do you have dual citizenship?

Roger: No, I just have American citizenship. They don't allow dual citizenship.

MRR: And when you travel, there are no problem with that? They don't have any history that they can pull out on you?

Roger: Not anymore.

MRR: Congratulations! Welcome to America! (laughter) Now as far as the band is concerned, you've been traveling hard, I mean a lot of cities for a lot of years, and you still seem to have the enthusiasm to convey your thoughts and inspire people? After this long you wouldn't still be doing it unless there was some passion left.

Roger: Absolutely. Let me tell you what the secret to our longevity and success has been: it's passion that we believe in it. This has been our life. A lot of people read about stuff or it's a fad, people are into it in their teen years then they grow out of it. And I never understood that. How do you grow out of something that you're so passionate about? We've remained passionate about what we love, and we've made so many friends worldwide. And our music…we love the music! We love what we've created and other bands, this is all real to us—genuine. That's the secret.

MRR: It's not a phase, it's the real deal. It's in your heart, it's in your soul. And when you go to Italy or go to Belgium, or Germany or France, you have friends that you made 26 years ago who come up and give you a hug and say, "So glad you're back." It's like an extended family.

Roger: And we make new friends every time.

MRR: And that's encouraging. There's young kids out there still learning about hardcore and embracing hardcore. How do you feel about how hardcore is going and the way it has changed?

Roger: I look at it this way, we can't bottle up 1983, '84, '85 and keep it as a little secret in our own closet and break it out, you know? It's in our minds, you know things change and scenes change whatever. To me, it doesn't even affect me sometimes. What I do notice about a lot of these bands is a lot of these kids don't read the lyrics and it doesn't even matter! And to me, that was the whole matter of everything! Lyrics were like the most important part of the punk movement, period. The music wasn't even good—I mean it wasn't "music"…

Vinnie: It wasn't musically correct!

Roger: It wasn't musically correct, today you have to be musically correct and whatever happens happens. But nobody cares about lyrics anymore.

MRR: Well, I love lyrics.

Roger: But you're old school like me, I used to pick up a record and if I loved that band I'd look at the thanks list and buy all the records that band thanked. That's how I kept it going and I'd find other great bands.

MRR: Pre-internet. And you had to pick up the phone if you wanted to book a show. You'd call them in Connecticut and say, "We wanna play a week from Friday."

Vinnie: There were no cell phones, there were no navigation systems! (laughter)

Roger: That has gone away and we really miss that. You know, even the bands themselves, each band had a distinctive sound. There weren't many bands at first. There were five bands in New York, six bands here… and we all knew each other.

MRR: There were also regional sounds: West Coast, East Coast.

Roger: I always thought the East Coast had a harder edge to it. The West Coast had great bands but it was a little bit…

MRR: Artsy?

Roger: Naw, they always said New York was

an artsy scene, I don't even know why. It was because we had the Andy Warhol's and…

MRR: Lydia Lunch and all those guys, but that was a different scene.

Roger: But the West Coast was a little bit more suburban.

MRR: Like the Dead Kennedys?

Roger: The Dead Kennedys were a phenomenal band and an exception.

MRR: But there is a simple separation between punk and the hardcore. Like the Avengers or the Dead Kennedys, to me that's punk, Agnostic Front was hardcore, straight up hardcore.

Roger: When we put out our record, the term hardcore, what was going on was a lot of these bands that we loved and were into all of a sudden started playing new wave type of shit. Then people started labeling things hardcore/punk, so we were labeled hardcore/punk. *Victim in Pain* to me was a truly punk record. As the divisions started coming in, it went from hardcore/punk to just hardcore.

MRR: What was the movie that came out a couple years ago? *American Hardcore*. They kept saying that: hardcore/punk, hardcore/punk, hardcore/punk…

Vinnie: That's what it was, hardcore/punk.

MRR: But it was the cult of hardcore, not so much a style of music.

Roger: Then the music became separate; it became hardcore.

MRR: Some of it you can't separate out, like when I moved to California in 1982 Black Flag was my fuckin' favorite band. People would ask, "Is that punk or is that hardcore," and I'd say, "Who fuckin' cares? Just go to the show."

Roger: To me Black Flag was a hardcore band.

MRR: There is a line in there though when people try to classify. Like sometimes people say some of it is skinhead rock, which to me is a complement. Like talk to Bonecrusher or something, that's skinhead rock.

Roger: What is street rock 'n' roll? I consider us to play street rock 'n' roll. We're from the fuckin' streets and we play pure as hell aggressive rock 'n' roll. I mean it could be anything you want it to be.

MRR: How do you feel about some of these guys, like Lars from Rancid, who are trying to unite skins and punks?

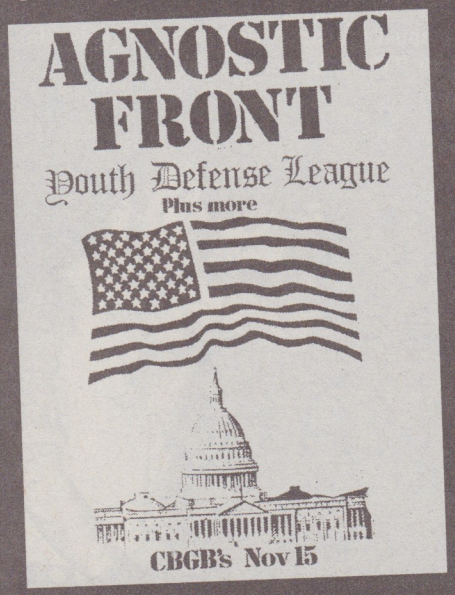
Vinnie: The skunks.

MRR: I remember when I was growing up and going to San Francisco and walking by skinhead hill and catching a bunch of shit because I was more of a punk rock kid.

Roger: Those little things, it's so funny, they've been around forever; the punks vs. skins thing. If you read our lyrics we were always into connecting punks and skins. "United and strong black and whites, united and strong punks and skins." Clearly it says that in *Victim in Pain*.

MRR: Blacks and whites—quite clear that there was no racism.

Roger: That's right, just unite. But you know we always had a football game, a punks vs. skins football game and shit like that. Just good fun, you know.



MRR: And Roger, you and I talked about this the other night, the song that sent up a flare with the politically correct lefties was "Public Assistance." I found it humorous, because as you described it you're an immigrant, you're a refugee, you're mother was on public assistance to raise three kids. To this day it makes the lefties fuckin' crazy. They don't understand do they?

Vinnie: You know what it is? They need to walk a mile in this guy's shoes.

Roger: That's exactly what I was gonna say. They never walked in my shoes, you know what I mean? They would never dare and if you were never there you will never understand. All that song is about, once again, is equality. I watched it happen to a lot of my friends who could not get the same things my family was getting just because they weren't a minority.

MRR: The white people that were poor could not get the same money?

Roger: Exactly, I feel it should be available to anyone who needs assistance and I am against people who abuse it. Because you know what? I don't feel right that people wanna sit on their ass and do nothing and have other people work their ass off and pay taxes for someone that is lazy. I am totally against that. You gotta understand my mother was 21 years old with three kids, in this country. Yeah, she deserved some assistance. Again, think about this, my mother's whole life struggle was to get us out of it, to move on and not live off a hand out. That was my mother's whole thing: you gotta stand up for yourself, you need to be a man, and you need to work. "You don't wanna go to school, you're gonna go to work, you're not gonna be a bum." Those are the things I thought people need to learn and share. The song "Public Assistance" is just the truth and the truth hurts. And if you never lived in my shoes and walked my walk you ain't never gonna understand. It's easy to say "ha-ha" with a lot of issues. I don't wanna get into abortion or anything but it's easy to say "shit happens." There is the truth, shit happens sometimes, coming from first hand…

MRR: Life is full of challenges and bumps in the road.

Roger: Some people just don't wanna hear the truth and they just don't care. Let me tell you something, you know what was really sad to me? On September 11th when the whole World Trade Center thing happened we were supposed to release a record on Epitaph and they pulled out. The biggest punk label pulled out all our ads, which was like a yuppie falling from a building. We stood behind our record; we stood behind everything. They pulled out. All these so called punk leftists all of a sudden got real fuckin' quiet and didn't a peep come out of 'em. If this would've been 1981, '82, '83 you would've had an uproar of great fuckin' punk bands because when we had Reagan we had something to write about. We didn't shut up; we talked about shit. All these muthafuckers that talked all this shit got quiet. When it was time to fuckin' come out and do shit, they got fuckin' quiet.

MRR: They didn't get quiet about George Bush though.

Roger: They got quiet and scared because they were afraid then, and guess what, someone's gonna be knockin' on their door!

MRR: That's always been my thing that I've talked about and argued about with you. I think the problem is that people want change but only candy-coated change. They want simple change, they don't want to work for the change or they don't want real change. They want whatever change is going to make them feel warm and fuzzy inside. And I think coming from somebody like you, you've seen the other side and you've actually truly fought for that change. It's good to hear that voice because I think a lot of people talk the talk but don't walk the walk. And that's the problem.

Vinnie: They got that change with Obama.

MRR: But is it real change though? I'm not saying anything against the President but was that real change or was that the warm and fuzzy change they wanted to make them feel good inside? I voted for him…(inaudible, all talking at once)

Roger: Well, I got eight thousand dollars

back! (laughter) What I wanted to say was, let's be straight up here, you can't change the world. A lot of people get too uptight and try to figure out how to change something. You can make a difference… and that's what we're about. Agnostic Front is about making a difference, a small difference…

MRR: Locally? Like in your community?

Roger: I've seen so much stuff that we've talked about years and years ago absolutely little by little come true. And we know we can't make these abrupt changes, but we know the route we're going. How many times have I been in a band, I'm still in a band by the way! (laughter) But I've sat there and I don't even know what to think, I only went to eighth grade! Vinnie only went to eighth grade, and we got nothin'! We don't have a retirement plan; we got nothin'. My certificate of graduation is *Victim In Pain*. This is why I gotta go get a job. How many times have I said to myself, "Damn, what did I do to my life?" I have kids, and what's gonna happen next? Then all of a sudden I'll jump out of the van and some kid comes up and is like, "Oh Roger, if it wasn't for you I would've never gotten through high school" or "I was suicidal and your lyrics got me through." Then all of a sudden those thoughts go away. Then I'm thinking I'm here for a reason. So, I feel that I've given. I'm a giver and I've given a lot. I'm not a taker, a lot of people are takers, and they want so much a part of you and their fucking draining. And little by little I've been giving those little messages to help, and with that I have a purpose in life.

MRR: When that guy comes up and hugs you…

Roger: Now I go on stage and I feel good about it and for a while I was feeling a little bit down about my life, his life, and what's next.

MRR: What have we done for thirty years?

Roger: Absolutely. You know what we've done? We've been saviors for people not knowing them. We've helped get through situations and we still do. Because that record, *Victim In Pain*, is a time capsule. Anyone a hundred years from now will put that record on and feel the way I felt about twenty five years ago and will have the same anger towards whatever superior or who ever is in charge.

MRR: You touched a lot of lives and influenced a lot of people. Some you have met and some you haven't but when you go on stage, whether its Milan, Italy or Bakersfield, California you go on stage and see the smile on a kid's face then come off all sweaty and that kid goes, "Man that was fuckin' great! You helped me get through some shit."

Vinnie: Even some older guys too, and that I get a kick out of!

MRR: And it's important to see older fucks that are still passionate about it, it's important to see that they haven't given up on the dream.

Roger: We were living in the streets we were living in shelters you know? In New York, and I'm not in New York anymore, I'm out here. I would always do a show around Thanksgiving and I'd tell everybody to bring a can of food. I would go to that same shelter that fed me, and Harley, my brother, little Chris, Eric and I would bring a shit load of fuckin' canned foods from CB's and drop it off every fuckin' year right before Thanksgiving. And a lot of people don't know that, because I used to live on the streets, and they'd know when I'd come with the van. We would also do one annual Christmas-time show for kids who are terminally ill.

photo by Chris Boarts Larson (1991)

Vinnie: We've done more benefits than any band I've ever known. I still do benefits.

Roger: I would go and buy toys and go to these kid's places and drop them off. I felt like Santa Claus.

MRR: Makes you appreciate how lucky we are.

Roger: To be honest, that's why I force my kids to listen to the old records—I let them enjoy whatever they want to enjoy, to me the stuff today doesn't instill the foundation. Music is not what it used to be…

Vinnie: You're not what you used to be! Neither am I! (laughter)

Roger: You know though, I want my kids to have morals and values, and that's the problem. A lot of people look at a punk record, something like *Victim In Pain*, and they don't realize it is morals, values, with a message. My twelve-year-old has started writing down lyrics because he wants to know what it is. Tell him about pride, faith and respect and that's all it is. Maybe we're old fashioned but it seems that people don't sit down and have dinner anymore. I make my family, and I don't even have to make them because my wife is the same as myself. We sit down at the dinner table and have dinner and talk about stuff. There is not gonna be four TVs in everybody's room, we're a family. These may be things I take from my socialist past, but we're gonna sit down and we're gonna eat. If you don't like what we have, like my mom "that's what's on the table."

MRR: Emily is of what decent?

Roger: She is Native American. Her father full Native American, and her mother is half Native American and half Mexican.

MRR: Those are people with strong traditions as well.

Roger: Absolutely.

MRR: So you gave us a little teaser with Bridge Nine but the LP will be on Nuclear Blast. Is that both domestic and Europe?

Roger: Worldwide. And space.

MRR: Are you guys playing any of the new songs yet?

Vinnie: No, they still gotta mature a bit. We're still working on them.

MRR: How old are you guys?

Vinnie: 54… how old are you?

MRR: 59!

Vinnie: 59! You look horrible!! (laughter) No! You look amazing! I thought I'd be older than you!

MRR: That's why we should talk about this because your grandchildren are probably listening to hardcore records.

Vinnie: I don't have grandchildren!? (laughter)

MRR: But you brought this up earlier, people are into hardcore from age 19 to 23, then they get into hip-hop or something like that. I say you weren't really sincere because if you embrace it this music like I did in the late '70s and early '80s, it becomes your life. You don't just dismiss it, you don't move on to swing music or put on cowboy clothes.

Roger: They don't have the passion; it's just a fad.

MRR: To borrow a tag line from the skinheads, it's a way of life. And you guys have developed a skinhead following, whether you wanted to or not. There is overlap between what we call New York Hardcore and skinhead music. So, if I'm at the Agnostic Front show I'm gonna see a lot of the same kids I saw at the Templars show.

Roger: Absolutely, I mean pretty much our roots are skinhead oriented. We love the working class, the blue-collar pride, that culture and scene is what we borrow from.

MRR: Did you consciously move into that scene? You have that t-shirt that's world famous with the boots that says Agnostic Front and skinhead. Is that something you guys did or the fans?

Roger: We did, because you know, we come from New York City and it could be very similar to San Francisco in this way. When I came to California, I saw some of the reasoning why Timmy Yohannan was saying what he said about skinheads. But you can't judge a book by its cover, and where we're from…

Vinnie: That shit don't fly.

Roger: Look, I'm Cuban and I grew up in the ghetto, and Hispanic and black people we live with one another. It was very multi-racial, lots of different cultures, so that ain't gonna work. It wouldn't be allowed.

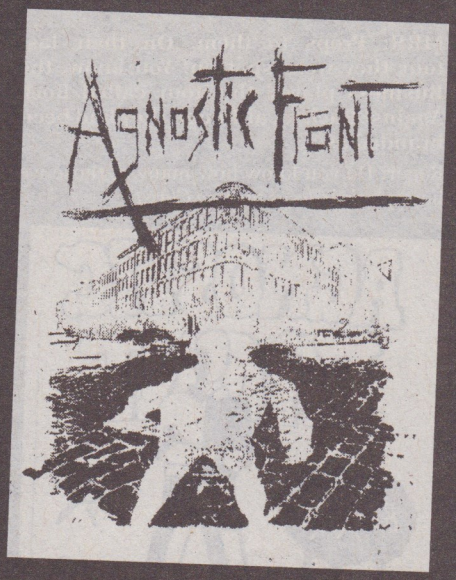
MRR: You can't have that racist attitude or you'll get beat down.

Vinnie: You'd have to be crazy!

Roger: Now, when we came through on our first national tour that's when I started seeing some of the stuff that Timmy Yohannan was talking about. In fact all the publicity he was giving us was actually drawing huge crowds for us, which was great! At that point we were known as the biggest American skinhead band,

MRR: It actually helped you! (laughter)

Roger: I remember in Cincinnati playing a show and people would come and see us wearing like Browns shirts and shit! It wasn't until we hit the West Coast, actually Texas and then the West Coast, did we actually start see some good ole' boys. But that stuff didn't fly with us, understand? We never saw eye to eye on that.



MRR: You can't be held responsible for neo-Nazi's in Fresno. They would've got beat down in New York, huh?

Roger: You know people wanna be what they wanna be and do what they wanna do, and it's on them. It's definitely something I don't believe in or am about, but it is freedom of speech and that's their choice. True, I believe it's disrespectful of a country that fought so hard against that, ya know? A true nationalist, a true person who is pro-American, I can't see them letting that fly anywhere.

Vinnie: It's 2010, there is a new enemy out there, and it's called the terrorist. They're still fighting with the World War II hats, what are you doing? Wake up, there is a guy over there with a bomb strapped to his back!

Roger: What I wanted to say though, was not until we went on that tour did I see things that I never knew were happening. I have a diary of that time, by the way, and I been writing a book so I been scanning those pages for the book. I saw stuff I can't believe I saw. We were in Alabama somewhere, we stopped to go to the bathroom and there were still actually bathrooms that said "blacks" and "whites." This was 1985! It was crazy! We saw a real KKK rally, middle of the highway and we pulled over! It was scary. We freaked out and jumped back in the van. Then we came out to California and we saw this really bad situation where people were not getting along with each other, especially in the skinhead scene between the different groups. We didn't see that and we didn't have that. Then we met Timmy Yohannan…

Vinnie: We all lived together in New York.

Roger: There, everybody was a minority. First minorities were the Irish, then Italians, then you had the Spanish but we all knew. They came thirty years before in the same wave and we knew where we were going. It was unequal and it was a struggle.

MRR: It's the melting pot, like when I went up to meet you and Willie in the Bronx where he has his car, and there are like fourteen stalls where everybody works on their car. In those stalls were guys who had the little Mazdas with the big exhaust pipe and there was a black guy working on his El Camino, and then there was a Portuguese guy and they were all talking smack to each other, especially Willie. I'm thinking, "How can they get even say this stuff?" But a lot of those guys grew up together in the same neighborhood.

Vinnie: We don't take it like that; you gotta be crazy to think like that.

Roger: This is a funny story. We get to California and we had this bet amongst us, whoever meets this guy Timmy Yohannan, punch him and knock him out, and you get ten bucks from all of us. That was the bet.

Roger: Well, he came to our show and he introduced himself. We all looked at each other, because he was a little old man and none of us wanted to hit him. So we sat down and we talked.

MRR: Had he published something about you or just talked shit about you?

Roger: At that point, I had agreed to do an interview with him, which I did.

MRR: On the phone?

Roger: No, we sent it by mail. These were the terms. So he sent it to me, I did it and he added to it. After I filled it out he took everything and he went and rebutted it. I was like, "Woah, where did this come from, and how come you don't send it back and let me talk?"

MRR: You didn't know about this until it ended up in print in *Maximum*?

Roger: Yes.

Vinnie: He got me on the phone once, and the end of the conversation was, "Well anyway to be a nice guy, have a nice Christmas. Take care. I don't believe in Christmas!" Thing is, he was so hell bent! It was nice, it was Christmas a few days coming.

Roger: Trying to bury a hatchet, which we thought we did when we were out here.

Vinnie: That was the last thing I remember, I'll never forget that.

MRR: So what happened? The interview comes out, you're out here playing, and…

Roger: It didn't stop there. The interview came out, and whatever happened, happened, but anytime anything happened that was skinhead he would attack us. He had a nickname for me; he called me Roger Ag-Nazi. He just kept attacking. Then my wife, at the time, Amy from Nausea, he used to give her shit for being married to me. She'd tell him, you don't even know my husband. You don't even know who he is.

MRR: Which is cool because they're like a peace punk band. He's from a communist country and she's Jewish!

Waddya want!? Come on!

Roger: We're like the real Sid and Nancy over here, you know. I'm like a skinny guy and she's a punk girl and like I said there were things that were just thrown out. I was like, we'll deal with him when we see him and we saw him and we were like we can't deal with him.

MRR: So what then?

Roger: So we talk. He came out to the On Broadway. It was a great show, he actually liked the show, he came back and said it was a great show and "You know what, I'm sorry," he actually apologized about everything and "Now that I met you guys..." So we're thinking this guy isn't that bad, we were really just being ourselves because that is the way we are. We go back home two, three months later and more shit comes out about us!

MRR: Word of mouth or through the magazine?

Roger: The magazine. He publishes more crap.

Vinnie: He was just hell bent, he needed a nemesis or something.

MRR: So you had no more dialogue with him after that?

Roger: Yeah, we realized it was a lost cause. The values I live my life by—you treat me right, I'll treat you right. I'll treat you right first, you don't have to come and kiss my ass. I will treat you respectfully from the minute you meet me. I will be very respectful and very genuine with you and I'm gonna expect that back. And I did that to him a couple times, and both times he kicked me in the ass. You think I'm gonna give him a third time? Absolutely not.

MRR: Well, we hope to put everything in perspective because after all the smack he was talking and all his negative input, I think we're getting it on the right track now. You guys are sending a good message to kids—you're not talking about hate and racism...

Vinnie: We never did!

Roger: We live in a giant melting pot. That's what we saw with the World Trade Center—everyone grouping together, all races, all cultures, everybody came together as Americans. That's what we are, we come together as Americans, we are an American band and we're gonna talk about the injustice and talk about oppression and how to overcome that, period. That's Agnostic Front.

MRR: Those are the good parts, and I think that even though a lot of people don't understand hardcore and skinhead music have a lot of positive messages, it's not all about fighting and big thick-necked guys.

Vinnie: We talk about pride, self-respect, family and honor.

Roger: Look at a band like the Business, they talk about almost the same things we talk about.

MRR: Props to them. On their last tour they were spot on! You know, the Business played this tour called Rock Against Racism, although they had been branded as...

Roger: Do you know how many of those we have played? *Jesus fucking Christ*.

MRR: They played several of those concerts and yet people still said, "Aren't the Business racist?"

Vinnie: Yeah, what do you want from people?

Roger: You wanna hear something funny? On our first tour, which Jack documented, we had this one guarantee, our biggest guarantee of the whole tour, we were so excited.

MRR: This is Europe?

Roger: America. Put it this way, the tour was like two months and we did like fifteen shows. (laughter) We would get into town and we were bored, and as we joined them we were on mescaline or whatever, so they threw us out after we were done. We were just crazy, we were nuts, we were drunk and high and nuts. So we had this one show, I'll never forget, it was either in Texas or New Mexico, and it was a five hundred dollar gig.

MRR: Which for you at that time was a big deal.

Roger: A major deal! So we get to this place and the kid's mother is there with the kid, and they said, "Hey, we want you to play" and it was a bar mitzvah! Oh, woah! Agnostic Front has to play one bar mitzvah, never done a wedding! This is in 1985, we played to the kid and his four friends in a proper bar mitzvah.

MRR: Did you wear a suit?

Vinnie: We came in the way we were!

Roger: We had oxblood Doc Martens...

MRR: You're telling me either the mother, the father or the uncle liked Agnostic Front?

Vinnie: No! The kid, the kid!

Roger: The mother got us for the son. It was crazy, it got even wilder. We played "Victim In Pain" twice and "United Blood" twice, it's all we knew. Everybody was all dressed up and we're all dirty with shaved heads and tattoos. Then the mother takes us out to eat ice cream afterwards, so we go out and eat ice cream thinking this is nice. Then we go to the house to stay there and she tries to sleep with me! It was really crazy.

MRR: Your not making this up!?

Roger: No, I woke up the guys and told them we gotta get outta here, it's too weird. We got the bar mitzvah, the ice cream and now she's trying to sleep with me, lets get the hell outta here!

MRR: I recently saw a link on the internet of some video of some old local access community cable channel of you guys when you were super young. Do you remember this at all? There is some guy dressed up in some goofy tuxedo jacket...

Roger: Oh, that's the...

Vinnie: *Uncle Floyd Show*!

Roger: He didn't show up and I had to play guitar. That's hilarious, there is actually one show, the oldest show you can find on YouTube, and it's at the 87 Club prior to *Victim In Pain*. Todd Youth was playing bass.

MRR: What about Jimmy? I love Jimmy Gestapo. He just seems like such a genuine guy, what's he like?

Roger: He's Vinnie's partner.

Vinnie: He's my partner at my tattoo shop. He's had a band for a lot of years, you know.

MRR: Yeah, I love Murphy's Law.

Vinnie: He's a great guy.

MRR: Is tattooing a good business for you, Vinnie?

Vinnie: Yeah, it's all right. We had a hard winter this year.

MRR: 2009 was one of the worst years I've ever seen, in terms of making money. Fortunately the band has kept playing though.

Vinnie: Thank god I have music in my life, I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I didn't to be honest with you, I've done it so many years you know?

MRR: How long were you guys living on the streets?

Vinnie: Roger lived in a van with four dogs...

Roger: I was living in squats...I lived in a

squat until the '90s.

Vinnie: I bought myself an apartment.

MRR: Where you were born and raised, right?

Vinnie: Yeah.

Roger: 1994 I moved out of the squats. That was the only reason I was able to tour because I was living in squats. I remember the first time NOFX went to New York and Fat Mike and everybody came to play CBGB's. I told them they could stay with me, and they were like, "Yeah, we'll go stay with Roger"... So I have them follow me and I pull up my van right in front of Avenue A and I park, and they pull in and park. They jump out with suitcases in hand and I say, "Where you goin'? You stay right here with me. Stay in the van." I put one of my pit bulls and threw him in the van and I said, "Now you're safe." (laughter) He'll never forget that he always tells people that story. Have him tell you that story. I've lived in squats and I've always worked with my hands. The last one I lived in was the 10th street squat, which we built from the ground up. I do all that stuff, electrical, I do everything. It was a real family, a real community.

opened the window and said, "Put it here," that was our refrigerator. It was winter, put it on the fucking ledge. That day my mom got me a small refrigerator. But I lived that way and I was ok with it. We had heat, my daughter's room was very well insulated... as long as we had heat and we weren't freezing, then we made it work by any means necessary.

MRR: Is Bridge Nine involved with the Western tour you're doing right now? Did they choose Death By Stereo?

Roger: We chose them—we picked them.

MRR: That's great; so few bands have control of that.

Roger: Some guy asked me yesterday, what does it take for me to buy on to a tour? I'm lookin' at him like, "Waddya mean?" He says, "You know, we been playing a lot and I wanna buy onto your tour," and I told him nobody buys onto our tour. That ain't how it works. We come around and we pick a band we want to play.

Vinnie: We wanna support the local hardcore scene.

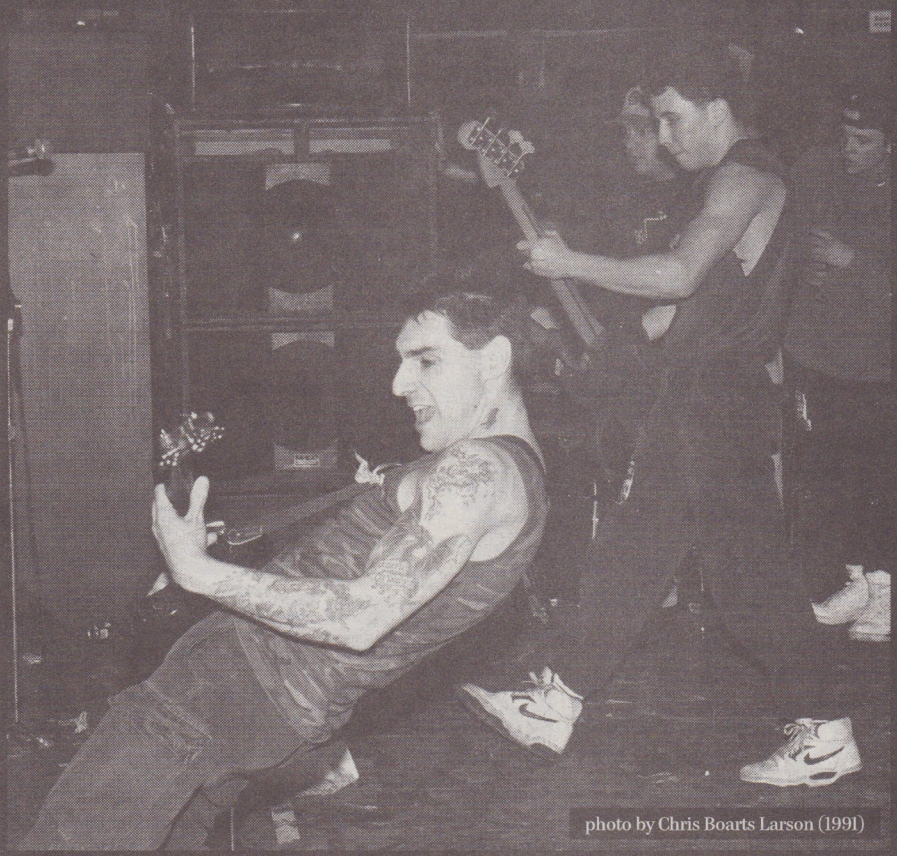


photo by Chris Boarts Larson (1991)

MRR: The building was gutted and you guys made it habitable?

Vinnie: It was really Roger because he knows how to do electrical and plumbing and everything, he's good like that.

Roger: I remember when my own family came to visit me, we had to skip some steps because they were missing, and they wanted to put something in the refrigerator and I

MRR: But you guys are still pluggin' along while so many bands have gone by the wayside.

Roger: It's like a giant roller coaster ride and we've been riding it. We love it; we're passionate about it. We've seen the highs we've seen the lows. We've played to 3500 people in New York and we've played times where it was only 200 people, and it doesn't matter to us. That's the thing about a lot of these bands, they escalate so fast and they get up so high that all of a sudden they have a tour bus and they never even had a van! All of a sudden they start coming down a little bit and they can't take it and they break up. We know the highs and lows—we've been on this ride awhile. We've been through divorces, murders...

Vinnie: Debts, births... I have one son.

MRR: How old is he?

Vinnie: He'll be fourteen next week. I'm gonna miss his birthday but...

Roger: You know how many birthdays I've missed? We've missed first days of school.

Vinnie: Thanksgiving.

Roger: You know how many Thanksgivings we have not had because we've spent them on an airplane?

Vinnie: A lot of them. But you know, hey, we're home for Christmas. The whole month is so great; I love it.

Roger: Christmas and New Years in New York is amazing.

MRR: You've told me that the US is the only place you want to live, even though you've seen it all.

Roger: Yeah, I'd say so.

Vinnie: There is a lot to America. There is the West Coast, the East Coast, you wanna live in the desert? You wanna live by the ocean? You wanna live in the mountains? You can choose, there is a lot to America.

Roger: Besides that my whole family is here too. I lived in England too, on and off for about a year, and it was great.

MRR: Was the band still active?

Roger: Yeah, I'd just meet them in Europe. I'd get off tour, I'd go back to London where I was living and they'd go back to America.

Vinnie: What's the difference? He lives in Arizona now! London, Arizona!? Don't matter.

Roger: Let me tell you one of the things about why I love America, why I love living in America. All these countries are great, I love them all, but I love hot rods and I love motorcycles and all that stuff and there are so many laws in Germany or Netherlands or Spain. You can't have the stuff we can have. You can't have a hot rod and blast down the fuckin' streets or a bike without having some sorta problem or some paperwork to deal with. That's what I love about here, I like the culture here so much, I'm so much into that culture. If that was allowed elsewhere, I would consider going to Amsterdam or Germany I have brothers out there that I love but you know, you got all these restrictions.

MRR: How wild does it get on the road? You guys are a little more seasoned, like veterans so there aren't as many drugs and alcohol and groupies.

Roger: Naw.

Vinnie: We got our married life. I go out

wylin' but I go home!

Roger: Here's what I figure about the road, and it took me a while to figure it out, it's very devilish. Everything's accessible to us. People offer us every drug in the world even though we aren't addicts.

Vinnie: That's what saved our band too, me and Roger, we're not druggies…

Roger: We've done our things here and there. Same thing, we've had women throw themselves at us and it's a test… but we're just so content and happy with our lives and how we live, that we don't want to sacrifice the great things we have at home. Our children, our wives they don't deserve it. I wouldn't want it done to me, so I'm not going to do it because I wouldn't want it to happen to me.

MRR: You should do a guest sermon at that punk rock church in Brooklyn, if you just speak from the heart you'll give a better message than most religion does.

Vinnie: I think we all basically live by the Ten Commandments. Thou shall not kill—I think we can all agree on that one. Thou shall not steal, right? So you go down the line a few more, so you don't agree with one or two, who cares?

Roger: I learned a lot of stuff when I was incarcerated. After I did my longest stretch is when I realized it wasn't all about me. I did things relentlessly and crazy and I had crazy friends and we were really growing up among criminals, all of us. We did, by all means, whatever we had to do to live and live by the law of the streets. Survival of the streets—we did everything that had to be done and we defended each other, our territory, our women, we stuck to our rules of "this is our tribe." We are lions down here. Until my daughter came around, I had to do my time in prison and I started to realize that I was starting to hurt people outside of this little inner circle. Like my kid would come visit me in prison and she would cry because she would want me to come home. Then my mother, who lives a million miles away, she didn't even know I was incarcerated till eight or nine months later, she freaked out. You start hurting other people and you start growing up. It took a while for me to grow up, I got to tell you, it took a while. But I think, a lot of my growing up, you can hear it on my record, my message. You can hear as I'm evolving in songs and what I talk about, those are all real experiences and real stories, this is true street rock 'n' roll. That's why I think people are so genuinely into them… I used to say every man should go to prison or war to appreciate what you have. When you are so far away from your thing and you're on your own, probably war would be better than prison, because you know at least you have walls around you and you really gotta stand up for yourself. There are a lot of people who can't do that, who can't man up, you know what I'm sayin'?

MRR: You do some soul searching. You look inside. I bet you were pretty happy when you got out. And Vinnie, I bet you were even happy to see him! (laughter)

Roger: Remember when I got out? There was a video out—there was that famous record *Live At CBGB's*, and that came out while I was incarcerated.

MRR: You didn't get your copy until months later. (laughter) Well, you're lucky and we're lucky, in a way, that that made you concentrate on what's important and what's real. No more bullshit.

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BERNAYS PROPAGANDA

What I find fascinating about Bernays Propaganda is that they decided to go on a European tour just after the first and only album. Now that shouldn't be surprising considering that this band is made of former FxPxOx *members, right? Another thing that may be strange is that I'm the one doing this interview. Why? I've never listened to this kind of music—well, we won't count* Fugazi*—but because the band is from our area and I know Vasko, I gave them a chance. As a result, and the fact that there is a female vocalist that gives the band a special sound, I ended up listening this band non-stop for over a month. If my knowledge and my memory serve correctly, they are the only band in Macedonia that is currently playing, recording a new LP and planning a new European tour.*
Questions answered by guitarist Vasko.
Interview by Nemanja Boškovic, Photos by Igor Kostov

MRR: Did this band start upon the breakup of FxPxOx or was something going on even before? Where's the desire to play something completely different from the previous band coming from?
FxPxOx died in autumn of 2008. Bernays Propaganda started in summer of 2006. Every band is an attempt to express yourself in a different manner. Before FxPxOx, I was expressing myself in a different ways as well. Personal evolution is the only natural process in the story of the civilization. That's our connection with this planet. From other side, Bernays Propaganda is not completely different than FxPxOx. Only the music changed, the attitude remained almost the same.

MRR: Your band is one of the few that doesn't sing in English, why? Is it harder for you to make it in the West because of it? How important is the language of singing? Does the language make any difference to the labels? Who's writing the lyrics?
We wrote like 20 songs so far, from which only three are on English. The rest are in Macedonian. Tina writes 95% of the lyrics. I think that language is not more important than the message and the honesty. So, who cares about which language you choose to sing. Most people do not understand the colonial aspect of the English language. So, being anti capitalist and singing in English sometimes is completely different thing. Most labels only care about selling records. We are trying to survive, but not on any conditions. So, maybe because of that, we sing mostly on Macedonian and include English translation of the lyrics. It's a perfect balance between the "must haves" of colonization and desire for free expression.

MRR: Tina writes for some local newspapers, right? What's that all about?
She writes columns for the biggest daily newspaper every second Saturday. I believe that having creative integrity within the writing process for pieces that hundreds of thousands people will read is really great in this time of total informative control and ignorance. I think that Tina's columns help our type of people to be clearly understood by others. With every column, Tina becomes a symbol of free speech in Macedonia. Crass should be proud of her.

MRR: How do you make songs? Does everyone participate? What's more important to you, lyrics or music?
I write most of the music and Tina writes most of the lyrics. I think that in our case both dimensions are really important. For me, the most important is spiritual aspect of our songwriting. Because of that, we are spend six weeks in a deep forest totally naked surrounded by good and evil forces of the nature. The spirits of creation, thanks to our free, natural love and vegan/vegetarian diet, bless each of our songs. Also, life without cellular phone in that six-week process helps a lot. I think that Crass fans should be proud of us as well.

MRR: Bernays Propaganda is known as a band that plays a lot. Do you know how many shows you had so far? How do you fit jobs and touring?
One of our goals is to play a lot. Before the fall of the visa regime, touring was a direct political action equaling a heroic epic tale for most of the people in our country. We've done around 200 shows so far. This year we will play around 100 more. But, since there are no visas, we are not heroes anymore. We are just second-class visitors of EU now. Touring and job fits great because touring is our main job.

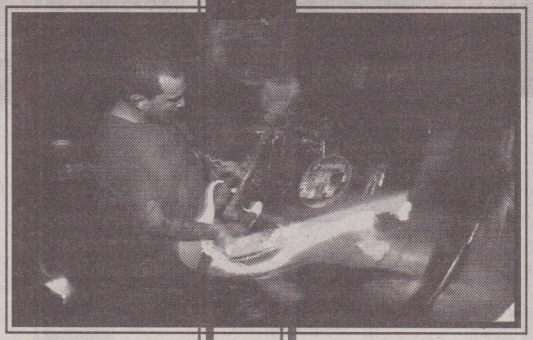
MRR: What's the difference between playing in Europe and the former Yugoslavia?
It's always different and it depends from the place. We are more popular in the former Yugoslavia than in Europe. That makes big difference. Yugoslavian promoters pay for hotels and in EU we sleep mostly on floors. Also there are no borders in the EU, which gives us false feeling of freedom. One of the main differences is that almost no one in EU has a clue what ajvar [a relish, made principally from red bell peppers, with eggplant, garlic and chili pepper] is. Also former Yugoslavia is a peace of cake speaking in terms of their colonial background, compared to EU. So, Yugoslavians in the past were stealing mostly from their neighbors and Western Europeans were stealing mostly from Africa, Asia and America. But even beside that, we've managed to have biggest cross over in Europe and, believe it or not, someone believes that our city Skopje is no. 89 greatest city in Europe.

MRR: You play big festivals, like Exit and Antifa fest in Zrenjanin, why? Don't you think that this is partial commercialization? Is there disapproval among people, especially ultra PC punks? Do you consider your band DIY band?
First of all, EXIT and Antifa fest are not similar festivals. Exit is one of the biggest festivals in Europe and no one is interested in bands. Most of the people are going there only because of drugs and wild open-air sex. Antifa festival attracts around 500-1000 people supporting people's freedom of choice and

tolerance. Also, by playing commercialized fests like Exit, we can pay our bills and have the opportunity to play a lot of shows with cheap door prices.

MRR: Are you fans mostly HC punks or you have different kinds of fans?
Different people are listening to our music. Jello Biafra once said that fan is a short name for a fanatic. I agree with that, so because of that don't know if we have any fanatical following. I can swear that I'm really fanatical supporter of Vic Bondi. That means listening to his music all the time and thinking of his message before you go to bed.

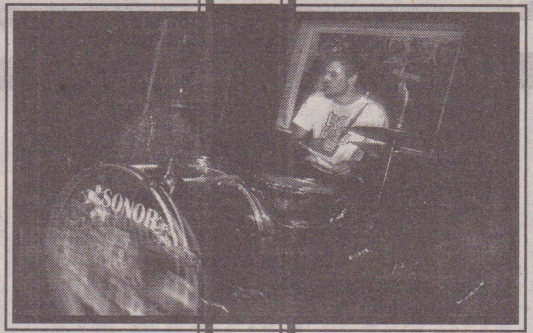
MRR: There is a lot of talk about BP, how much did FxPxOx contribute to that? How difficult it is and what does it take to spread the news about the band beyond the borders of it's own country?
Most of the punks know us because of FxPxOx, but outside of that group, people don't know this band. So, because of the fact that three of us were in FxPxOx some HC kids love us. We know only one way to spread the news, by hard and honest work. Also, internet can help sometimes.



MRR: How important is to you with which bands you play, are you willing to compromise?
How do you mean? Do you think of the bands that we share the stage with? If that's right, we believe that we play with bands, which have cool band members that have good hearts. No one knows what's hiding inside people's head.

MRR: We are witnessing the disastrous sale of records, lack of elementary solidarity with the people. How does BP manage, how many copies of the first record did you sell?
Our first album was pressed only on 1500 CDs and 500 LPs. I think that most will be gone soon. We are selling most of the records on tour. Maybe if we would take offers from MTV and some other mainstream medias we could sell even more, but we still believe in DIY network of friends, with some non DIY exceptions, just to have few orthodox DIY punks making bad publicity around. Maybe we are naive?

MRR: How are you doing in Macedonia, how many copies of your records did you sell? You made a comment at the last FxPxOx show about people's lack of interest to buy records. Can you tell me what happened? How do we motivate people to support bands/fanzines/shows?
There was only 500 CDs pressed here and we've sold all of them. Even beside the fact that our album was voted as album of the year by legendary radio station 103 and plagij.at web music portal. People of today don't want to keep bunch of stuff in their homes. So, when you have reality like that you should be lucky when someone buys your record. For me, it's really great when you can share your music with other people. Free downloads are a really great way to do it. There are a bunch of free downloads to our music.



MRR: How come the booklet in your record is so extensive with a lot of interesting stories? Is it about fear that you will experience how a man becomes a total parasite which will have it's own robot to do everything needed? How far is the man willing to go in this alienation?
We will see what happens. Alienation is a result of our time. There are so many things going on nowadays. People are so confused because of that. Having a huge booklet in our record increases the chance that someone will think that we are really smart and maybe because of that someone will believe in our lyrics which is first step to get fanatical following.

MRR: Few years ago Macedonia was on the verge of civil war. What in fact happened and how's the situation now, how are things developing? At that time, did you think that there would be war, what were your thoughts during that time?
In 2001 there was a war between Macedonian authorities and Albanian paramilitary. This conflict had economical background like every war before. Nation and religion are only good excuses to wear some military clothes and kill some civilians around. Maybe it's not smart to talk shit about a bunch of bad and strong motherfuckers armed to teeth, but I think that they suck and should maybe try to fall in love for the first time. So, I don't know what happened in 2001, but I know that today we still live in country with 40% unemployment. Even beside that small handicap, our government managed to spend between 40 and 80 million Euros on monuments and classy buildings and we are still voiceless minor threat.

MRR: What do you think how will Kosovo's declaration of independence affect the future of Macedonia? Are people afraid?
I think that Albanian mainstream politic belongs to a past. I don't believe in national states, so every new state makes me afraid for the future. People should gather around culture in any aspect, not around money fueled hatred .Man, I can't believe that people still consider nationalism as a best option to keep themselves together.

MRR: How's the scene in Macedonia, do you have a lot of bands? Perhaps the logical question is whether the people are interested in punk? Situation is clearly different than a few years ago.
Hardcore scene is total banana. Indie scene is way better, but also close to banana. I think that people are not motivated and supportive enough. There are like 30 kids at HC shows I'm involved in so it's more and more becoming like a family. Man, it's so NYHC. Also today's HC scene is way different than when I became part of it. Today you can count on fingers kids interested in animal liberation and anarchism. But, today is way easier to become a legend. That's so cool.

MRR: Let's talk about new album. Are you working on it? When is it coming out and on which label? What's the difference between this one and the first one?
Our second album named *My Personal Holiday* came out in May on six different labels on CD and vinyl, off course. You can pay for the download or get it for free. It depends on your fan level. It's way different that the first one. Don't believe bands that don't change their music and don't evolve their personal philosophy. Wow, this was kind of messiah message.

MRR: What are your plans after?
To continue with the band and to stay fanatical. Oops, another message. I guess that makes me fanatical enough. I will ask my management and communications teacher is that ok. Thank you! Let us know something on: bpropaganda@freemail.com.mk

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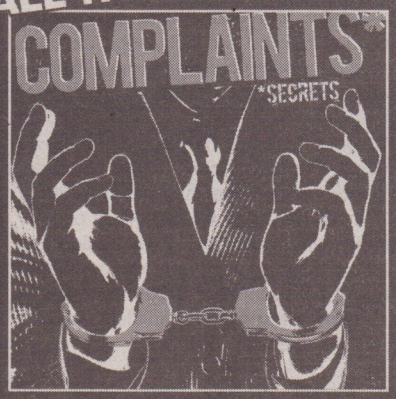

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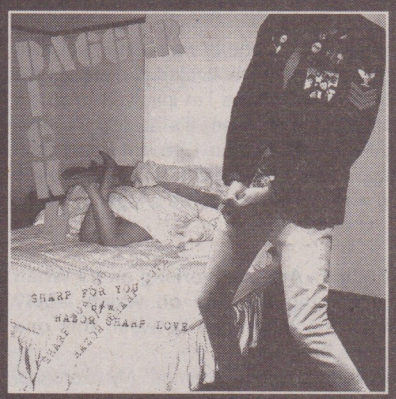

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CONVERSIONS

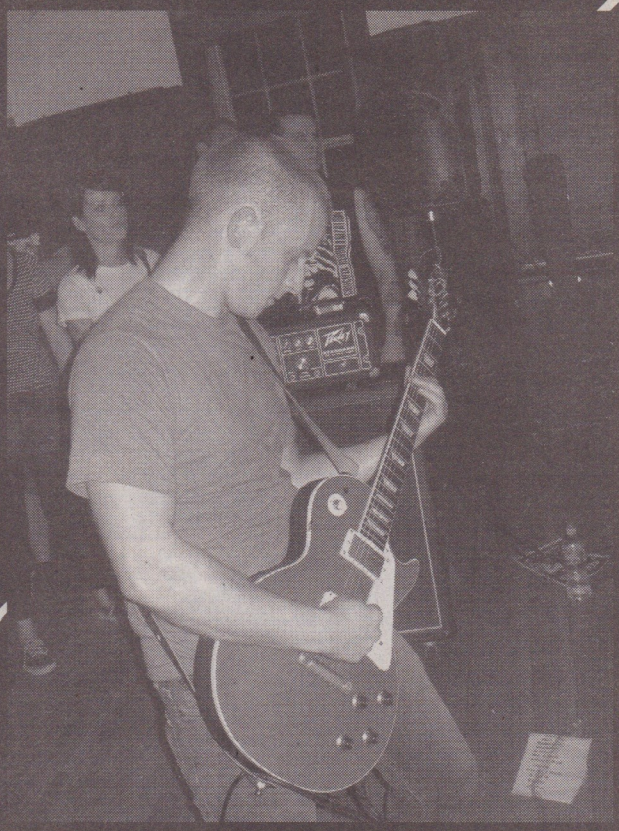
*Hailing from Boston, The Conversions were celebrated for being an acceptable anomaly: a band that placated the punx with their masterful delivery of "short, fast and loud" in the process of doing far more. They forged hints of post-punk, bursts of free jazz improv, scabrous vocals and early '80s hardcore velocity into an innovative head-on take on the new millennium that is still fun to think about. They were the rare breed of dynamic quartet equally as thrilling to have screaming in one's face live as to ponder from a distance over time, with a recorded output that includes a split EP with Witches With Dicks (*It's Not A Phase, Dad!*), a 7" (Namennayo), the* Prisoners' Inventions *LP (Level Plane), and a posthumous LP,* Spineless Wonders, *that was recently released by Ride the Snake. Billed popularly as "stop. start. hardcore," they appealed to a wide collision of weirdos from a variety of musical worlds in a heyday that spanned the years 2005-2008. Simply put, there is never a dull moment where these four people are concerned, and their music aged well.*
Interview by Rachel Cotton, photos by Al Quint.

MRR: Who played what in the Conversions and what were your previous histories with each other and other bands?
Chris Strunk: I played drums in Conversions, Terry sang, Rob played bass, and Beau played guitar. Terry and I had been in two hardcore bands together, one called Glory Fades and another called Refuseniks. After Refuseniks imploded, we wanted to do another band together, and Terry wanted to sing instead of playing bass. I met Rob through playing in bands with his older brother Ross. I liked him immediately and thought he had lots of good ideas, so we got Rob into the fold. After a few practices with Rob on guitar, me on drums, and Terry singing, Rob brought his old friend Beau in to play guitar and he switched to bass and that was the line up till the end of the band. I feel like the four of us clicked immediately. I've been in some bands where practicing and songwriting are painful, but everything came fairly easily to us.
Rob Noyes: Beau and I met in high school and were in a couple bands together. I knew Chris and Terry from going to shows. When Refuseniks broke up, we talked about doing a band. I remember being really flattered at the time. I hadn't been in too many bands at that point and they seemed like these cool adults who were in bands that put out records and everything. We practiced for at least a month before we got Beau to join.
Beau Mooney: I met Rob in the Burlington Mall food court through a friend when we were 14 or 15 years old. He grabbed my butt.

MRR: In terms of the name Conversions, is there any meaning behind that? How strong would it be as a tattoo idea?
Chris: It essentially means nothing. *The Conversions* is the title of a book by the great Oulipo novelist Harry Mathews. I love the book, but it has nothing to do with the band. I think we all just agreed that it was an OK name for a band. It was definitely better than any other names that were thrown around at the time. I think at one point we might have been called Mean Girls. Thank god that didn't happen!
Terry Cuozzo: It means we have been called Convergence and The Conversations more times than I can remember.

MRR: Given the fact that various members have been in bands with each other in the past (and continue to be in bands together at present), was there a different vision or goal at the onset of the Conversions? And was it realized?
Terry: To do something different. To freak people out. To an extent I think it worked.
Chris: In addition to maintaining a really consistent work ethic, my personal goal with this band was to play some form of hardcore punk music that didn't specifically reference some older version of punk and wasn't nostalgic at all but also didn't lose any of hardcore's velocity or abrasiveness. I don't think we can really judge if we did this or not ourselves.

MRR: Who were your influences within that process?
Rob: Out Cold and Jerry's Kids were big influences on my writing for the band. The majority of Conversions songs were an attempt at combining that style of hardcore with strange rhythms and things like using more space. There were other influences for me like early funk, reggae, and 20th



century composers but I don't think any of that is too obvious and would usually influence something pretty subtly.

Chris: We had a ton of influences. Early '80s punk and hardcore were obviously a huge influence, but so was early '80s British post punk and DIY stuff. I feel like I listened to records like *Entertainment!* by Gang of Four and *Metal Box/Second Edition* by PiL so much when I was 12-17 years old that I've just internalized them and everything I do ends up being influenced by those records even when I'm not consciously thinking about it. I feel like reggae as filtered through British post punk bands like Gang of Four, This Heat, and PiL played a big part in how we structured songs, but we played them really fast. For me, another key influence was the noisier British C-86 bands from the mid to late '80s like bIG fLAME, Stretcheads, and Bogshed. Some drum beats were cribbed from techno records. The song "Cause and Effect" from Spineless Wonders is basically just an attempt to play the second song from Pan Sonic's Quad box set as a live band. It didn't end up sounding like that, though. Free improv also played a part. Certain free music like locals Heathen Shame, or the band that played on Peter Brotzmann's *Machine Gun* LP, or Sonny Sharrock's *Black Woman* and *Monkey-Pockie-Boo* LPs, or Borbetomagus, has the same energy level as hardcore, but not the structure, but I feel like we may have felt a common thread there and it got incorporated into our band a bit. One contemporary punk influence was the Kick and Punch bands from Denmark like Amdi Petersens Armé and Gorilla Angreb and even the Formaldehyde Junkies (who were from the US and not on Kick n Punch) who all had tinny almost non-distorted guitar sounds. I think we were influenced by these bands early on to be a bit thin sounding and not heavy. Slampt Records bands filter into my songs somehow. Rob's answers are probably better since he actually wrote the majority of the material.

MRR: How did that song writing process work?

Rob: I guess the song writing process was probably the same as most bands as far as songs I wrote were concerned. Usually just putting a couple different riffs together. Probably the only difference is that often I would come up with a rhythmic idea first and then write from that.

Chris: Rob wrote 80% of the material. He basically brought in finished songs that people sometimes added to, but sometimes didn't. It was harder for me to write songs since I can't actually play a guitar or anything. The songs I wrote were brought about by sort of figuring out the notes on a guitar and then singing and gesturing and stuff till we all figured it out. It could take awhile sometimes and could be pretty funny. Lots of falsetto yodeling! Terry wrote 100% of the lyrics.

Terry: Although our sound went in a noisier, more abstract direction as we progressed as a band, even our demo songs were far from straightforward, so at first I wasn't sure what I would do vocally. But as soon as we started to get going, it just sort of came easily. I was basically just another instrument who could freak out in whatever way I wanted as long as it all fit together. It was incredibly fun. I think because there was such a specific dynamic in the band, we inevitably had some struggles with ideas/goals, etc., but that shit never detracted from us playing and the things that we produced. The best part about this band was that everyone really had their own unique role and the band could have never existed if someone else had been put in anyone's spot. That's my favorite thing about Conversions.

MRR: Related to that point, I've been trying to get away from the notion of confining bands to the label "female fronted ____," particularly with a band like this where there's clearly so much more going on, for both the band and the female. What are your thoughts on "female fronted" as a label?

Terry: I think it's inevitable that reviews/descriptions, etc., are going to mention that a band is "female fronted;" it's not necessarily the norm for punk bands and it has just become the habit of saying it. I will admit that if I hear of a band having ladies in it, I am inclined to check it out (it's the whole "we are women, let's stick together" thing). It comes from the general feeling of being a minority, in any scene or situation. You tend to be attracted to others who are in the same boat. There are some bands that use being all women as a focal point (lyrics, artwork, etc.) and then there are bands that have women in them and it's not really something that is even thought about. Either way it's usually mentioned as a category or a rarity. It's centuries of history; the punk scene won't change that. Girls are aliens. Personally, I don't think labeling Conversions as a "female fronted" band is necessary. I am proud of being a lady and being in bands, but it just seems redundant. Conversions was always listed like that on flyers, reviews, etc. I feel like it did a disservice to the boys in the band. There was so much more going on in this band than the fact I have a high voice and boobs. I did use my place in the band to write about issues that sometimes women could relate to more, as it was a good outlet and a way to use my voice, but labeling us as female fronted is like someone asking "How's your new car?" and you saying "It's blue."

MRR: Totally agreed. You and I have talked about being women with an interest in aggressive music and creating it. For many of us, punk can be a positive outlet for our anger and frustrations with the world, yet even in a supposedly open minded scene there are sometimes still restrictive notions about how women should behave, look and be treated.

Terry: I don't think we can ever expect to achieve an ideal level of respect for each other in the punk scene if it doesn't exist in the world outside punk. As much as we would all like it to be, punk is not some utopian world where history has been thrown out the window. I'd like to think there are ways people can use alternative means to do good and promote better attitudes, but we are not an untouchable

all the positives of playing live, the music you were creating bridged the gap between the punk scene, you, and some of the more experimental music that Boston is internationally celebrated for. You split bills with plenty of touring punks but also with locals like Heathen Shame, Major Stars, Neptune, Forbes Graham, and Life Partners. Was there a preference?

Chris: Well, a lot of the same people were at all our shows no matter who was playing. I did get kind of bummed out when more punk people would make fun of a band like Neptune, who I think are great, but in general we kind of made punx aware of some of the great non punk bands in town and vice versa. Socially there were a lot of connections there already and I think crowds may have actually been bigger at shows due to multiple facets of the Boston music scene coming out to see us. Locally we became the acceptable punk/hc band for people who weren't normally into that sort of thing. I feel like punk is more of a social/lifestyle thing, but music nerds who are already into obscure or challenging music will be able to get into anything interesting that you throw at them, so I feel good that we could provide them with enough to perk peoples' interest. I was happy to bridge that gap, and really feel I have more in common with music nerds than gutter punx so I'm glad that lots of different kinds of people were into us, and after awhile there was no difference between any of our shows because mostly the same people came to them.

Terry: Most of our shows on tour were straight up punk shows. But locally we got to play with a mix of bands/scenes. It was cool. It's no fun to play to the same people all the time so it was cool to be "musically involved" with new people that I may have never met otherwise. Plus it turned me on to a bunch of Boston bands I had never seen before. Being on a show with all punk bands and being the odd man out on a mixed bill were both great. I liked both!

MRR: You toured the US twice and Mexico. Are there any standout shows or experiences from those tours?

Chris: The whole Mexico experience was amazing. We had no idea what was going on, but then suddenly a van would show up and take us to a show. Thanks so much to Fernando and Venus for setting up that part of the tour. We also got to do weird things in Mexico like

bubble.

Chris: I think Terry has covered this, but I did really like her performance style and noticed, particularly at a show we played in the basement of a health food store to mostly teenagers in rural Vermont but at other times too, that it seemed like other women could draw strength from Terry's performances. I was happy and proud to have that element to the band.

MRR: Me too! As someone who loves punk, it was always a thrill to be part of your energy and intensity live, but it was also personally inspiring as a woman. What was it like to front a band like Conversions?

Terry: Fronting Conversions was incredibly fun. The music was so dynamic and wacky that the freak out was inevitable. It was contagious. It was our dynamic as a group. It was exhausting and so much fun. The fact that I was a woman probably made more of a difference to the people watching us play than to anyone in the band. I like being a fairly aggressive front person; there was a lot of contact and craziness, and I think that's what made it so fun for me. Weirding people out is amusing, and interacting with an audience is really the only worthwhile way to front a band for me at least. The downside of this was how it was sometimes perceived. There were times when audience members reacted to us playing in unfortunate ways. I think that can happen to anyone in a band, male or female. When you go see a band play and the singer is in your face, everyone tends to push and shove and touch each other and no one thinks anything about it. There were some unfortunate incidents where people reacted to the fact that I was a woman acting this way and took it as some sort of open invitation to toss all manners and decency out the door. We all remember that lovely Charlie's patron. Putting a lady in a wrestle hold and dry humping her is not polite. To him, a woman acting aggressively translated to him as a woman with no pride or decency and whose body was fair game. It's easy to joke about pieces of shit like this in retrospect, but it was and still is disturbing. I'm not him so I can't say if he would have done that if I were male. Either way it would not be ok.

MRR: It certainly wouldn't, and you make a lot of really important points with your last few responses. In terms of

play with eight pro-life mosh metal bands on a gigantic stage in a gigantic club. Traveling and making friends is always great.
Terry: Mexico was incredible. It was interesting to talk to some of the bookers about a) how rare it is for bands from the Northeast to play there and b) how even more rare it was for bands with women in them to play there. Everyone was really nice and grateful. One show we got picked up by a huge Greyhound bus for two bands plus Logan. That's fucking class. And watching kids go apeshit for BSA every night was great. Minneapolis bowling alley show where Rob played air bass.

MRR: Any local show highlights?
Chris: Really early on we played the CD release show of a local experimental/avant rock band called Devil Music. Devil Music put a band of twelve and thirteen-year-old kids called Undecided Youth on the bill because the guitarist in Devil Music was one of the kids in the band's guitar teacher. Some of our friends came and some of Devil Music's friends came, but the majority of the audience were twelve and thirteen-year-old kids who were friends of Undecided Youth and their parents, which was hilarious and ended up being kind of OK. One dad came up to me when we were finished and told me he liked our sound. I accidentally cursed in front of a bunch of twelve-year-olds when I had some problems with my bass drum pedal. I was hoping Undecided Youth were going to sound like Old Skull, but they just played radio rock covers. There were a lot of great shows at Re:Generation in the first half of the band's existence. The Christmas show which was just with us, Social Circkle, and Poison Control stands out. Both times we played at the Nom D'Artiste loft which was the best venue in Boston for ten years, were really packed and great. The Snake Apartment/Heathen Shame/Clockcleaner/and us show at the Lilypad stands out for its musical quality and also the sheer brazenness of having this really loud show right in the middle of a really posh area of Cambridge from 10 pm to 1 am.
Terry: Record Release at Nom D'Artiste. That YWCA show where everyone stood on the stage and Posi Force did all Green Day covers. Oh and that Devil Music show because there were free snacks.

MRR: The *Prisoners' Inventions* LP cover has a bunch of photographs of prisoners' inventions on it, and the new *Spineless Wonders* LP features detailed diagrams of arthropods. Where did these ideas come from?
Chris: The song "Prisoners' Inventions" and the LP cover were inspired by a book I bought at Quimby's in Chicago that was written and drawn by a prisoner named Angelo. It was diagrams and directions for how to build various inventions that allow prisoners to do basic things in their cells like heat water and make a grilled cheese sandwich. The idea for the song was that with all of the post-9/11 federal invasion of privacy stuff going on that soon everyone in America would have to learn how to do these things. Martin Pavlinic, our friend and graphic designer, came up with the idea of building the prisoners' inventions and photographing them for the cover, and Martin, me, Rob, and Beau spent a fun afternoon trying to make a grilled cheese sandwich by burning rolled up toilet paper underneath it, trying to heat water in a mug with toothbrushes, and making a "muff bag" which unfortunately broke on someone's bed. I think it worked out well.
Rob: I saw a children's book about insects called *Spineless Wonders* when I was younger. I always thought the double meaning there would be good for a record title so I threw it out as a suggestion when we were doing the record and everyone seemed to like it.

MRR: What are you listening to these days?
Chris: Hmm...the Daylight Robbery LP on Residue is fantastic. I've been really impressed with lots of bands from Vancouver recently so I've been listening to the Defektors, Nü Sensae, and Modern Creatures records on Grotesque Modern a lot. Parson Sound box set on Subliminal Sound. *The Secret Museum of Mankind* double LP reissues of tons of 78s from all over the world from the early 20th Century. The Fuckin' Flyin' A-heads 7" reissue. Local Boston experimental musician Linda Aubrey Bullock's new CD on Sedimental Records is great. I recently got the '90s SF art punk band the Vulvettes' discography CD which is really creepy and great. Mike Nesmith's *Magnetic South* and *...And the Hits Just Keep Coming* LPs. All the bands that I hear through my bedroom floor: Bloody Gears, Confines, Eunuch, Failures, Social Circkle. All great bands.
Terry: I second the Daylight Robbery LP being insanely good. Anything by Shitty Limits and Deskonicidos. Arctic Flowers, and The Sceptres. Burning Kitchen, but that's every day not just these ones. Live – SQRM.
Beau: Mostly old time Appalachian fiddle and banjo music with some Midwestern and Ozark stuff thrown in. Same stuff I was listening to when Conversions started really.

MRR: What's everyone doing now?
Chris: Rob, Beau, and I have a new band with our friend Jeff (Walker) called Vile Bodies that is just about to release a cassette on the Razors and Medicine tape label. I also play in improv duos with my friends Brendan (Murray) and Noell (Dorsey). The duo with Noell just released a tape on the YDLMIER label. I spend a lot of my spare time working on putting out records on the collective Ride the Snake record label now. We've just released records by Boston garage rockers Black Clouds, Australian indie pop band Native Cats and Anita Fix and Bam Bam.
Terry: I sing in Foreign Objects and play guitar in Pink Nightmare. Both have new EPs dropping this fall. West Coast look out for us in January!
Rob: Vile Bodies like Chris mentioned, and Beau and I are in a band called General Interest. I also play in Bloody Gears.

MRRL How do we hear those projects and get copies of the new record(s)?

Conversions, General Interest
www.ridethesnakerecords.com
6 Wadleigh Place, Boston, MA 02127

Vile Bodies
vilebodieshc.blogspot.com
www.razorsandmedicine.com

Foreign Objects
www.myspace.com/objectsforeign
Shock to the System can get you the EPs/tapes

Pink Nightmare
www.myspace.com/pinknightmareboston
email compactchaos@gmail.com for demos/future EP

Bloody Gears
www.derangedrecords.com

YDLMIER tapes:
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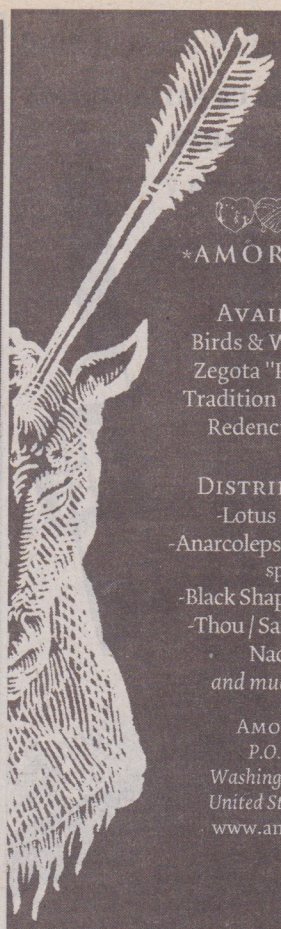

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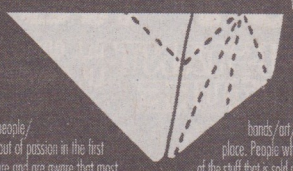

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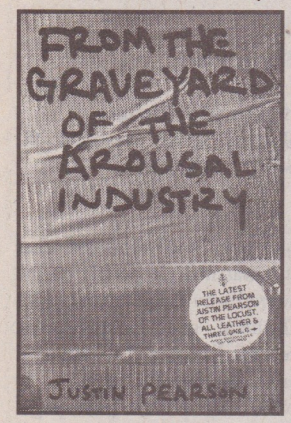


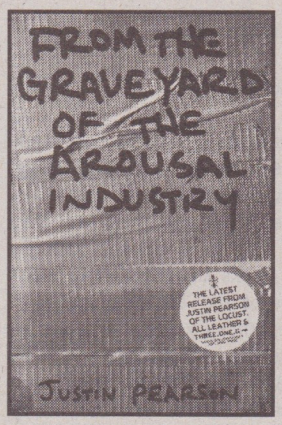
From the Graveyard of the Arousal Industry
Justin Pearson
208 pages · $14.95
Soft Skull Press
www.softskull.com

This book is a memoir slash autobiography written by Justin Pearson, aka JP, who was a member of a slew of San Diego bands from the mid '90s onwards, most notably Struggle, Swing Kids, and The Locust, as well as co-running Three One G records. In case you, like me, missed the memo, JP now has the status of "true punk legend," or so says the back cover, but then again coming from a member of Yeah Yeah Yeahs — well make of that what you will. Reviewing autobiographies candidly is a difficult task without appearing to somehow question the validity of the author's life as a "story", which would be pretty unkind. However, having read book this cover to cover (it took an hour and a half) I must say I'm feeling pretty unkind. The writing was of outstandingly poor quality to the extent where I honestly fail to see how this was published, at least in its current form.

Aside from the turgid prose, there are many issues with the content of this book. JP has a lot of beef to settle and unfortunately chooses his book as the platform to shit-talk all who may have wronged him in years gone by. This is of little interest to anyone except an immediate circle of Yes-Men, and possibly a few rabid fans of that particular time and place in punk, who may for their own reasons care about who from was sleeping with who fifteen years ago. San Diego scene obsessives may also find their interest piqued by the stories about the first Struggle tour or JP's experience seeing Downcast at Gilman St, which is perhaps the only expression in this book that isn't loaded with epic, dull "over-it" cynicism, that and his retelling of Eric Allen's suicide. I'm an unashamedly major fan of the earlier bands from that scene, but even my patience was stretched reading for the tenth time how ahead of the curve the Locust were. JP takes frequent opportunities to proselytize on the musical ground that they may or may not have broken, frequently referencing the dropped jaws of philistine audiences in their early days, bragging about fighting people, or rather getting other people to fight for him. It grates, just as descent into talk of audience bases and management and industry clout also bring on the yawns. His outstandingly weird attitude towards the women in his life remains stolidly adolescent throughout. Granted, this is an individual that had an extremely harsh childhood that has clearly impacted all relationships since. As such, a carousel of badly-selected, badly-treated (by his own admission) dysfunctional girlfriends haunt these pages. Pearson shows such a shocking lack of humility about his life and a cold dismissive-ness towards everyone around him apart from the odd "cool cat" here and there, that I found myself wondering at several points if I was somehow being fooled by some experiment in automatic writing a la the Situationists, possibly one that involved a rule of no metaphors or adjectives, so bland and unstructured were the narratives here.

I have often pondered the "big secret", what the in-joke to end all in-jokes might be that allows all tongues involved with Three One G's affiliated bands to be so permanently "in-cheek." They have always relied on the perennial "Ooh look, a dead lady" aesthetic and comedic gore (peppered with some predictably ambiguous attitudes to sexual violence and a smattering of cheap Halloween-ish sleaze) to make their "impact," along with those aphoristic titles that refer to nothing in particular. This book's title follows suit, it is totally irrelevant to the content — I was expecting some sub-J.G. Ballard at the very least, but instead I got a man-child who thinks the time he got an insect in his ear is a really major event worthy of autobiography. I quote; "It felt like I had literally gone insane." Maybe I have been played after all, and JP is so committed to his self-defined role as the inheritor of GG Allin's spirit that he has ejected this literary turd to convey contempt for the audience worthy of true outsider art punk. I don't think so though, and instead all this output holds at its centre is a void of catastrophic normality plus the social conservatism of a deeply sour narcissist. This book is not "offensive," as the cover claims, or in any way explicit. No, there is nothing even remotely titillating in here, certainly no sleaze or sex, just a dude, some hair gel, and a massive, massive ego.

—Byrony



From The Graveyard of the Arousal Industry
Justin Pearson
192 pages • $14.50
Soft Skull Press
2117 Fourth Street, Suite D
Berkeley, CA 94710
www.softskull.com

Another in a series of memoirs of musical mayhem, *From The Graveyard of the Arousal Industry* comes from Justin Pearson, who has been in a ton of San Diego bands, including The Locust, Struggle, and Some Girls. He also runs Three One G Records, a long-time DIY label that was a stalwart of Mordam Records, pre-Lumberjack takeover.

This collection of chronological vignettes starts in his early childhood, spent mostly in Phoenix, Arizona. His alcoholic father is murdered in Phoenix, and his alcoholic mother moves to San Diego with the now-teenage Pearson. To add to this horror, his mother's new boyfriend is physically abusive, and lays into Pearson until Pearson physically defends himself. The familial insanity extends to his personal life, as he grows older. The book connects the dots pretty clearly, showing how the substance abuse, violence, and emotional chaos of his home life shaped the man who writes this book.

At a very basic level, his mother, his father, and the boyfriend all failed as parents and role models for him, forcing Pearson to seek out his own family; like so many of us reading this, he found family in underground music and art. Paradoxically, about half of the earliest vignettes end with Pearson thanking his mother for being one of the only people he can relate to. Turns out that as they both got older she was able to make better life choices, and he was able to separate himself enough from her to realize that while she was quite fallible, she was still a good person underneath it all.

The book explores Pearson's discovery of punk and the then-burgeoning San Diego white belt scene, which he helped pioneer with the excellent band Struggle. The scene included other early personal favorites of mine like End Of The Line and Heroin. I'm pretty sure I met Pearson sometime during this time period, either when these bands came up to the Bay Area or when one of my bands played San Diego. Alternately hilarious and heartbreaking sections deal with madcap antics, love affairs, and the death of friends and relationships.

At this point, the book extends into a gallop through tours, bands, celebrities,

and of course, the Jerry Springer Show. Justin and his cohorts in The Locust and Three One G were the first from the DIY scene to successfully crack that show with a made-up punk/sex/cheating scenario (three of my band mates in The Criminals were inspired by this prank to get on Jerry Springer themselves soon afterwards, with an astonishingly similar storyline). At this point, though, my attention started to wander. This is not a book to read straight through unless one is a huge fan of each of Justin Pearson's bands and projects. Pearson is clearly a creative person who has a lot of interesting experiences, and he's able to write about them in an evocative, vibrant style.

He's an engaging writer whose adventures make for good reading, and he (or his editor) is smart enough to keep the anecdotes focused yet fully explained. For instance, a reader who is not familiar with punk music or the touring lifestyle will still understand the portions of the book that discuss these topics, but there's no didactic, stilted explanations to wade through. Pearson avoids this common pitfall of DIY memoirs—patronizing and/or boring explanations of "what punk is" or various left-wing political issues. Instead, Pearson keeps the pacing lively and the book chugs along happily, in chronological order, through the present day.

Like many of the current memoirs coming from the underground, this book is perfectly formatted to be an entertaining bathroom book, to be read and enjoyed a few pages at a time while dropping the kids off at the pool.

—Jesse Luscious

The Angry Brigade: A History of Britain's First Urban Guerilla Group
Gordon Carr
259 pages • $24.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

The days when a young revolutionary could clandestinely survive by pilfering college students' ID's and checkbooks to start a new life every other week and propagate their political ideas may be gone, but with the recent slew of books and films about urban guerilla groups of the '60s and '70s those times might be difficult to forget. The last five years has seen widespread release of films about guerrilla groups like the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Weather Underground, and the Baader-Meinhof Group. Little has been seen, however, on the British variant of underground leftist militants, so it seems fitting that a new edition of Gordon Carr's 1975 history of The Angry Brigade, Britain's homegrown libertarian socialist militants, would find it's way to the shelves.

Between 1970 and 1972, The Angry Brigade signed their names to bombings of cultural and political targets, varying from a Miss World Contest to the home of the British Minister of Employment. The bombings were setup to disrupt political and cultural spaces, not to kill, though one person was injured. Carr's work focuses on the eight defendants who were put on trial for bombing conspiracy, starting with their politicization and moving through their activism in the squatting and Claimant's Union (a group that organized people to help each other collect their pensions, unemployment, and social security checks, which public service officers made extremely difficult to procure). With the biographies and political climate established, Carr moves into the investigation and jury trial, which lasted six months, the longest in British history to that time.

Written shortly after the trial had ended, Carr's work reads like a mix of true crime and political history. Given that the events took place only three years prior to the book's publication, it is impressive that he was able to assemble a set of reference material that gives the reader a feeling for both the investigators and the militants' sides. The narrative voices in other, more recent representations of similar guerilla groups tends to range from judgmental to sympathetic to depoliticizing, but Carr tells the story without over-romanticizing or writing the group off as ill-informed hormonal youth.

This new edition adds preface and postscript materials to Carr's original work to provide a contemporary frame of understanding the events. The inclusion of recent writing from Angry Brigade "members" Stuart Christie and John Barker, who served a ten-year prison sentence for the conspiracy charge, show the story in a different light. Barker's piece is especially enlightening, because he speaks to the group's importance, but cringes when reviewing some of the Situationist stylized writing and the arrogance of his youth. Providing this commentary on the book itself from those involved in making the history it attempts to tell adds a layer to both our understanding of historical "fact" and the meaning of The Angry Brigade today. These inclusions, along with the suspenseful historical content of this new edition of Carr's work make it a welcome addition to the genre of guerrilla histories.

—Zane Grant

Ghost Pine: All Stories True
Jeff Miller
248 pages $16.95 Canadian Dollars
Invisible Publishing 2578 Maynard St. Halifax Nova Scotia, CANADA
B3K 3V5

"I walked around town and wondered what it was all about. I watched the people on the street and wondered why I couldn't run into any of those brilliant, good-looking peace punks whose records I'd listened to, zines I'd read and photos I'd seen over the years."

How well do the tiny, photocopied pages of personal zines translate into book form? Depends on the zine of course. "We're doomed by the fact that our art is all process; people who read the zine seldom see the cogs," Jeff Miller's writing in *Otaku* and then *Ghost Pine* over the past thirteen years stands out amidst the scribbling crowd. His stories have insight, humanity, courage, and fierce, absurd pride—all the traits I associate with the more memorable punk zines. Romanticized, sure, but what's a story without dreams and struggle, revelry and despair? "We are now writers & artists, editors & musicians whose skills are indispensible to our communities. We are taking risks to brig our art to the fore of our lives. Romantic? Yeah but we can't deny our 4 a.m. delusions without ripping up our best intentions."

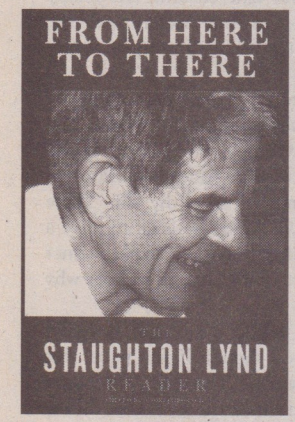
Compiled here are the select stories from Jeff's zines and a nice sampling of contributions to other publications. Twelve sections (chapters?), an interview by Ciara Xyerra, and end pages of old covers and photos. "I wanted to remember the way we lived." All the Jungian symbols of the personal zine landscape are here—Diners. Greyhounds. Evictions. Hitchhiking. Trains. Truckstops. Weather as a metaphor. Too much coffee. It's a tightrope walk for sure—you can easily veer into some high school poetry-jam scene, but the earnestness of Jeff's writing transcends. As though these common, raw experiences as young punks really will add up to a greater whole.

"Doubt and depression are common among ghosts, they're the fallout of our youthful anger." Sweeping, dramatic statements like the one above are common to zines. Stylistically, you can dislike the run-on sentences, the manic emotions. What separates *Ghost Pine* though is not just the Canadian references (SuperEx & Carnival?), but also the self-awareness. This is demonstrated best in the reviews that he includes—*X-Men 2*, a mixtape, the Union of Uranus LP, *Get in the Van*. There's almost a novella in the middle, *The Social Justice Club*, which disappears like breath in winter.

"Then Ian told me he doesn't like reading reminiscences. I nodded. 'I like hearing about what's new. Sometimes when punk boys get together all we do is talk about the old days but they weren't even that fun! We went to punk shows, sat in the corner and were too shy to talk to anyone. We had to wait three years to meet the kids that sat next to us at shows." Stories that took up a good chunk of the zine translate into just a few pages in a book. And while all the voices are Jeff's, there's an abruptness moving between the stories: different years, different locales, different moods. The same issue happens in poetry—you can't just read through as though it were a single narrative. Jeff knows all this, hence the inscription from a David Berman's poem that also states: "I needed time alone to unschool the rainbow dumbness in my heart if I was ever to gain possession over my own storyline."

Much of the unique, inherent value of zines can be lost when the back issues are boiled down to a paperback. The cover here makes deft use of full-color, and the layout of the pieces reads well. I do miss the stark typography and blown out cut-n-paste of his zines. The tradeoff is understandable though for having this book goes further than any single issue. As Erick Lyle (and others) has recently demonstrated, you don't have to stop doing your zine after the books start coming out. "I still dreamt of the end of the world but it sorta became a joke. Instead of being depressed I hated everything. But I could laugh it off too." Simple, declarative statements in which their cumulative value really does reach for a possible future. So, Jeff, when's the next book coming out? That's what I'm looking forward to, friend.

—Travis Fristoe



From Here to There: The Staughton Lynd Reader
Andrej Grubacic
305 pages • $22.00
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94623

This reader represents a continuation of what has been radical sociologist Andrej Grubacic's recent project: to bring historian and labor lawyer Staughton Lynd's perspective and fertile political imagination to our generation's activists. This quest began with *Wobblies and Zapatistas*, a terrific book that staged an historical encounter between Marxist analysis and anarchist pre-figurative action as a conversation between Lynd and Grubacic. This gesture seems inspired by the desire—if I may project a bit into Grubacic's thought process—to provide a no-nonsense, earthbound alternative to, say, your Deleuzian-multiplicity-cultivators and Invisible Committees. These essays and addresses evince a brand of leftism one doesn't often encounter: open to the possibilities of the most imaginative political theatrics, but grounded in grassroots, rank-and-file kinds of organization. By recounting his experiences with, for example, the Mississippi Freedom Schools and labor struggles in Youngstown, Ohio, Lynd encourages us to *get in with* communities, to listen and respond in a sustained fashion to oppressed peoples and, without any self-delusion, contribute whatever expertise one might have—be it legal, historical, or personal.

One of the most important developments offered by Lynd here is his rehabilitation of British historian E.P. Thompson's notion of the "warren." Essentially, "warrening" involves the development of alternative networks and infrastructures that crisscross the dominant culture, addressing the needs of the poor in order to create, as Lynd puts it, "a new society within the shell of the old", like a rabbit burrowing an underground network of tunnels. Lynd frames this not only as a model for pre-figurative action, but also as a fundamental contribution to a blind spot in Marxist analysis: the transition between capitalism and socialism. According to Lynd, if you take a roughly Leninist outlook, then the building of socialist institutions must be preceded by a Communist seizure of or ascension to state power. But what are the conditions for such seizure? How does it develop? Lynd, via Thompson, wants to argue that it is precisely this process of "warrening" that presents a workable alternative to such thinking, that we must cultivate these alternatives with an attitude of relative indifference towards the state, but to the extent that the state ultimately cannot ignore us. If these terms make the debate sound a little musty, Slavoj Zizek recently posed the question—from the opposing perspective—in the London Review of Books as a conflict between Zapatista-style "resistance" and the state socialism of Hugo Chavez. In other words, this isn't just an historical argument; we're still living through it.

Indeed, this debate holds a particular urgency for the punk-inclined, in that punk rock exemplifies both the fertile potentialities and possible limitations of how warrens might work. We do sustain a remarkably resilient alternative infrastructure, but are constantly confronted by the question—posed by endlessly inspiring organizations like the For The Birds collective, Girls Rock Camp, Afro-Punk, the Icarus Project, to name just a few in my current sphere of concern—of whether we want to content ourselves with using these networks merely to exchange commodities (if you haven't asked yourself that question, stop reading this magazine and go back to bidding on rare vinyl on eBay). That is to say, punks, with their varying degrees of anarchist identification, seem to be exactly the kind of audience Grubacic would like to reach with Lynd's words. Please don't disappoint him.

—Maxwell Tremblay

Diary of a Miscreant
Isy Morgenmuffel
112 pages • £7.00
Last Hours Books
lasthours.org.uk

Isy Morgenmuffel has been cranking out her zine *Morgenmuffel* for over ten years; something virtually unheard of in the zine world. *Morgenmuffel* is a personal zine that doesn't get very personal, a political zine that doesn't get very political, done in a simple comic format that reads like a gonzo history of DIY culture in London. The closest US comparison that I know of is *Doris* (if Nikki McClure illustrated Doris with her non-dominate hand). Isy has complied her best hits over the last ten years of self-publishing into the anthology, *Diary of a Miscreant*. According to her website morgenmuffel.co.uk, the title of her zine is "a German expression for someone who's grumpy in the morning."

Organized into six different sections, *Diary of a Miscreant* chronicles Isy's involvement in building and maintaining a housing cooperative, running a portable anarchist kitchen, getting stuck in various political demo's and concerts, and plenty of other anarcho-punk necessities like traveling, drunken mishaps and being a hopeless urbanite trying to embrace ecology. Getting involved in the same scene (American version though) in the late '90s, I wish I would have known about this zine a long time ago. Isy hits on all of the DIY, punk rock, must haves: anarchy, beer, veganism, traveling, feminism, self defense...if you're reading *MRR*, then you know the list of essentials by now.

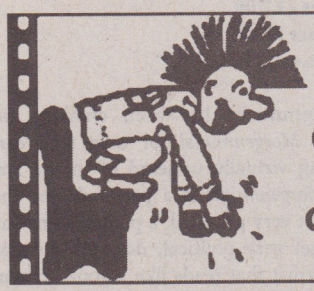
Roughly following a chronological order over the past decade, Isy's artwork/comic style remains very consistent. *Diary of a Miscreant* is laid out like a graphic novel, with a comic book style storyboard and most of her stories are told within two or three pages. Her drawings slightly remind me of Cristy Road's earlier stuff: each comic is detailed and semi-professional without loosing their hand-drawn punk aesthetic. Even though Isy tells her stories through illustration, *Morgenmuffel* can still be a little text heavy at times.

Diary of a Miscreant often reads like someone's censored diary; you get the basic day-to-day details, with some anecdotes, but nothing too deep or personal. Weaved into the chronicles of her life are vignettes of other peoples stories or historical events that Isy illustrates into a couple pages. The brief story about a man from West Papua and the history of the peoples struggle in West Papua is engaging and encouraged me to seek out the website that Isy suggested. She throws in some info on the history of pirates and the Spanish revolution in '36 and her page on strange German words had me laughing and passing the book around to everyone I was ridding in the car with.

Diary of a Miscreant manages to fit into virtually every category in the zine world that I can think of: personal, political, comic, punk, feminist, history, etc. It isn't preachy or gooey personal; which makes it an easy read, but it didn't evoke any strong reaction from me either. Coming from the same time period and similar punk/political back ground as Isy, I liked being able to relate to a lot of what she had to share. To someone who comes from a different seen or time, *Diary of a Miscreant* is more of a gateway drug into the world of personal zines. With her consistency and passion, Isy Morgenmuffel has earned her spot amongst the top names in the world of zine making. This anthology is a welcomed arrival after more than a decade of self-publishing.

—Lowell Fletcher

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

DESTROY THE MACHINES

I have a love/hate relationship with film festivals. I love going to a theater to see a film on the big screen. I like the atmosphere of the movie house especially the smell of popcorn in the air. I don't like the usual Hollywood fare so a film festival is usually the place to see films I won't get to see on screen otherwise. I can mostly deal with the overall annoyances of the films starting late and the inconsiderate people who attend. A grown man sitting next to me chewed on his thumb throughout an entire film. I tried not to look at him doing it, but it was hard not to hear the disgusting slurping noises. That situation is fortunately easy to deal with. I changed seats before the next film.

I hate the pre-film introductions. These introductions are the thing that really turns me off at any film festival. I wish festival organizers would save them until after the film has ended. Then I could just leave and avoid them. Fortunately, this year's **San Francisco Silent Film Festival** managed to tone down the self-importance of the so-called film experts. Almost all resisted the urge to summarize the plot before showing the film. If I haven't seen a film I never want someone giving away plots or other details before I do. If I have seen it, I know there are others in the theater that haven't so I am annoyed for them. Yet, I have been to many of these where the introduction goes way too far.

The **San Francisco Silent Film Festival** is a very unique film experience. Watching a silent film from the '20s with live musical accompaniment is the only way to see it. This year's **San Francisco Silent Film Festival** had the heightened excitement of showing the almost complete, recently discovered original version of Fritz Lang's **Metropolis**. Shortly after its release in 1927 **Metropolis** was cut from 150 minutes down to 107 mostly to appeal to American audiences. After that the American cut was used worldwide. Parts have been recovered over the years, but no one thought they would see the original version ever again...until Paula Félix-Didier and Fernando Peña found one.

Félix-Didier and Peña were at the festival to tell the amazing story of how they came to discover a complete version of **Metropolis** in the Museo del Cine in Argentina. Peña was working with an Argentine film critic Salvador Sammaritano cataloging the film collection of another film critic Manuel Pena-Rodriguez. Sammaritano recalled once screening **Metropolis** where the film was loose and he had to hold the gate of the projection so the film would stay in focus. He held it for two and a half hours. Peña knowing that **Metropolis** was much shorter than that questioned Sammaritano's memory. Sammaritano said he would never forget that length. This began Peña's twenty-year attempt to get access to Pena-Rodriguez's film archives to see if this version of **Metropolis** was a complete one. He was continually denied access until his ex-wife Félix-Didier became director of the Museo del Cine.

Félix-Didier recalled Peña's attempts to get access to the film and when she got her new job the two immediately went looking for **Metropolis**. It took about ten minutes to find it. As conjectured it was the full version of the film. Then the two tried getting in contact with the German film company who owned the rights to **Metropolis**. This was not easy even for the director of Argentina's Museo del Cine. Félix-Didier was ignored until she finally convinced a European what she had and to act as intermediary with the German group. Apparently no one thought this type of film history discovery could be made in Argentina.

The version of **Metropolis** found was complete, but a small part of the film was in such bad condition that it couldn't be fully restored and shown. The one we saw is 148 minutes. Also the print discovered at the Museo del Cine is a 16mm one and old so when the missing shots were added back into the 35mm print they have a very different look from the rest of the film. These parts are much darker and less crisp. Although, it would be ideal to have a flawless print of the film I was glad that the re-added shots have such a distinct look. It makes it much easier to see what was originally cut and wonder why anyone would do it in the first place.

I won't bother to summarize **Metropolis** for you. It is a classic, beautiful and entertaining film. If you haven't seen it you should. If you have, this complete version will be out on DVD in November. The Alloy Orchestra featuring Roger Miller of Mission of Burma performed the live score during the screening. Their score featured lots of wild booming percussion. It will be included on the DVD release as a second soundtrack. (silentfilm.org, kino.com/metropolis)

I was stunned when I received the DVD **Sid Vicious – Final 24: His Final Hours** in the mail. I just looked unbelievingly at the cover for a few minutes. Then I laughed out loud. Could anyone really make something this truly tasteless? Apparently, yes.

Sid Vicious – Final 24: His Final Hours spells it out right there on the cover. This is a dramatization of February 1, 1979 the last day of Vicious' life. What I know going in is that on his last day Vicious was released from Riker's Island prison on bail. His mother and friends threw at party at his new girlfriend Michele Robison's apartment. Sid shoots heroin, overdoses and dies. The folks at **Final 24** try to play it up like there is some big conspiracy, yet they fail to mention that Sid left a suicide note. When this hour-long reenactment is over there is nothing new learned. However, the interview with Peter Kodick adds exponentially to the overall creep factor of this DVD.

Kodick asserts in **Sid Vicious – Final 24: His Final Hours** that Sid's mother Anne Beverley originally scored some heroin for Sid the afternoon of his release. It was pretty bad stuff so Sid begged Kodick to get him some good stuff. Kodick did. That was the heroin that killed him. Kodick describes all these events matter-of-factly, but still comes across as bragging that he was responsible not exactly for Vicious' death, but for providing him the weapon to do it. With friends like that, who needs enemies?

The overall reenactment on **Sid Vicious – Final 24: His Final Hours** is pretty poorly done. The man who plays Sid Vicious looks as if he is twenty years older than Sid was. Vicious was only twenty-one when he died. Although not mentioned on the DVD case, **Sid Vicious – Final 24: His Final Hours** is part of a series on The History Channel. This explains the annoying interruption every ten minutes of a clock countdown of Vicious' last day. "Sid has seventeen hours left to live". They need to break for commercials. There are many other last days in this series, some more obvious than others: JFK, Keith Moon and Marvin Gaye as well as Anna Nicole Smith and Nicole Brown-Simpson. After watching Sid's last day, I can't say I'm interested in seeing any of the others. (mvdvisual.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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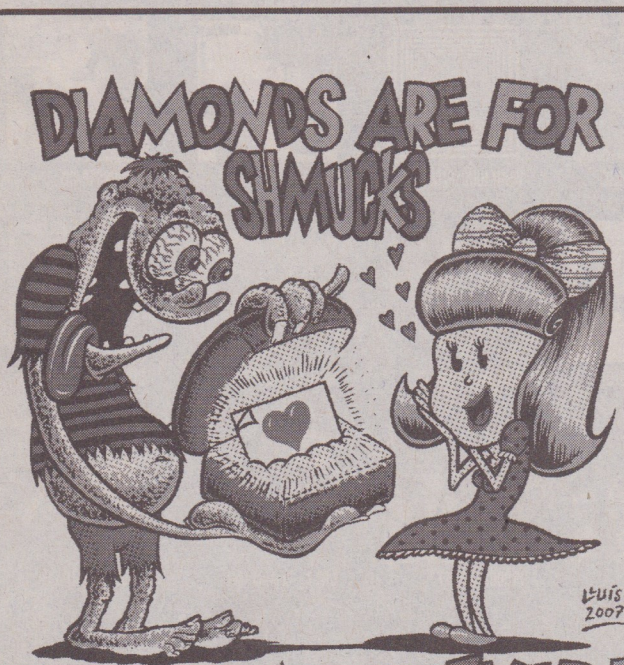

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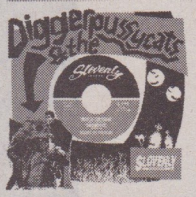

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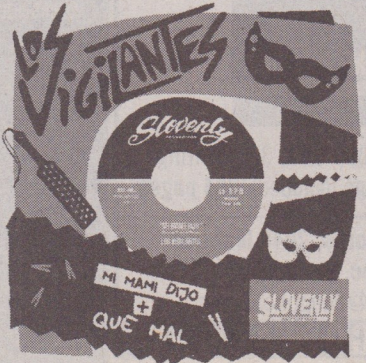

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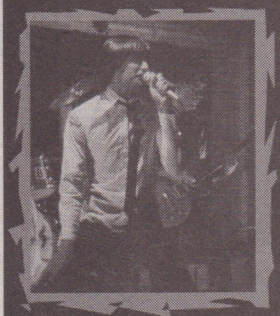

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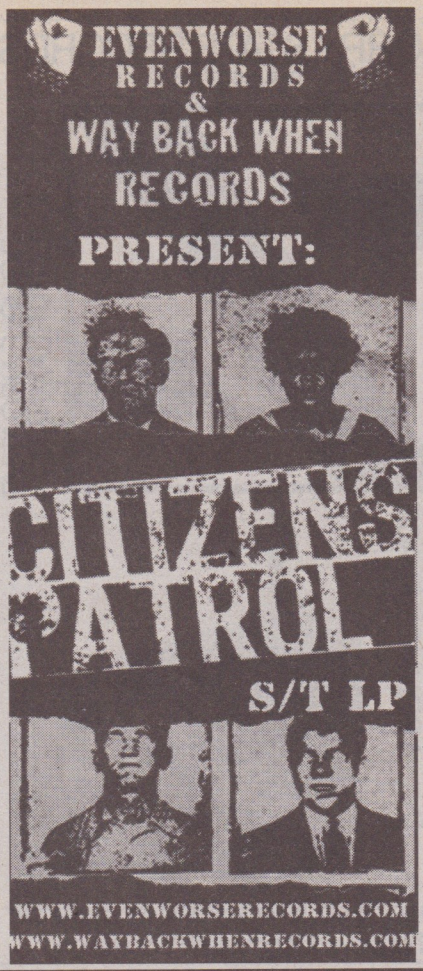

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GIVE 7" - books of faith

REGULATIONS LP/CD

DERANGED RECORDS

RECORDS

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(AU) Andrew Underwood
(XV) XYosefX

45 ADAPTERS – "Don't Trust Anyone Who Doesn't Dance" EP

I dig these skins from NYC; they have a classic early UK skin sound kinda like INFA RIOT or the BUSINESS, but mix it with bass-heavy '70s rock licks like THIN LIZZY or some shit. I know—sounds shitty? No way... Total sing-along goodness. Good shit. (TB)
(Longshot)

ACEPHALIX – "Aporia" LP

I've been seeing ACEPHALIX play since their very first gigs, and they've never stopped evolving over the years. The band has come a long way from their early NYHC-meets-peace-punk sound, and this masterful LP is a new peak. It's very appropriate that Prank released this album, because there are hints of earlier Prank bands like HIS HERO IS GONE and DAMAD in the ACEPHALIX sound, though many other influences are in the mix as well. Chief among them is the dash of *Humanity Is the Devil*-era INTEGRITY and vintage CRO-MAGS heard in the metallic crunch of the riffs and the unabashed embrace of guitar solos. In fact, this record is just shy of being a full-on metal record (double-kicks and all), though one that is fundamentally rooted in punk. That being said, most metal bands don't have the kind of tortured, nakedly personal (and occasionally deeply psycho-sexual) lyrics that grace this record. Seriously, the harshness and honesty of Dan's vocals and lyrics are an integral part of what makes ACEPHALIX work as a band. All gushing aside, there are a few tracks on the record that don't quite work for me (the instrumental being the primary offender) but taken as a whole I can't think of another recent release in the metal-punk genre that is nearly as creative or as engaging as this. The soundtrack to your next suicide party. (AU)
(Prank)

AGATHA – "Nothing Is Static" EP

AGATHA is fast punk with anthemic vocals that directly (and rather unpleasantly) contradict the rhythm of each song. I remember hearing somewhere that this band rules, but this recording is terrible. Every song falls apart, the guitar is too up-front, and they sound like they need to practice more. I will go to the show. (HD)
(Rumbletowne)

AGATHA – "Nothing Is Static" EP

Holy shit! Talk about some epic, dark and dreary hardcore. It's ugly, intense, ruff around the edges, and fucking good. I mean, *really* fucking good—one of the best slabs of vinyl to grace the *MRR* compound this month. Truly soaring vocals that somehow keep the songs from falling apart. Just barely. The A-side literally sends shivers up my spine—specifically at the tail end of "Better." Man, that song makes my skin crawl. Anyway, AGATHA is stylistically (and emotionally?) comparable to CONVERSIONS out of Boston or, in a broader generalization, like early L7 mixed with SPITBOY. Fucking great stuff for sure. (FS)
(Rumbletowne)

ALBERT FISH – "News from the Front" CD

The members of this band from Lisbon, Portugal are well-seasoned vets of the punk rock game, with multiple releases and shows and touring under their belts; it is due to that experience that they are rock solid and tight as fuck with well-honed chops. With a definite street-punk feel and sound, ALBERT FISH is not that easily pigeonholed though—in addition to the straightforward guitars and rhythms that make for good street-punk, there are also a lot of subtle melodies and leads that give this a distinct '90s California punk sound as well. (ML)
(Compact / Your Poison / Raging Planet / Zerowork / Graver / Criminal Attack)

ALOUATTA – "Animal" EP

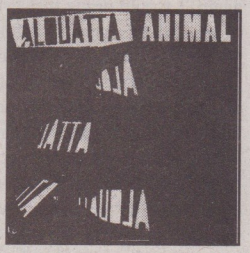
Dark, driving post-punk hailing from Sweden. Sonically and stylistically not a million miles away from HOT SNAKES. The dueling guitar interplay is really well done: staccato bursts that work together to form structured riffs. There are three songs on here that originally came out in 2008 but hopefully this reissue finds the group a wider audience. (AM)
(Big Bongo / Skrammel)

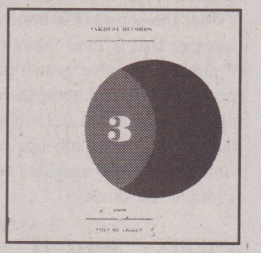
THE ALTARS – LP

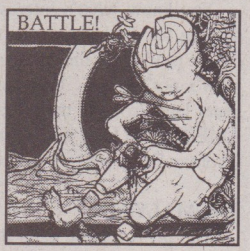
When the imaginary full-length of my imaginary band comes out, I want it to look like this. The cover is fucking great—an awesome flood scene done in what looks to be block print or something. I had no clue as to what I should expect from the record itself, but the subtle indicators were teetering toward "awesome." Then I noticed the posting on the insert, "originally recorded as a demo...2008." Oh, snap! The beautiful packaging and 12" wax treatment for a demo!? This must be good! And, it is good...for a demo. I don't think I'd pay sticker price for the whole sha-bang here. There are definitely some ripping, head bobbing, melodic punk tunes, but unfortunately it has its share of filler, too. The tracks mostly hang in the mid-to-fast punk range and could easily have been a top seller on BYO ten years ago. (RM)
(Adelante)

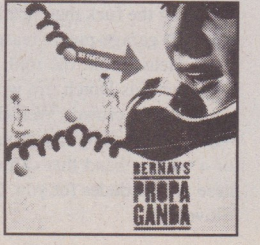
AMEBIX – "Redux" 12"

All right. This is the hardest record I have had to review to date. I am an AMEBIX fan, and I believe that you either get them or ya don't. I am into both punk and metal, and this record puts those musical tastes at odds for me. When you are the fathers of crust and re-record some of the best tracks you ever laid down, comparisons are inevitable; to be fair, I just can't give the whole record a









few words. Obviously, this record is not as raw as the originals (not even close), but these dudes nail the atmosphere. Some will rightfully say it's sort of cheesy, with the production quality and some of the added flange, anvil hits, synthy ghost sounds, etc., but I admit that my metal sensibilities and love of crust make me like this record. As I listen to the new version of "Winter" with punk ears—yeah, it's really polished, but has the same darkness and metallic sounds that bring me back. With metal ears, this is a great fucking record. It's dark, not over-produced like most metal, and it is still raw. The new version of "Arise" is less of a departure that the other two tracks; there are some obvious use of effects, giving the ending a horror movie feel, the metallic dirge that made the song great is still there. The new version of "Chain Reaction" might be harder for punks to stomach. Anyone who is an AMEBIX lover knows that this is the *one*, the song that spoke to you in a way that connected you to the earth, your frustration of being fed bullshit your whole fucking life and mobilized you to wanna burn this motherfucker down. The original is amazing, and what is lost in the new version is how incredibly *raw* this song was when you first heard it. The new version is chock full of double bass (mass precision here…) and vocal effects; it's less MOTÖRHEAD, but the guitar is solid as all hell. The drumming, however different, totally works (Mayorga of NAUSEA and SOULFY—yes, SOULFLY is amazing, no one can dispute that…). It's a more ambling cadence that gives the song a heavier and meditative feel. This version is metallic, seriously metallic, but again, I would argue that even though the original is better and this version definitely has some parts too cheesy for punks, it's good despite the clock chimes, Gregorian-chant-sounding chorus and vocal effects. Overall, yeah, the production is startling if compared to the original tracks, but in no way do AMEBIX ruin their old songs. Whatever your opinion might be, especially since their *Arise* reissue liner notes stated that they would never reunite (which they address in the *Redux* liner notes), I would say that if you like crust or metal or love this band, give this record a chance. It's not the sound of a bunch of old dudes cashing in (whether that is their intention or not), but the sound of punks who have grown into their age without losing their anger and hope, there is some sort of auditory resolution here and it sounds really awesome. Punks may scoff and metalheads will probably like. Being somewhere in the middle, I really dig it. (MB)
(Profane Existence)

AMEBIX – "Redux" 12"

You know what's interesting and inspiring? Pioneering bands that are part of shaping a genre with classic (and often-times imperfect) records. You know what's not? Classic bands getting back together 20 years later to have their "day in the sun" (to quote AMEBIX—at least they're up front about it). (CS)
(Profane Existence)

ANOMALYS – LP

The press release calls the ANOMALYS a lot of things, including "negative tequila rock'n'roll sex" (whatever the fuck that means) and "100% drag-strip-approved garage-punk grease." Sounds like an Estrus press release from the mid-'90s, which is fairly apt given that this Dutch trio woulda fit in well with that garage-punk crowd. Well-done "hi-octane" garage punk. Not breaking any ground, but if you're looking for a current band that can deliver that same magic, these are the dudes for you. (IS)
(Slovenly)

ANTILLES / STAPH – split EP

This EP brought me back, *waaaay* back to a simpler time of exciting ideas, new and changing experiences and something with a deep sense of importance. That's right, I'm talkin' 'bout '90s hardcore and *my* adolescence! With that in mind, I spun the STAPH side of this split maybe a hundred times, cheering each introspective note, rising and crashing with each cluster of unbridled passion. It was great. It's still great; their track is poetic and aggressive while avoiding the ever-possible and all too common cheeseball factor. I got out some of my old records and found that STAPH fall in line with greats like EMBASSY or INCURABLE COMPLAINT; I was thinking of HARRIET THE SPY but couldn't find any of their stuff (did I really sell those off?). That description pigeonholes this band as a nostalgia trip, but the truth is there is a rising tide of hardcore that is currently championing this sound, from Mexico's MALADIE to DC's BIRDS AND WIRES. Which brings me to ANTILLES, the flip on this split. They bring a more aggressive sound to the table, channeling the likes of MAXIMILLION COLTBY and INDIAN SUMMER. Very rad. The drums are amazing, keeping some sort of spastic rhythm between the constant fills and bell rides and powering the song forward. Jangly guitars are strummed and voices yelled. Another great split by Inkblot! (RM)
(Inkblot)

APPÄRATUS – "Härdcore Religion" CD

We get another release from this Scandi-HC worshiping band hailing from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. These guys have a bunch of material out, including a split with PISSCHRIST, which is a perfect match. Many before have compared this band to ANTI-CIMEX, but I can guarantee that ANTI-CIMEX and MOB 47 never played this many notes. These guys have the same blown out D-beat sound going on, but it can get pretty thrashy, and while they play a more updated version à la WOLFPACK with some more rockin' guitar solos and killer bass leads, still they do not lose the Scandi-'80s feel. The vocals are raspy and pissed, yet higher end. There is even a DISARM cover, "Locked Up," featuring Honsa from DISARM! The music is driving and very produced; I am almost a little distracted at how clean it all is, but it's still a good bunch of songs even though they may seem a little repetitive at times. The lyrics are about being pissed, punk, the pigs and fucking the man. Sweet. I say play this shit loud and see what it does for you, cuz for me it's a killer party record. Definitely worth checking out. (MB)
(Disarmament / Totalmangel)

ARCTIC FLOWERS – "Slouching Towards Bethlehem" EP

ARCTIC FLOWERS are named after a great RUBELLA BALLET record and play tuneful anarcho-punk with hints of death rock, new wave, and hardcore. The guitarist has a very distinctive style that listeners might recall from his previous band SIGNAL LOST. Indeed, the two share a lot of similarities. Unlike SIGNAL LOST, however, ARCTIC FLOWERS don't sound especially—for lack of a better word—modern. They seem to opt for classic-sounding, more melodic female-fronted anarcho-punk like the SEARS or even later groups like the JOYCE MCKINNEY EXPERIENCE. I saw ARCTIC FLOWERS play live not long ago and really enjoyed it. The bassist has an especially great stage presence. This is a good record. Looking forward to future releases as I think these punks know how to craft good songs. If you are into this, check out VIVID SEKT too—another great old-school anarcho-punk band with whom ARCTIC FLOWERS share a member. (DB)
(self-released)

BANDIERA DELL ODIO – "Sangue Vivo: Live in CPA Florence 2008" CD

BANDIERA DELL ODIO has been rocking out since 1987 and suffered many personnel changes throughout those years. This CD finds the band live in Italy in 2008 playing with their most recent lineup. The sound quality is excellent for a live recording but the songs do nothing for me. The music is loud, fast and technically proficient, but sort of boring and annoying. The singer sounds like a cross between Jello Biafra and MR BUNGLE-era Mike Patton. On one track, he just laughs through the entire thing…*for three minutes*. The whole thing kind of reminds me of FANTOMAS, if that makes any sense. Unfortunately, the only shining moments come at the end during the RAW POWER and INDIGESTI covers. (GH)
(Respira)

THE BASTARD NOISE – "A Culture of Monsters" LP

BASTARD NOISE's 2009 *Rogue Astronaut* full-length was near the pinnacle of noise construction, and then came the brilliant *The Red List* split LP with ENDLESS BLOCKADE and the return of Wood handling the bass guitar. *A Culture of Monsters* combines those two works, and adds MAN IS THE BASTARD drummer Connel, and the result is incomparable weirdness and power. It's easy to fall back on MITB comparisons and regale the Return Ov Thee Glory Days, but this record (and indeed, the current incarnation of this band) is so much more than just a return to MITB. Nelson's electronic assault is now fully integrated into the band, and it gives these songs a body and ambiance that simply couldn't be achieved otherwise. Wood's voice is as otherworldly as ever; he seems to be able to channel any number of demons at will and creates a dialogue within the lines of each. "A Silent Night in the Horrible Garden" starts as an ambient instrumental à la *The Immortals* or ANTENNACLE split releases and then morphs into a psychedelic freakout with NEANDERTHAL blips and whirs coming from every direction, and then the first side fades into the haunting and atmospheric "If Another World," that sounds like BOHREN and DER CLUB OF GORE with beautiful vocals. Side two opens with the most straightforward song on the record, and features some of the most sinister vocals I've heard, while "Lumberton" is a NAKED CITY worthy jazzviolence instrumental that explodes into sheer brutality, and then comes the opus "Interior War" that takes up the majority of the side and combines virtually every element visited previously on the record. The BASTARD NOISE is pure power, and this record is not to be taken lightly. (WN)
(Deep Six)

BATTLES! – "Closer/Further" EP

Somehow, in the college-town swamps of Gainesville, Florida, a collection of MODERN LIFE IS WAR, COMEBACK KID and BETRAYED records emerged from the bog and created what is now known as BATTLES! (Notice the exclamation point!) This five-song EP is a fist-pumping, anthem-heavy hardcore record that seems a couple years too late. It is melodic enough to have some broad appeal, which, coupled with the simple, downtrodden yet posi lyrics,

gives a balance to the fast parts and non-threatening breakdowns. They nail their sound; unfortunately it just isn't very good. There are no real showstoppers or memorable tracks. Start to finish, I was thinking of ear plugz (the jewelry), sweatbands and a pogoing bass player. You decide. (RM)
(Burn Bridges)

BERNAYS PROPAGANDA – "My Personal Holiday" CD

Kristina, the singer of BERNAYS PROPAGANDA, has this cool, authoritative yet melancholy voice, perfectly suited to the melancholic dance-punk made by her Macedonian bandmates—former members of FPO nonetheless! Her voice is pretty amazing, seductive and instructive, and definitely makes the band. Sounds like they were going for a Hacienda'd out Factory Records sound: politically aware, danceable new wave. They claim as much influence from SUBMISSION HOLD as GANG OF FOUR, not sure I hear that though. They may have emerged from the hardcore community—the guitar sound takes a little from late-'80s FUGAZI—but this is mostly straight-up dance-floor filler for the newest wave of new wave... Wanna have a dance party after you pour sugar into the gas tank of the CEO of Starbucks? (LG)
(Moonlee)

BLYTH POWER – "A Little Touch of Harry in the Night" LP

After waiting for what seemed like ages, the fine folks at Demo Tapes Records have unearthed another UK gem, this time from BLYTH POWER, the brainchild of the MOB drummer Josef. After languishing on cassette for a few years, BLYTH POWER released a slew of records throughout the '80s and '90s, but this release is a thirteen-song demo seeing wax for the first time. Think WIRE's jerky approach blended with a BILLY BRAGG-esque vocal delivery and classic anthemic political folk aura throughout. Fuzzed-out and punk but packed full of killer hooks, and songs like "Goodbye General to Lose" are well worthy of the "classic" label. There are a lot of mellower moments like "Hurling Time" that will surely scare off the closed-minded punx, while we the open-minded punks will revel in these great fucking tunes like "God Has Gone Wrong Again." As is typical with Demo Tapes releases, this record is impeccably packaged, with extensive band information, pictures, flyers, and the original insert that came with the cassette—and also typically, this release is rather limited, so I suggest getting on top of your order quickly. (WN)
(Demo Tapes)

BRICK MOWER / GRANNY FROST – split EP

New split single from NJ power-trio BRICK MOWER. Features two tracks of fun, smarmy teen basement pop-punk with uniquely deep (double tracked?) vocals. GRANNY FROST is weird contemporary electro pop. (GB)
(Viking on Campus)

BRIDGE & TUNNEL – "Indoor Voices" 10"

This band is superb, really, and I'm a fan of the melodic and raspy Gainesville punk sound, but seriously what the fuck is going on when practically every band sounds the same? I like emotional and poetic lyrics that go from sweet melody to raspy and shouted courses, and I love bands like SPOKE, JAWBOX and FUGAZI too, but freakin' enough already! Anyway, I'll assume that there's a certain loyalty associated with bands on the admirable No Idea label and there's a demand for this. What strike me most about BRIDGE & TUNNEL are the thoughtful lyrics that touch on some interesting subjects such as respecting the elderly in our youth-obsessed society. And like I said at the outset, this band is great—they play well and come off very sincere—they just sound like practically every other band from Northern Florida (even though they're from New York). (BG)
(No Idea)

BROADSIDE – "Pressed to Kill" 10"

Seven songs of skinhead rock from Texas in the tradition of the TEMPLARS and early SKREWDRIVER (in a back-when-they-were-awesome-and-not-racist way). This isn't as classy as the TEMPLARS at their best, and some of the guitar leads are a little over the top, but make no mistake—this totally rocks. If you're a fan of the aforementioned bands, be sure to check this out. (JH)
(Longshot / Contra)

BUCKSHOT FACELIFT – "Anchors of the Armless Gods" LP

Rough-and-tumble grindcore, modern hardcore and a tiny bit of NYHC. It's a nice one-sided 12" with a hand-done etching on the B-side and a fully DIY release. I have a little pet peeve, but not with the band. Everyone everywhere compares them to NAPALM DEATH. Sorry, I hear nothing resembling that band. OK, OK, on "Preparation Montage" those vocals could be Barney of NAPALM DEATH. It's still very heavy and grindcore but sounds unique with lots of different sounds. Hardcore vocals mixed with guttural death metal vocals, blast-beats, lots of changes in the songs, strange guitar tones and some serious venom. I'm really into it, just don't believe everything you read. (MH)
(Old Souls Collective)

CAPTAIN WE'RE SINKING – "It's a Trap" EP

This EP is four songs of what I will refer to as completely boring, sappy emo rock. It's got it all—over-emotional vocal delivery, cheesy breakdowns, and all-around boring music to boot. Given the amount of this type of stuff that comes through *MRR*, I have to believe there is some sort of market for it—but who or where it is, I have no idea. (BD)
(Kind of Like)

CHANCLETA / CRANI SEPTIC – split EP

Two raw, fast and heavy groups from Barcelona. CHANCLETA plays a chaotic, fast, heavy sound that's not easy to lump into any one genre—a little hardcore, a little powerviolence, and all fast. CRANI SEPTIC has more of a brutal metal sound. Grindcore with death metal leanings. This stuff is raw and guttural, and despite all the name they list as influences I don't hear much of any of those bands, which is a good thing. I love the thrashy moments and the vocalist's many sounds. Maybe a little bit like GRONIBARD without all the sex humor. Nothing earth-shattering but good stuff from both groups. (MH)
(Victim)

CHEAP FREAKS – "Play Four Songs" EP

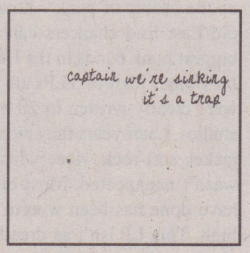
These Irish dudes come out swinging with big talk, laying claim as torchbearers to the MC5/STOOGES/SHADOWS OF KNIGHT flame. How many times have you heard that? Big talk. While they may not quite reach the heights of those masters, if you consider yourself a fan, the CHEAP FREAKS totally deliver four songs worthy of your hard-earned money. The opener, "Caesar the Deceiver," has the feel of an early THEM record—or better, the MC5 covering THEM, organ and all. The other three songs don't quite have that magic, but they don't disappoint. All-around excellent. (IS)
(Big Neck)

CHICAGO THRASH ENSEMBLE – LP

The packaging on this record is outstanding: hand-screened cover, one-sided LP with a screened B-side, and *baseball cards*. Yes, they printed baseball cards in the old '80s Topps style for each band member, including stats, paying history, and fun facts: altogether a very nice-looking package. Unfortunately, the music leaves something to be desired. This is modern, technical metallic thrash of the most pedestrian order, bordering on metalcore. (VX)
(Plastic Airlines)

CITIZENS PATROL – LP

Sometimes I feel like such a cynical and negative person when surrounded by numb-minded and artificially cheerful people, but then I throw on some good hardcore music and feel comforted by the soundscape of a shared and similar outlook. And I obviously mention it here because this spanking brand new full-length by one of the best Dutchcore bands around is making me feel that way. I'll suppress the temptation to go Bruce Roehrs style and



start spouting off lyrics, but I'll just say that they're simple, yet poignant. Songs of loss, laments of lacking social skills, and the general disbelief in our modern world are all here to soothe the soul. And the music? Shit, you don't know CITIZENS PATROL by now? You need to remedy that quick! In a nutshell—fast and raw traditional hardcore done just right. Go grab this, and grab their EPs while you're at it. (BG)
(Even Worse / Way Back When)

COCKNEY REJECTS – "Unforgiven" LP

I love the REJECTS. I don't give a fuck. They sum up the beauty of punk—how a bunch of sixteen-year-old East End chancers can end up being one of the biggest punk bands in the UK, even playing on *Top of the Pops*!! First two LPs are unstoppable (even if they were clearly written in 20 minutes on the way to the studio). Later years they went for the mullet and frilly-jacket soft-rock vibe, which sucked of course but wasn't unexpected. Most of the "reunion" stuff they have done has been woeful at best so hopes weren't high. This LP isn't as dreadful as some of their '90s goods as they take a leaf out of the COCK SPARRER book of pub rock, which is never a bad place to start. It's *realllly* rock with some sweet backup chants, but on the whole it's pretty boring. I'll go home and listen to *Greatest Hits Vol. 1* to clean the palate. (TB)
(Randale)

COCO COBRA AND THE KILLERS – "Baby You Done Me Wrong" EP

Smooth, slightly bored-sounding chanteuse-ing over new wavey rock. Not my thang, but not bad for what it are. (DD)
(Ken Rock)

COCONUT COOLOUTS – "Yeah, Right!" EP

The COCONUT COOLOUTS' latest is a lo-fi-ish, demo-quality outing that apes VOM or the early QUEERS in a small way. Not nearly as fun nor funny, but aiming in that direction. "Punk House Pts. 1 & 2" is a plodding song that stretches from the A-side onto the flipside, about living in a punk house. "Yeah, Right" rips through a minute and a half or so of no-frills, SoCal-ish, um, punk. (IS)
(KenRock)

CODIGO NEUROTICO – "Sin Batalla Ni Bandera" LP

CODIGO NEUROTICO was a band from Barcelona that played throughout most of the '80s and most of the '90s. A retrospective of sorts, this compilation LP features songs of theirs from both decades. It's good, they play a very straight rock'n-roll type of punk, kind of like DESCENDENTS. Heavy RAMONES and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS influence (I would imagine). Nothing mind-blowing but all the songs are at least good. Cool gatefold cover with tons of pictures. (FS)
(Black Sheep)

COMPLAINTS – "Secrets" EP

More straightforward than their debut 7" from a couple of months ago, the COMPLAINTS still come out with a winner here. While the last record brought together a little bit of the WIPERS, this one trades it in for an'83-punk-style rock 'n' punk feel with a little bit more chanted chorus. Good stuff. (JF)
(Meaty Beaty)

TODD CONGELLIERE – "Clown Sounds and Clown Frowns" CD

This would be the solo project from the man most people know as Todd Recess—the dude who runs Recess Records and the frontman/songwriter for FYP, TOYS THAT KILL and UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND, among others. For the folks out there familiar with those bands, y'all know Todd has a very distinct way he writes songs. You can tell one from a mile away. People have tried to cop his style, but they all fail, and quite embarrassingly. Probably one of the last original styles left in pop-punk. Anyway, this (count 'em) 23-song CD is no different; every song has that unmistakable style. But the record itself is different from everything else he's done. It's way more somber, and all the lyrics seem purposeful rather than totally nonsensical and absurdist—these songs are actually trying to say something (most of the time). *Clown Sounds and Clown Frowns* is definitely Todd's coming-of-age album. And it's really good—I would recommend it to everyone who digs the above-mentioned bands. But it is a little too mellow for those of you looking to "get stupid." You know who you are. Well even in that case you should buy it and save for some rainy day you're alone at home crying about... whatever it is you assholes cry about. (FS)
(Water Under the Bridge)

CONTAGIUM – "Archaic" LP

This is the latest primal crusty noise from these Halifax, Nova Scotia Canadians. Heavy on the DEVIATED INSTINCT and AMEBIX tip, this shit is mean, with reverebed vocals and heavy bass and driving guitars. This LP sounds more metallic, particularly the guitar parts, than their previous releases, but don't let that scare you—it's still thrashy with that UK82 style. It's like AXEGRINDER if they were comfortable with their more melodic (sensitive?) side—CONTAGIUM have some really beautiful and haunting guitar pieces sandwiching the brutality on the A-side and are not afraid to play with tempo. The B-side is almost a whole piece with some rather metallic movements. The controlled chaos sounds like it could become a mess at any moment, and the tension is delicious. It's hard for bands like this to really be experienced on a recording, but I am willing to bet that the atmosphere they create on this record would sweep me up at a live show. Aren't they on tour now? It's at times aggressive yet sad, and angry yet pretty. Pretty vinyl! (MB)
(The Total End)

CZOSNEK – "Sometimes" LP

Poland's CZOSNEK have been around for ages, but this record is different...and it's better. The addition of a female lead vocalist is the most instantly noticeable change (and her vocals are fukkn great, bringing up instant, unavoidable, but not completely unwarranted comparisons to POST REGIMENT). But these songs are more varied, which is what has set them apart on previous records as well, with disjointed rhythms and tempos and lots of ultra heavy (but not remotely macho) breakdowns and slow riffs—like the intro to "Osoze" which is as haunting as any 25 seconds I've heard on wax in quite a while, and then it explodes into the most furious song on the record. *Sometimes* sounds absolutely *huge*, and while there are certainly elements inside that nod to more well-known US and Euro heavy crust acts (the opener for side two, most pointedly), CZOSNEK's approach to writing is refreshing and totally engaging. Nikt Nic Nie Wie never disappoints, and *Sometimes* is no exception, I've owned and liked CZOSNEK records in the past, but I feel like they have completely come into their own on the release—top notch punk. (WN)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

DARKMILL / THE DONNER PARTY / EYESORE / TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM – split CD

Taken in order: The DONNER PARTY—jokey fastcore/powerviolence with one vocalist who does a damn good impression of the guy from INFEST. Lyrics may have been cribbed directly from old CHARLES BRONSON records. I don't really need to ever hear this band again. EYESORE—mediocre grind/powerviolence. I got excited when I heard the Jello sample at the beginning of their first song. Now I wanna stop listening to this and put on a DKs record. Best song is a NAPALM DEATH cover. DARKMILL—appealingly badly recorded fast/slow basement grind. Seriously, one of the cymbals sounds like a bag of broken glass being swished around. Nothing original here, but it's good and brutal with a more "modern" INSECT WARFARE-ish sound. Stick with the blown-out recording, DARKMILL, it suits y'all very well. TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM—more jokey SPAZZ worship. Good musicians, boring songwriters trying way too hard to be "quirky." It's weird that a Malaysian label released a compilation of mediocre Canadian bands when there's so much good stuff going on in Malaysia. Fucking pass. (AU)
(Pissart)

DEFECTORS / LARIOTS – split 45

DEFECTORS serve a manic, yet somewhat standard Euro garage number, "Bloody Mary." Organ, plenty of reverb on the vocals, fuzz-guitar, all played with plenty of sweaty passion. Finland's LARIOTS go the other direction—totally stripped-down, barebones, pure rhythm and stomp with a pretty killer tune called "Magic Whistle." (IS)
(Rigolboch)

DEREK LYN PLASTIC – "The Smell of My Room Volume One: Drug Sounds" CD

This is some thrashy synth punk. If you are going to have keyboards in your band, you better make it fast and loud. DEREK LYN PLASTIC does that. Each song is fast. DEREK's vocals are some times panicky and manic, but then at others they are lethargic and drawn out. Unfortunately for him I am listening to this just after hearing TIMMY'S ORGANISM so it sounds as if he is trying to do the same thing as Timmy Vulgar, which just isn't that easy. The CD also includes "demo" versions of each song which sound a little muddier—but I am all for dirtiness. (CK)
(NMG)

DETOURNEMENT / OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – split EP

Each band here is doing an acoustic original song and one song with the full band. Unless you live under a rock with no outside stimuli coming at you, you probably at least know of OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. There should be no need for me to tell you what they sound like or what they're all about. The acoustic song is all right, not too exciting to this reviewer. They cover PANTHRO UK UNITED 13's "Princess" with the help of various members of Minneapolis bands you've all heard and probably like, maybe even love. It's a pretty solid cover, I must say. I don't know much about DETOURNEMENT, other than I saw them last year with the other band on this split. They were all right, but didn't really grab my attention. The acoustic song here certainly does nothing to get it this time around, either. They do TRACY CHAPMAN's "Talkin' 'Bout a Revolution." It sounds an awful lot like the guy from the STRIKE singing over your average fast, catchy punk song. If you're

not a huge fan of either of these bands, you might want to pass this one, or do the opposite if you're into either band. (BD)
(No Idea)

DETROIT 442 – "Boredom City" CD

Wow. Based on the format and sloppy, slightly pixilated artwork, I was expecting this to be pretty dismal. Instead, it's *great*. On the surface, the unassuming music is simple HC punk rock with garage-y production, but the simplicity belies a real sense of individuality and weirdness sadly absent in the paint-by-the-numbers output of the majority of punk bands. Not that this is some crazy art-punk shit or something—nope, it's just solid, meat-and-potatoes punk that's just *off* enough to make it stand out. The best CD I've reviewed in recent memory. This will probably be underappreciated, but then so were a lot of other good bands. As it happens, DETROIT 442 is fronted by the former singer of SON OF SAM (existing from 1981-1991, first reviewed way back in *MRR* #8). It's always cool to see scene vets playing in good *new* bands rather than reuniting their old ones to rehash long-gone glory days... (CS)
(Detroit Noise)

DEZERTER – "Underground Out of Poland" LP

Much-appreciated and well-done Polish reissue of this collection of early DEZERTER recordings, originally released by Maximum Rocknroll Records! I won't spill much ink on the band's history (it's well-documented online and elsewhere), but in my opinion they're one of the finest punk groups of the '80s, and they still exist in some capacity or another today. Compiled by DOA's Joey Shithead and supposedly assembled from tapes smuggled out from behind the Iron Curtain, *Underground Out of Poland* opens with the band's four-song 1983 EP, the first Polish hardcore record ever. The rest of the LP is comprised of good-quality live tracks recorded in 1984 and a *crushing* 1985 studio recording done for Polish radio. DEZERTER's material is comprised mainly of mid-tempo to blazing fast HC, but there are traces of earlier UK-style '77 punk as well as hints of the post-punk direction they took on their next couple albums. Top-notch throughout...and man, the opening riff to "Polska Zlota Mlodziez" is as great as anything DISCHARGE or POISON IDEA ever wrote. Completing the package are some of the most well written punk lyrics of all time, addressing social and political topics in a singular and skeptical way. I love the juxtaposition in the song "Postep" of ideals probably pounded into the heads of the citizens of Communist Poland with the reality as the punks saw it: "Development—of a military technique / Progress—in the mass death / Growing in number—victims of society / Mechanization—of humanity." Not to romanticize the band, but to imagine them risking surveillance and arrest to scream these anti-state ideals is pretty mind-blowing. This comes with my highest possible recommendation, but also a warning to fans of high-fidelity studio production: Watch out for your ears—this is the real shit. (CS)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

DIRTY BEACHES – "Golden Desert Sun" EP

Simple beats, simple and sparse guitar, and simple vocals all soaked in reverb make up the A-side for the debut single from DIRTY BEACHES, a one-man act from Montreal. It's catchy and already stuck in my head, but despite that being the case, it's not especially "special." The vocals are monotone and the lyrics undecipherable. The song itself doesn't really go anywhere—just the same sound for three minutes (sorry dude, the minimal amount of feedback is not somewhere). It's not repetitive (which I'm a big fan of—I could happily listen to FAUST play two notes for an hour), but more like a boring story that you patiently listen to and walk away after its been said. The B-side is unfortunately no more interesting. It's an instrumental that leaves you wishing there were vocals. (MU)
(Italian Beach Babes)

DIVORCE MONEY – "Names/Use Your Imagination"

Eww boy, limited to 200 and I can't tell if this is fucking terrible or just OK. It's a hodgepodge of OK elements but ends up sounding like some '90s shoegaze emo bullshit. Like if a SONIC YOUTH fan got into SEX VID and the stupid hype genre "mysterious guy hardcore." This is actually terrible and a prime example of the evils and pitfalls of the Internet. Next trend, please. Fake bands like this can fuck right off. (RR)
(Video Disease)

DOOM – "Rush Hour of the Gods" LP

I am more than happy to be *MRR*'s resident DOOM reviewer as I love this band almost as much as my own children. While many will say that the *War Crimes*-era DOOM is the most classic, I'd have to say that later-era DOOM was more crushing and vital. This LP was originally released in '96 on Flat Earth Records and here we are fourteen years later with the same label making a newly remastered version available again. DOOM was the standard bearers of the ANTI-CIMEX/DISCHARGE HELLHAMMER style—classic UK crustcore. The sound of crusty dreads, cider and the 1 in 12 Club. This LP featured Wayne, the last DOOM vocalist, who sadly died a couple of years back. Fitting tribute. Great to see this classic record back in print! (TB)
(Flat Earth)

DL.50 – "Hardcore Desde El Tercer Mundo" EP

Holy shit! The instant I dropped the needle on this beast, I was headbanging. Simply put, it is political thrash hardcore from Paraguay sung in Spanish. There are four tracks with side A having more of a metal sound, whereas "Bazofia Asesina" has more of a hardcore leaning with gang vocals. The last track, "Herencia Fetal," is the most metal track, with a great production and riff. This last track could have come out in 1986. I love bands like this with influences like RATTUS, SODOM and EXTREME NOISE TERROR but not sounding like any of those bands. They create their own (somewhat) retro thrash hardcore sound and tear it up. (MH)
(Darbouka)

THE DOPAMINES – "Expect the Worst" LP

Yo DOPAMINES, the COPYRIGHTS want their throwaway songs back. How are bands supposed to give songs to comps or splits when you steal them and release them as an album? Oh wait, these are original, you say? Well that is nice, but it doesn't mean your songs are original sounding. For those who haven't heard the COPYRIGHTS, they play a Midwestern melodic punk that sounds sort of like SCREECHING WEASEL with a less snotty, more melodic vocal style. The COPYRIGHTS are great; the DOPAMINES, not so much. Oh shit, the COPYRIGHTS and DOPAMINES have a split, so compare for yourself. (JF)
(Paper and Plastick)

DRESDEN – "God Has No Mercy" EP

A two-song scorcher from veterans of Wisconsin crust. Bitty (REMISSION, WARTORN, WORDS THAT BURN) handles the vocal duties, while Bob (DESPITE, TIERRA DE NADIA, HÜLLÜS) plays his down-tuned guitar better than I've heard in a long time, and Bones, Ela and Ozzy (all veterans of Wisconsin punk), fill out the lineup. Motörcharged apocalypse crust that manages to avoid the trappings that make this genre sound contrived. Healthy doses of stoner riffs give the fast ones an even more urgent feel, and the vocal tradeoffs between Bitty (high) and Bob (low) are killer. This crushes, but there are only two songs and this is limited to just 300 copies, most of which probably sold on their recent West Coast tour, so good luck. (WN)
(Crimes Against Humanity / Profane Existence)

DRUNKIN PUNKIN IDIOTS / NUCLEAR TOMORROW – split EP

Two San Diego bands representing on this slab of wax, and each does their side justice. NUCLEAR TOMORROW throws down fast and classic hardcore that sort of reminds me of DIRECT CONTROL meets CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. The lyrics, from what I can make out just by listening, seem to use a dose of humor to address serious issues like how shitty fast food is. DRUNKIN

PUNKIN IDIOTS, unsurprisingly, play a more snotty punk style of thrash that Duane Peters would totally approve of: a nice combination of inebriation and nihilism that will end your day well after skating in a backyard pool session. This EP could definitely benefit from a lyric sheet, though, like all punk records should have. A solid release. (BG)
(self-released)

THE EAT – "Communist Radio/Catholic Love"

This reissue was originally recorded live before a lackluster audience in Miami, Florida in 1979. As the legend goes, the EAT threw handfuls of this record out to the crowd when it was released in '79 and they were subsequently broken, smashed to bits or left on dashboards to melt in hot South Florida sun. The EAT consisted of four drunk sports fans living in the "cocaine cowboy" days of Miami who cranked out punk that was reminiscent of CCR on speed or a fucked-up REAL KIDS. More fittingly, perhaps, they sounded like a ragged Mustang with no license plate, full of cocaine, driving down Miami's 79th Street at 2:00 a.m. It's fucking beautiful. I don't even have the words to tell you how great and essential these songs are. I've put "Catholic Love" on almost every mix tape I've made in the last 15 years. In my humble opinion, this is one of the best records ever produced in the history of music. No fucking joke. RIP Chris Cottie. (GH)
(Last Laugh)

ELECTROCUTIONS – "Locked Gates/Lonely Roads" CD

I've always been a fan of Big Neck; back in the day they pumped out some pretty ill garagey snot and snarl. This doesn't totally fit into what I'd expect from the label, although the band's sound does have a nod to early BASEBALL FURIES. ELECTROCUSIONS have a kinda Midwest-garage-meets-STIFF LITTLE FINGERS/DEAD BOYS sound with a sniff of ARTICLES OF FAITH, which is rad. The cover art and layout is some of the worst pixilated shit I've ever seen... I know, I know—it's what's inside that counts, but I'm a shallow guy who likes pretty things, and this shit ain't pretty. That aside, this is a real find—tough-ass catchy music with super smart eloquent political lyrics about immigration, police and homelessness. I just wish they'd thought out the packaging 'cos this is a diamond in the rough. (TB)
(Big Neck)

EUNUCH – "Stillborn" EP

This is some seriously pissed off hardcore, y'all. There are some youth crew breakdowns, thrash, chunky hardcore and blast-beats. We've got some feedback and some vocals that are growling, throaty and deep. I have been waiting for this 7" since I saw EUNUCH tear everyone's face off at Chicago Clitfest in '08. It was a moment of "What the fuck just happened?" and when I came to, I grabbed their killer demo. Worth the fucking wait, I tell ya! The cover is striking old photo of a woman exposing her post-op mastectomy scars. You would never have any indication, but this brutality is the work of four women from Boston (sorry if I out-ed you gals, but the world should know) featuring members of LYBIANS and RED THREAD. This shit is not for the weak. It's menacing and fucks with your timing and musical sensibilities. I am guessing that in the future there may be some comparisons to other hardcore bands with women in them, like PUNCH, but I am drawing a line in the sand here and saying these four ladies can lay waste to any dudecore/SXE HC band, female singer or not. Women can do it better. And no, they do not sound like SPITBOY. Good shit! Get it! (MB)
(Eunch)

EVIL CONDUCT – "Home Sweet Home/One of the Boys"

Fuck yes! This legendary Oi band from Holland comes storming back with this tasty two track 7" single on Randale Records. As a long-time fan of Oi! Oi! music I may be a bit biased, but I gotta hand it to Randale for putting out some of the best bootboy music on the planet these days. If you're into skinhead music and don't know anything about EVIL CONDUCT, then you must be about twelve years old, or you've been living under a rock somewhere. These guys emerged at some point in the early '90s, I believe, and they played some of the most authentic sounding '80s UK Oi music at the time. It's great to see that they are still around writing great new anthems that channel the likes of classic 4-SKINS and LAST RESORT!! (ML)
(Randale)

EXECUTIONER – "Hellbound" EP

1982 Bay Area hardcore! I hoped that would get your attention, because those words mean something. EXECUTIONER were a lesser-known but worthy contemporary of such legends like CRUCIFIX, the FACTION and RIBZY, and those bands are also reference points to what these tunes sound like. I'd even throw in a bit of UK82-tinged metal punk into the mix, but thankfully not enough to fuck it up. For 30 years these four classic San Jose hardcore tracks have remained stashed away in obscurity and are mercifully now available on the proper format, the 7" EP. I'm so glad that this didn't come out as some CD with a bunch of crappy new songs and inaudible live tracks. This is the way to do it—the tracks and the format that the people want! And having cover art by Winston Smith just makes this thing even better. These tunes might not be the best of the era or anything, but they definitely sound good and are worthy of this release. Better 30 years late than never. (BG)
(Patac)

FANGS OUT – "Speech Shadowing" CD

You know in that movie *Strange Days* where Juliette Lewis plays an aspiring rock star and every time she performs she sings a PJ HARVEY song? This sounds like that but more boring. (MM)
(Etxe)

FAST DEATH – "Open Wide" EP

Four months ago, when I reviewed a two-song promo tape from these "100 million % pure hog punks," I wrote that I hoped they'd have more material out soon. I guess someone down there likes me, because I'm holding in my hands one fucking rager of a 7". The lyrics are all about drinking, smoking weed, riding motorcycle and death by disease. The music weds fast crusty hardcore with an '80s metal guitar sound, and it kicks ass. Five songs of metallic punk in the best tradition. (VX)
(Patac)

THE FAST TAKERS – "She's Goin' Crazy" EP

The vocalist has a particular (and peculiar) nasal BOB DYLAN-as-new-waver style that I'm certain I find reminiscent of someone, but since I can't think of whom, it probably won't help you much. Some cartoon character maybe? The music is kinda lightweight hard rock/garage; catchy enough, s'alright. (DD)
(Skygoat)

FED UP! – "Sheer Poetry" LP

I made the mistake of seeing the CRO-MAGS in NYC last December because I was in town and, well, it was a show. The band was OK, but the crowd and the opening band I saw were truly the *worst*. You don't have to be a fan of classic NYHC to know that the "scene" nowadays is a sad imitation of its glory days, and almost completely divorced from its punk origins. FED UP! is another group with nothing to offer but macho posturing and boring, unimaginative music. They even call someone a "cocksucking faggot" between songs. A bad review can't do justice to how much I dislike this. (JH)
(Welfare)

FEY GODS – "Untied/Bury Me Standing"

The A-side of this is a goth-pop wander through the dawn hours, which brought to mind some elements of DEATH IN JUNE or SWANS. It's all right, but the real treasure is the B-side. With lumbering industrial clicks and reverbed guitar over LYDIA LUNCH breathless/desperate scrawl, it captures the good, creepy desolation of dark forest-scapes and some just behind. (MM)
(Hozac)

THEE FINE LINES – "She's Kind of Evil/It's Over Now"

Frat rock! Catchy riffs and harmonized vocals for songs of love gone wrong. Not as clean and sparkly as your usual frat sound. There is some fuzzed-out distortion to muck things up a bit. The songs get a bit repetitive, but they are short enough for that not too matter too much. (CK)
(Ken Rock)

FINLAND STATION – "Fat Accompli" CD

There's some serious DEAD KENNEDYS worship going on here, musically and vocally. From LA, this falls a little short quality-wise, probably for trying to fill some big shoes, as they say. This is OK for locals, but if you want to hear the real thing go see Jello's new band, which does DKs stuff quite well. (RL)
(self-released)

FIREBIRDGASS – "Punk Rises from the Pigpen" LP

This is the first vinyl appearance of FIREBIRDGASS' 2006 CD, and fucking hell does it rage. These guys fit snugly alongside the second wave of the Burning Spirits-style bands like PADLOCK and CROSSFACE, though with a bit more of a traditional punk edge in the chanted vocal parts and straightforwardness of the songwriting. The raging solos show a definite DEATH SIDE influence, and when they rock out, they rock the *fuck* out, at times achieving early S.O.B. levels of speed. There's even a ballad (of sorts) with sung vocals that's endearingly unhinged and definitely unexpected, with a touch of J-pop influence. These six songs flew by and definitely left me wanting more. Limited to a little over 500 copies, so snag this bad boy while you have a chance! (AU)
(Crow Music)

FIRE DEPT – "A Flame from the Fen" 2xCD

A CD containing the complete anthology (two LPs) of Medway-inspired garage band FIRE DEPT. Formed in 1983 in Cambridge, England, the FIRE DEPT played fuzzed-out, lo-fi garage many moons before this type of boozed up rock'n'roll became the toast of the town amongst the *Vice*-reading douche

brigade. With a career spanning 1983 to 1995, the FIRE DEPT had enough time to take in straight-up garage rockers and KINKS-inspired pop, all the way to ELECTRIC PRUNES drug-drenched psych; all written with a more-than-sensible ear for a great tune and a callous disregard for studio finesse (thankfully). A lost treasure finally unearthed by those lovable Brits at Damaged Goods; ranks right up there with the HEADCOATS, MILKSHAKES, the STINGRAYS and garage darlings the PRISIONERS. Forget about your BLACK LIPS and get the real thing. Not to skip on the value-for-money ethos, good old DAMAGE GOODS threw in an extra CD covering the history of the Fen punk scene as well as rarities and singles from the FIRE DEPT. (SD)
(Damaged Goods)

FOR EX-LOVERS ONLY – "Coffin" EP

This is some fuckin' *Pitchfork* bullshit. I have absolutely no idea why three reasonably healthy-looking young men (actually one of them is fat/bearded and they're all ugly) would start a band, name it after a song by BLACK TAMBOURINE (which is a hilarious band name), no doubt beg and blow some rich twerp into releasing a 7", rip off WAVVES "So Bored" for the A-side (they manage to make it *worse*), write and record two instantly forgettable sub-pop acoustic/drum machine "songs" for the flip, and then send a copy into *Maximum Rocknroll*. I guess I just don't get *modern* music. This is the soundtrack to Facebook. I can't tell if this makes me wish I was dead or these guys were dead. Wait, who the fuck am I kidding—I totally wish these fuckin' idiots were dead. I hope everyone they know dies. If, after this review is printed, one or all of the members of this shitty band actually does die, I won't feel sick or remorseful or guilty at all; I'll feel better than I'll have ever felt before. Here's to hoping the fat one chokes on a chicken bone. (BB)
(Magic Marker)

FOUR EYES – "City Feeling" EP

Wow! Great stuff. FOUR EYES plays melodic, indie-rock-tinged pop-punk, or what used to be known as college rock. Their sound is a winning combination of early LEMONHEADS, DINOSAUR JR and BROCCOLI. Five tracks; get this. (AM)
(Four Eyes)

FREESTONE – "Church/Bummer Bitch"

Well, here is the legit reissue treatment for FREESTONE's accidental KBD hit "Bummer Bitch." The one-note guitar solo was meant to drive home the point that this wacky song was a rip on punk. But all the same, no one could resist "Bummer Bitch"! The flipside features the opposite end of the serious spectrum, "Church," which is really just a throwaway second-rate prog number. If anyone can get this almost exact reproduction of the original still they should. "Bummer Bitch" is really too great not to enjoy all the time. (AL)
(Last Laugh)

FOR FUCK SAKE – "Trapped Like a Rat" CD

Solid sixteen-track debut full-length album from this SoCal five-piece mixes hard-edged but catchy ragers with some street-punk-style anthems reminiscent of the early CASUALTIES. Judging by the cover artwork and lyrics to tracks like "Cheers to Beers" or "Fashion Disorder," one might guess this band spends more time getting their look right and getting wasted to put much effort into their music, but the tunes deliver. Good, thick production, too. The hi-pitched vocalist kinda grated on me at first, but I got over it. Definitely worth checking out. (CS)
(Unrepentant)

FUNGI GIRLS – "Turquoise Hotel/Doldrums"

The music on this record starts off pretty damn cool. It's fast, amateurish, K Records punk style, but then the vocals kick in. It really throws me off. They are kind of soft and echo-y, reminding me of a less-confident MORRISSEY or some late-'80s ecstasy stuff like STONE ROSES or INSPIRAL CARPETS. The B-side is a bit less punk-y and goes better with the vocal style. (CK)
(Hozac)

GAS CHAMBER – LP

This is a pretty brutal collection of tape/CD-R-only material from Buffalo, NY's raw/chaos punks GAS CHAMBER. A really great compilation of pummeling rage-core, which has been remastered for this release. Bravo. Interesting lyrical content relating to human/machine relationships as well as primitive human to nature perspective. (RM)
(Warm Bath)

GAS CHAMBER – LP

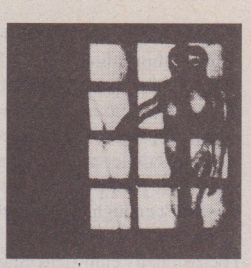
This recording has been making the rounds via cassette and the internet for a while now, but GAS CHAMBER have finally seen fit to put their 2008 recording to wax. Simply put, this is among the best hardcore records I've ever heard. Totally transfixing riffs, a dual guitar assault that is half mutated and affected, and a bass guitar that rivals the power that I've seen come from only a very few hands (two of those hands gave me this tape some time ago, and two of them are reviewed elsewhere in this issue). GAS CHAMBER harnesses ghosts of powerviolence past and present without ever treading the same path; "Strontium" could have come from any number of West Bay Coalition bands, but these songs are still totally fresh (a lot of that has to do with the bass—it's like PARLAIMENT injections into face-melting hardcore, complete otherworldly shit) and really sound like nothing I've come across. You know the vibe—hate-filled and frustrated—and you are familiar with the breakneck, no-punches-pulled style of attack, but I assure you that when you hear Sheperd awkwardly shout "Family photo on the wall / Memories are complicated / Historical revisions are quietly fabricated" in "Comfort Food" or the fukkd to shit "D-beat by accident" attack on "Experiment on Direction," there will be no doubt that this record is something special. Piercing noise serves as a periodic and disconcerting interlude between these uncompromising blasts. This record is flawless. (WN)
(Warm Bath)

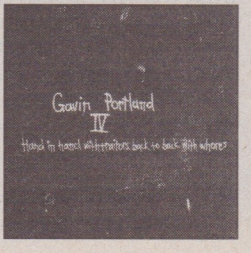
GATORFACE – "Wasted Monuments" LP

I believe *Wasted Monuments* is the first full-length album from this ex-NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD Florida band. The first song had me thinking "JAWBREAKER worship," but in fact the rest of the concise thirteen-track LP has more of a poppy SoCal punk sensibility—like DESCENDENTS and *Suffer*-era BAD RELIGION crossed with modern No Idea-style pop-punk (most prominent in the vocals). These guys also throw in some kinda herky-jerky rhythmic twists here and there. I was actually reminded of the recent CANADIAN RIFLE album on a few of the tracks. The lyrics address the current punk scene as well as some general social issues. When I saw the last song was an early-era CLASH cover ("Janie Jones"), I was like "Argh, why bother recording a popular track from one of the world's most well-known punk bands?" but what the hell…I enjoyed hearing 'em run through it. I believe it's only available on the vinyl version of this album. (CS)
(No Idea)

GAVIN PORTLAND – "Hand in Hand with Traitors, Back to Back with Whores" CD

This band from Reykjavik, Iceland erupts like a long-dormant volcano on this, their fourth album. OK, I just had to say that. Sorry. Well, I don't get to hear a lot of Icelandic bands these days, and I don't really have much of a frame of reference for this one; it's heavy, grinding hardcore with passionate, almost screamo vocals. At times it borders on nü-metal, but there's a punk edge that keeps it from going too far in that direction. The very nice letter that accompanied the CD suggested that they were trying to fuse the sounds of JESUS LIZARD and SLINT with those of BREACH and MAJORITY RULE. I didn't really hear much of the first two in this, and I've never heard the last two, but if that sounds like something you can get behind, you should pick this up. You can probably get it cheap: since Iceland's financial collapse, I'm sure the Krona is pretty weak against the almighty Dollar. (AM)
(PBP)





GERM ATTAK – "Death to Cops" EP

First things first: this 7", limited to 100 hand-numbered copies, is only available with the first issue of *We Are Pretentious Assholes* zine. For a review of the zine itself, turn to the zine section. If you haven't ever heard this rather prolific Canadian band, they play upbeat street-punk with strident political lyrics. If the title wasn't enough of a hint, this record focuses mostly on the band's hatred of cops. Well, I hate cops too, and I occasionally enjoy listening to the kind of punk made by guys with charged hair wearing leather and studs, so this 7" was pretty enjoyable all in all. Contact the label/zine to see if there are any copies still left. (VX)
(We Are Pretentious Assholes)

GOOD RIDDANCE – "Capricorn One" CD

GOOD RIDDANCE is having a fairly productive afterlife, having split up several years ago now. I, for one, am very pleased with this current state of affairs. Starting in the late '80s, they were one of the originators of the "Fat sound"—speedy, smooth melodic hardcore with lots of interesting guitar parts—and marrying (if you'll excuse the pun) songs about girls with overtly political songs about war being the health of the state, and such weighty topics. This collection of single, compilation and demo tracks does 'em proud for sure. Some of their finest moments—often in a slightly different form—and an excellent collection to start with for those that criminally may have missed 'em over the last couple of decades. Trust me, Reaganomics never sounded so bad. Nor long distance relationships this good. (RK)
(Fat Wreck)

HEALTH HAZARD – "Discography" LP

The records on here originally came out '93-'95; a CD version of this came out on Prank in the late '90s. HEALTH HAZARD outta Bradford, England, played fast and heavy political hardcore with bellowed vocals. From the sound of it, the lady singer was only on the first 7". By the time the last EP was recorded, they had really stripped things down to the basics and sped up à la some members' later band, BOXED IN. The A-side of this LP is their 10", where they add the occasional headbanging, boot-stomping interlude, but their strength (besides the appropriately hate-filled lyrics) is the fucking off-the-tracks, blazing, gnarly, tight, killer *thrash*! HEALTH HAZARD is a band better enjoyed in smaller doses, so if you're already getting by with their split 7" with SAWN OFF (their last and best material), this record isn't mandatory. But if you can't score the other stuff, you ought to be on this. The MOTÖRHEAD cover is all right, and they do a sweet version of "Funkytown." (JM)
(Flat Earth)

HELLHOUND – "Beast" EP

This is definitely a record that I want to like more than I actually do. Their lyrics are trying to be bleak and meaningful, they have good bass tone, and one of the members is wearing a MOTÖRHEAD shirt. This sounds like a modern hardcore band in the TRASH TALK vein trying to break out of that mold and incorporate influences from metal and grind, but the production is too clean, the lyrics are all too vague and angsty, and the whole package just does not come together. I'll give them points for trying, but this leaves me cold. (VX)
(Subterranean)

HOLLYWOOD – "Baltimore Queens" EP

Featuring some of the worst artwork and some of the biggest douchebag lookin' dudes I've seen this year; one would expect the music to match and be completely unlistenable (I almost gouged out my eyes when I saw the photo of the band). With that being said, don't rush ahead and assume the music is good because it is indeed quite bad—just not as bad as you might assume based on the artwork. This EP contains three tunes that sound like late-'90s heavy alternative mainstream rock, but without the production, of course. Imagine a stripped-down, fast FOO FIGHTERS song (but not as good) and you pretty much get the audio picture (reminder: you don't want the visual picture). (MU)
(Ken Rock)

HOLOCAUST IN YOUR HEAD / VIOLENT HEADACHE – split EP

Two Spanish bands rip it up on this split. HOLOCAUST IN YOUR HEAD is new-ish and VIOLENT HEADACHE has been around for more than 20 years. This month I've reviewed two good bands from Barcelona, one great band from Paraguay, and now two more solid Spanish bands. A great reminder that good shit is happening everywhere. HOLOCAUST IN YOUR HEAD plays heavy hardcore, straightforward with no metal influences. They very likely got their name from EXTREME NOISE TERROR's *A Holocaust in Your Head* and do have similarities to that band. VIOLENT HEADACHE was one of the first Spanish bands to play grindcore, and these six new tracks continue their straightforward approach and have a major hardcore influence. Good stuff from both. (MH)
(Mundo Mejor)

HOT NEW MEXICANS – LP

When I first put this on, I had it on the wrong speed. Angular? Disjointed? New wavey!? HOT NEW MEXICANS? What the fuck!? It actually sounded quite good though. That could be a new marketing shtick—two records in one. Has anyone already done that?! Purposefully...? On that thought, I hit 33 and all fell into its rather lovely place, quite prettily. Shit, this is already sounding completely awesome. I'm not even a full listen through at this point and I'm already becoming smitten. This release is typical of the Recess catalog, displaying the catchiness of swine flu along with hints to the spazz of the BANANAS, the soft garage fuzz of THEE MAKE OUT PARTY! and the cute melody of the GRUMPIES. At times I can hear nudges to the BUZZCOCKS and, more surprisingly, even *Sgt Pepper*-era BEATLES in HOT NEW MEXICANS' well-considered and skillful layering of melody and rhythm. Then, at other times it's as balls-out and rocking as THIN LIZZY. Fuck, this is so good! All too often, punk can be mistaken for music that is sloppy, rushed and ill thought out. "First three chords we can half play—there, that's a song? Right?! 1-2-3-4!!" This LP is anything but that, featuring that combination of heart and balls that will forever go down well with me. The record is actually rather... beautiful? Yeah, I said that! And you won't hear me gush like this very often, that I promise you. (GG)
(Recess / Houseplant)

THE HOT TODDIES – "Get Your Heart On" CD

God save the twee! This all-gal group cranks it out. I'm actually surprised I didn't come across this Oakland combo sooner. This is good in a '60s-era-girl-group kind of way with a dash of bubblegum. This could have come out on Damaged Goods or Kill Rock Stars just as well. One for the wimp rockers and male sweater crowd for sure. (RL)
(Asian Man)

HUMANS – "Are Dead" CD

Wow, this is some spastic shit. I don't even know how to describe it. Sounds kind of like what I imagine would happen if TUBERS was more influenced by the likes of MAN IS THE BASTARD than any number of later Mike Kirsch bands. This CD kind of reminds me of the ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET LP. If any of those bands caught your attention, you should seek this out, but that might be a problem, as this appears to be limited to a mere 100 copies. (BD)
(self-released)

HUMAN SKAB – "Thunder Hips and Saddle Bags" LP

This is a reissue of some tapes made in the mid '80s by an eight-year-old boy with a mohawk and a line in vengeful punk vocals. A pre-pre-teen BOBBY SOXX? His one and only show was supporting PERE UBU at the Capitol Theatre in Olympia, WA. This isn't cute or some "awww gosh darn it, aren't kids the most darndest" thing. You can see why the tape-trading maniacs and *Your Flesh* scribes of the '80s freaked out on these sounds. The background music reminds me of a more aggro Y-PANTS, and the lyrics touch on subject matter ranging from nuclear decimation and family drinking problems to dead babies, dinosaurs, wrestling and finally, of course urination... Pretty cool artifact. It's sort of a strange imagining a time when tapes were traded and information arrived via mail or fax. Listening to this really brings that era home, in that HUMAN SKAB would probably be a YouTube video at this point in time... The lyrics are kind of amazing and reflect the fear-mongering of the Reagan era as completely as any contemporary hardcore band. (LG)
(Family Vinyard)

HUMANIFESTO – "The Infamous" CD

Twelve raging political manifestoes—from taking down the system, to god and famine and punk rock—played in a variety of well executed modern hardcore styles. I definitely prefer the more PROPAGANDHI end of the genre than the noisy shouty bits, but they mix it up well, and the earnestness is infectious. 30 minutes of often-anthemic bile. (RK)
(Koi)

HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH / SIDETRACKED – split 6"

Hell fucking yes. Hailing from the industrial wasteland of Tacoma, Washington, SIDETRACKED has been one of my favorite HC bands of the past several years. Any new material from them or any of their associated groups—OWEN HART, SOJOURNER, BOOKBURNER, FEVER, etc.—is always cause for celebration. While their most recent stuff before this was in an INFEST/NO COMMENT vein, some of the material on their side of this split mixes the fastcore influences with the youth crew stylings of their earlier days; if members of DESPISE YOU, STRAIGHT AHEAD and LÄRM jammed, this might be the outcome. The eight originals are musically all over the place and uniformly excellent. They also include a cover of the highly underrated BLACK ARMY JACKET's "Deathache." On the flipside, Boise, Idaho's favorite sons HUMMINGBIRD OF DEATH provide five new songs of punk grind for your listening pleasure. These song were written early last year and performed at Gilman's Speed Trials; anyone who was there should remember exactly how punishing a set this trio performed. Those who wasn't can now jam those songs at home on their turntable. Two great bands, one great record. (VX)
(Cowabunga)

HÜSKER DÜ – "Spot's Arcade" LP

Zen Arcade is my favorite record. From my first listen in Oklahoma, in my bedroom with headphones, finally finding solace knowing that someone else understood my complete confusion and solitude, that record has been a huge part of my life. And while I tend to eschew bootlegs simply rehashing different versions of songs that bands long ago decided they wanted to toss aside, it was with obvious excitement that I put this boot on the turntable, because even if it is really nothing more than slightly altered rehashings of the same tunes, those are the tunes that make up my favorite record, so how the fuck can I lose, right? "Something I Learned Today" opens and the bass sounds all fukked up and clunky and the guitars are weak as shit compared to the LP... oh, I see, they didn't release this stuff 'cause it wasn't as good, and now 500 fools are going to line the pockets of a punk profiteer at $8 wholesale? Yeah, stoked. "Chartered Trips" is next and the guitars sound killer and way more piercing, vocals are hollow and it sounds almost like there are different backing vox but I can't really be sure. The song is way slower but it's pretty cool. "Some Kind of Fun" is one of two previously unheard tracks on this boot, and it sounds like a song that would have been well suited on *New Day Rising* but it has the meanest guitar tune on this whole release to counteract the rather poppy tune that hints to the later HÜSKER releases. "Hare Krisna" is not exactly the highpoint of *Zen Arcade*, and this version will do little to convince its detractors, but "I'll Never Forget You" crushes almost as much as the original, though the solos are too low in the mix. Side one closes with a confusing, instrumental, low-end-heavy mix of "Beyond the Threshold" with no solo. I'll spare you a similar play-by-play for the flipside and just say that there is nothing here that even approaches the power of the actual release. "Somewhere" has an awful guitar lick that was thankfully mixed out of the LP version, there's a Grant Hart piano bit that is unnecessary and "Dozen Beats Eleven," the other unreleased tune that is a plodding, later-SST-sounding song that could have turned into a "Dreams Reoccurring" extendo-jam pretty easily. "Turn on the News" (maybe the best one on the record, killer over-indulgent guitar overdubs), "Newest Industry" and "Masochist World" (instrumental) are included as well, but none of the versions on this record approach anything I would even think to call essential. A slower, less transfixing incarnation of my favorite album—for completists, unabashed fans and curiosity seekers only. (WN)
(bootleg)

IDI AMIN AND THE AMPUTEES – "Disco Bitch/Nasty Nazi"

The Man with a Thousand Faces strikes again, this time instead of reverbed jeans-pissing it's kilt by dethh punk puke. Apparently this "band" has been getting a lotta shit on account of being like my own band. But it's *fake punk* you fuckin' idiots, and I mean fake punk in the *good way* not the bad CHRIST CHILD/F.U.2 way—as opposed to the...oh, I don't know, but you know, the *other way*. It's trebly and badly played and obnoxious and predictable and those are all good things if you actually enjoy punk music. Go to hell, all of you. (BB)
(Going Underground)

IGNATIUS / NATURE – split EP

Dark semi-goth shit from NATURE, kinda like the ESTRANGED. Y'know, they have a bunch of JOY DIVISION records but turn up the heat like the WIPERS at times. It's more... post than pre—and I'm totally feeling the vibe, especially on the song "Din Medicine"—driving with echo-y reverb guitar. Rad. IGNATIUS is a husband-and-wife team playing super blown-out distorto garage with squawking vocals. Can't hang with it, but the NATURE side is worth the price of admission for sure. (TB)
(Skrammel)

I'M WITH STUPID – "Swank-O-Pation/Surrender"

Two tracks of pop-punk/garage lite—one an original, the other a CHEAP TRICK cover. 'Nuff said. (SD)
(Evil Empire)

INSERVIBLES – "Trigueña" EP

Perfect punk rock from southern Mexico, ruthless and vicious cutthroat style—the way punk was meant to be. Referencing classic Mexico City punk like SS-20 but spewing it out in a much more manic violent style. You can tell they inhaled the same fumes as RATAS DEL VATICANOS, but with more of a violent streak, less garage more gas. This record will pummel your brains out and give you a black eye. INSERVIBLES have proved themselves as necessary for your record collection like a black eye needs a steak. (LG)
(Shogun)

IRRITONES – "We Are Negative Dots" LP

Now we're cooking with gas. Imagine FRUSTRATION dropping the Ian Curtis worship, taking a big line of ol'-school grade-A biker speed and jamming it out with the HATEPINKS. It's simple, it rocks, it's got that menace, it pumps like Arnie's steroids and even manages to pull off more dance moves than Fred Astaire and his ginger sidekick. If the DAMNED weren't the DAMNED, they would be the IRRITONES. Love it. (SD)
(P. Trash)

JACKALS – EP

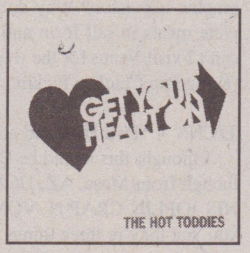
This is a fucking intense record—a total awe-inspiring assault from start to finish. The heavy guitar tone leads the charge through six *brrrruuuutaall* tracks beginning with a brooding and straight-up hard intro and ending with a scorching epic that weighs a metric ton! This group of English hoods from Norwich play really well conceived and perfectly executed hardcore—total mosh and hate screams. I love it! The songs are ballistic in the way RORSHACH destroyed; they hang on to sanity and self-control by the nails on their fingers. Completely claustrophobic and recklessly desperate. Think of mid-career CONVERGE (but less epic), think DESPISE YOU (but not powerviolence or LA), think total heavy and fast, think apeshit, and think about where you can find this record. Highly recommended! (RM)
(Holy Roar / WWHRD?)

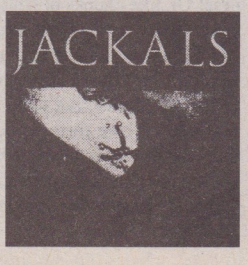
JAIBO! / LET'S GROW – split LP

I had sort of a weird mix up of expectations when listening to this new split of two Belgrade hardcore bands. I started off with the one I'm already familiar with, LET'S GROW, and I was expecting some run-of-the-mill thrash-core since some stuff I've heard in the past didn't really floor me or anything. But then I raised an eyebrow and was like "Hold on...these new tracks are pretty freakin' killer!" These dudes capture the '84 fast-to-mid-paced sound just right, and the singer's voice is raspy but not over the top, swallowing nails shit. Man, I want to revisit some of the older stuff now 'cause maybe I wasn't in the right mood the first time around. The flipside belongs to JAIBO!, who I haven't heard before, but had high expectations for as I had seen other reviews comparing them to JERRY'S KIDS and BAD BRAINS! Those are two points of reference that should not be thrown around lightly. There are some similarities I suppose, as some tracks do sound like stuff from the *Kill Kill Kill*-era JERRY'S KIDS and the spastic and manic vocals mixed with high-speed guitar noodling does bring to mind a little *Rock for Light*, but they have their own thing going on even more. So even though my initial anticipation was blown, I ended up listening to the whole side a second time, without any preconceived notions, and started to totally dig it. And then I flipped it over to hear LET'S GROW again. Both bands tear it up! (BG)
(Thrashbastard)

JJ AND THE REAL JERKS – "The Future Is Now/Hooky"

Peeled out of the sleeve picturing two alien space babes attacking a dude driving a flying 1950's hot rod, this two-song 45 stabs vaguely in the direction of the band you kinda remember while chasing shots with endless beers at some dive bar and scouring the floor at the end of the night to find change to play JOHNNY THUNDERS on the jukebox one last time. Big LA-punk-cum-hard-cum-bar-rock, churning out the mid-tempo, big-riffed, big-club drum





sound that's post-SEX PISTOLS—or at least later SOCIAL DISTORTION—reverberation. Could use a pinch more garage snottiness and sandpapering or go the opposite direction of crunchy full wallop, but the playing is solid and the songs have sturdy enough rock or poppy foundations. It still sits within the framework of "heard it before"—something that works aces live, but has to step up and distinguish itself in recording when you can't guarantee the level of inebriation of the listener. Limited to 100 copies, "The Future Is Now" at least asks the important questions: Where is my flying car and jet pack?! Where's my robot maid and holographic television? Why don't I have a raygun, complete meals in pill form and anti-gravity boots? Why can't I visit Venus for the weekened?! (KS)
(Kung Pao Chicken Pickin', no address)

JJCNV – "Two Hits and a Miss" CD

I thought this would be European for some reason, though from Mesa, AZ, JJCNV—an acronym for JANIS JOPLIN CRAP N' VOMIT, (I don't know about you, but they're three things I regularly associate with each other) possess a a mixed array of potential influences and musical styles. This album starts off with the buoyancy of SONIC CHICKEN 4 and disconnected, slightly jarring WIRE like rhythms. At times I am also hearing the faster and peppier, yet less BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN flavored bridge between LIFTER PULLER and THE HOLD STEADY. In the male and female split lead vocals I hear the DIVEBOMB HONEY without the electronics, FUTUREHEADS like harmonies, Dub style over-laps, HICKEY style screams, the controlled yelling of AT THE DRIVE IN and even a great Liam Gallagher impression ("Sheeeee-yiiine"). There's also evidence of all over the shop TOY DOLLS style silliness with horns and childish keyboard riffs. I half expect the Benny Hill theme tune to start playing before it calms back down into some pretty straight up melodic, jangly punk stuff that wouldn't be out of place on Recess Records. A little bit confused, but it was certainly interesting. I'll give it that. (GG)
(Flab Fjord)

JONNY GERRIWELT – "Living with Class" LP

If you can get over the five blokes staring you out on the cover of this record and actually put it on the turntable without starting a fight on it, JONNY GERRIWELT will deliver you some straight-up, Oi-tinged, not-a-kink-in-sight (OK, well that bit of piano on "Chicken Place" could be described as a kink) street-punk. Undeniable influences from COCK SPARRER—seriously authentic Cockney accents, guys (for fellas from the Basque Country). High five! A few of their guitar solos leaned towards STRUNG OUT, and also, from the image on the back of the cover, I can just imagine the singer of this band prancing about giving their live performance a STRUNG OUT feel. Dripping in faux-macho, homoerotic sauce... Anyway! MOTÖRHEAD—does Lemmy actually do guest vocals on "Rotting"? RANCID—there are oodles and oodles of Matt Freeman-style bass lines all through this record, like spaghetti through Bolognese! Or, like chunks of fruit floating through sangria, I should say, as they are Spanish and not Italian after all... Truth be told, this is not my usual style and I wouldn't buy this record, though if street-punk as a genre lights your ring (shit, didn't MTV used to say that? Do we owe them money now!? Sorry...) check this out. However, credit where it is due, it certainly got my imagination working, especially with their potential for homoerotic performance art... (GG)
(True Force / Longshot)

KICKING SPIT / STYMIE – split EP

Both of these bands are new to me, so to start this off, KICKING SPIT is half of SEASICK from New Jersey. They play fast, poppy punk with lots of fancy guitar work—think harmonizing leads, wah pedals, and speed-picking that would make JOE SATRIANI proud. STYMIE starts it out with a quickie that made me think they were going to sound the same with all kinds of guitar wizardry. They don't really bring it full force with the other two songs, which range from fast to mid-tempo catchy rock. This is a pretty good split, and totally worth checking out. (BD)
(Cowabunga)

KNIGHTMARES – LP

This is the type of release that I refer to as a "tax-return record." An LP of a short-lived Sacramento grunge band that broke up five years ago. Don't get me wrong—the album is great. A couple of the songs on here are really good, aside from being way too long. Six-minute-long songs! Who do you think you are? TEDDY PENDERGRASS or something?!? But seriously folks, if you read *MRR* and freely admit to yourself that you like SMASHING PUMPKINS, this could be something you really like. Members of this band have also been in FOUR EYES, the READY-MADES and RIFF RANDALLS. (FS)
(self-released)

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTO – "Likana Valikoimassanne" LP

I am confused—confused cuz the A-side and the B-side of this LP sound like two different records. They are even different speeds!? What the fuck!? Regardless, that does not take away form the chaotic HC that these Finnish dudes are cranking out. It's definitely reminiscent of the punk roots of UUTUUS, TAMPERE SS and KANSAN UUTISET, but not in imitation. Rather, it the A-side is an inspired updated version of said bands that incorporates some modern hardcore and moments of order among the usual beautiful chaos that is Finnish hardcore. This is some angry, raw and nihilistic shit, not for the weak, with thrashy, distorted guitar and a rhythm section that pummels your ears. The vocals are brutal, throaty and raspy, eliciting the same feeling that you get when you are about to get in a fight: fear, excitement and adrenaline—no turning back. With that being said, the hooks are somewhat missing. There are parts in these songs that grab me and I fucking worship the vocals, but something is missing... The B-side makes up for it—slower and moody, more of a jam, but seriously good and when they fuck with tempo, they are fucking with you. Slower, melodic and creative as the first song swoops into a mid-tempo yet frantic song with some crazy RUDIMENTARY PENI-sounding shit. It's still mean and menacing, but definitely more anguished. The drums kill it here. The second song is something I could hear with SOCIETY NURSE, VILE GASH, SLICES or NAZI DUST. Awesome intro, it's amazing. Cool artwork and good tunes. I dig it. (MB)
(Primitive Air-Raid)

LIKE WOLVES / OAK AND BONE – split EP

LIKE WOLVES have been steadily releasing quality music for the last year or two, playing fast, chaotic, desperate hardcore that screams for you to either get in or get the fuck out! Loud guitars that don't follow normal and boring routines drag this band through a more intricate version of hardcore than one first expects. I certainly enjoyed the more straight and tuff track "It Awaits," while "New Circles" fell a little flat. Oh well, creative songwriting and an aggressive edge give these guys a pass on the otherwise normalcy of the modern hardcore sound. OAK AND BONE on the other hand was much more difficult to pin down. They are much heavier than their counterparts, immediately reminding me of COALESCE—from the guitar gurgle to the vocal bark. The first song, "Dirt," is a mean stomper that just trudges through for a couple minuets, no real sparks but a good song. The second track was what raised an eyebrow; here they incorporate a surfy guitar and psychedelic bend on an otherwise meat-and-potatoes jammer. Not sure what they were going for there, but happy hunting. (RM)
(Barbarossa)

LITTLE LEAGUE – "Frames" CD

A nice mix of SUPERCHUNK and DINOSAUR JR here. Don't call it emo! Six songs that just groove from this Florida band. Facial hair and a hoodie are merely an option. This is '90s revival stuff I can live with. Very good. (RL)
(Gaines St.)

LO-LITE – "Basics" LP

Fully satisfying guitar, drums and vocal racket, with enough primitive blues riffing to at times evoke a shit-rock version of MR. AIRPLANE MAN with a little GUN CLUB thrown in. (DD)
(Slovenly)

LOST BOYS – "Work Life Regret" EP

Four tracks of vintage-sounding hardcore from France's LOST BOYS. It's chaotic, with a slight disjointed feel, all most bringing to mind mid-period DEAD KENNEDYS. The hooks are buried beneath the scratching guitar, but trust me, they are there in abundance. A menacing feel permeates the groove while conjuring up the FITS with the retro punch of MIDDLE CLASS. It's got that classic feel, but its willingness to experiment takes it away from the rival school and makes this a genuine contender. Could play this over and over and over and over...again. Brilliant. (SD)
(Thrashbastard)

LOTUS FUCKER / THE WANKYS – split EP

Well, this should be easy since I already practically proposed marriage to this record in my column. The WANKYS—you know 'em, you (should) love 'em. Ancient British punx paying homage to Kyushu Island punk, beer and the sacred art of beating the meat. This particular recording is fucking filthy, constant noise and hiss overlaying the usual fantastic 1-2-1-2, GAI-worshipping punk mess. The yellow-on-white color scheme they chose for their side of the split seems to be intentionally irritating, and it is very much so. LOTUS FUCKER offers one seamless track that is by turns frantic, epic and very nearly emo (in the good, early-'90s chaotic sense). The main riff from "A New Path Is Opened" is so goddamn fucking killer. Think of every band that played like they were about to fall the fuck apart at any moment, from WRETCHED to SWANKYS to MAKARA focused through the prism of one band intent on doing their own thing and to hell with everyone and everything else. Magnificent. (AU)
(Katorga Works)

MALL'D TO DEATH – "Can't Make a Living" CD

Here we have a band from Minneapolis, MN (which also, with that region being home to one of the world's largest shopping malls, the pun in their name

is completely and absolutely intended, I'm sure) that is killing my naïve belief that only great music comes out of this part of the world! They're laden with influences from bad ska-punk that was acceptable about fifteen years ago from the likes of RANCID and NOFX, but now just sounds dated. And I don't mean dated in a "cool" and "retro" way, more a cringe-worthy mid-to-late-'90s, stupidly baggy, elephant legged, Road Jeans wearing way. A clearly OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-inspired vocal performance tops this bizarrely short ten-track release. I'm all for keeping things curt and to the point, but at 11 minutes and 38 seconds long, I'm not even sure this can really even be referred to as an album. (GG)
(GC Records)

MARK SPARKLES – "Uppers and Downers/Black Snowflakes"

Super positive pop-punk from Seattle. It's the kind of music made by really close friends with a "we're doing this 'cause it's fun" attitude. The music is so bouncy and positive you would almost assume it was made by privileged clean kids, with lyrics like "Wouldn't fear the world today / Fuck bad vibes in my way" as an indication. But as someone who has seen this band, I can attest that they are in fact scumbags. And they probably hate the world just as much as you or I. But for whatever reason they wanted to make music that was pure fun and bright as a rainbow. And that's cool—it's party pop. It's not meant to be listened to in headphones sitting in front of a computer. It's meant to be blared while you're blasted and dancing with your friends. And in that respect, this is great. But you gotta be ready for some fucking smiling and laughing. Sounds like a grungy SLEEPWALL. (FS)
(Abandon Hope)

MASSHYSTERI – LP

Sophomore LP from these formerly VICIOUS Swedes. They've picked up a second guitarist, apparent from the abundance of guitar lines throughout the songs (reminiscent of NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS to my ears). Overall, this self-titled album is not vastly different from the 2008's *Vår Del Av Stan*—maybe a *little* less X-influenced with more of a plaintive/melodramatic mood, but the songs are still structured on simple minor-chord riffs, down-stroked guitar, straightforward drumming, prominent male-female vocal harmonies, etc. The members of MASSHYSTERI are talented songwriters; as a whole the tracks are catchy and instantly memorable, and while they suffer a bit from all sounding very similar, repeated listens have begun to reveal subtle flourishes here and there that are really growing on me. Needless to say, the layout and packaging to this Feral Ward release is great—these thick jackets must cost a damn fortune to make (not to mention ship overseas in bulk!). Another quality MASSHYSTERI album. As good as these folks are, I hope for their next one they attempt something ambitious, like *Youth of America* or *Zen Arcade*...they've got half a chance of pulling it off... (CS)
(Feral Ward)

MASS KOTKI – "Miau Miau Miau" LP

Basically this is what you would have if T.A.T.U. were from Poland and their producers wanted them to have more of an "edgy" or "punky" image. Complete with cover art made for Hot Topic, a ton of remixes and *a heavily airbrushed pull-out poster of the two girls in the band totally naked and posing with wrenches*?!?! I don't even know. I don't even know. (MM)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

THE MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE – "Them Steadily Depressing, Low Down, Mind Messing, Post Modern Recession Blues" EP

This band has been around for a while now, so many people already know about them. For those of you who don't, the MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE plays fast, catchy political punk. It's not preachy-political like...oh, say PROPAGANDHI. It's more rhetorical than anything else. Well-thought-out lyrics with both trebly vocals and yelling-style vocals delivered with conviction. I saw them a while back in Minneapolis, but didn't remember too much about them, then we got to play with them in DC last month and they were great. All the songs were tight and they played with lots of energy. If you get the chance to see these guys play, you should totally do it! (BD)
(Asian Man)

THE MIRRORS – "Shirley" EP

Near-exact reissue of legendary Cleveland pre-punk single from the Hearthan Records roster. The original has a typically yellowed and flimsy paper sleeve, so it's easy to spot this bright white cardstock cover. The MIRRORS are a longstanding Clevo supergroup from the UBU nation, featuring members of ELECTRIC EELS, STYRENES, ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS, PERE UBU, EASTER MONKEYS, etc. This single is a great way to hear where they were all coming from circa 1975, as they wore their influences (read: VELVET UNDERGROUND) on their sleeves more than any other Hearthan releases at the time. "Shirley" is a great chill-out *Loaded*-style track, and "She Smiled Wild" is a *White Light*-style aggro pounder with added psychedelic effects in the mix. Surprisingly contemporary sounds for 2010. (GB)
(Violet Times)

MORKT KAPITTEL – "Liten Fabel" EP

As soon as I picked this up and noted that it was a European collaborative release between six different labels, I knew there was at least a 50% chance of it being typical TRAGEDY worshipping Scandi-crust. The enclosed bio/information sheet says that the songs here are "fast, angry [and] melodic," but I can only agree with one of these assessments. The music is definitely melodic, but it's mid-paced and, frankly, bored sounding. TRAGEDY are a great band, but the legions of bands trying to ape them rarely reach near their level. Give me generic D-beat or AMEBIX/AXEGRINDER/DEVIATED INSTINCT wannabe stenchcore any day. (VX)
(Lukket Avdeling / Radio Schizo / Unter Mensch / Nakkeskudd / etc.)

MUTANTS OF THE HOLOCAUST – "Kings of Rock'n'Roll LP

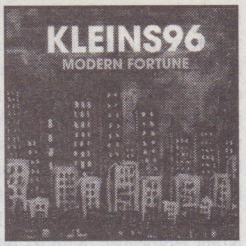
From the name and band photos I was expecting (rather dreading, actually) a saucer full of psychobilly but, although the first song on this one-sided LP is a rendering of R&B and rockabilly chestnut "Train Kept A-Rollin'," it's an art-damaged noise version with perfect shamblistic bass, looping synth filter sweeps, some nice jagged guitar, and vocal stylings prefiguring LIGHTNING BEAT MAN. Their version of the STOOGES' "Loose" is even less recognizable. Accompanying letter says these geniuses (that's not from the letter, that's my characterization of these inspired characters) were active in the early/mid '80s in the northern UK. Good thing Factory Records never got around to signing them, as they probably would have had all the good grit produced out of them. Bless this bunch and everything they stood for, whatever it was. (DD)
(Minimum Effort)

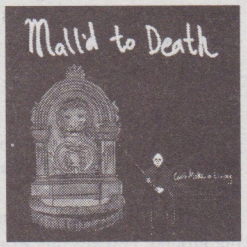
NOBELKOMMITTEN – "Innan Livet Exploderar" CD

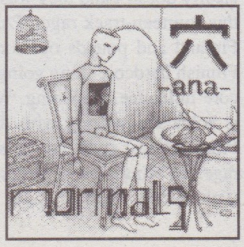
Ah, the ole mystery CD. Obtuse album art? Check. Unintelligible foreign name? Check. Precious little info, what little there is in tongues. A little research tells me this lot are from Sweden. The shit is fuggin' smoking. It takes some of the new-school sounds (and production) of fellow Swedes SMALLTOWN (who mine the CHORDS/PURPLE HEARTS territory) and throws in a bunch of homegrown influences like EBBA GRÖN and KSMB. Super catchy, crisp and not trying to ape any US shit...keepin' it local, I dig it. An obscure one, well worth tracking down if any of the above sounds palatable. Good shit. (TB)
(Heptown)

NORMALS – "ANA" CD

Four lo-fi jumbles from Nagoya, Japan. Male and female vocal squeak trade-offs, discordant angular post-punk, slow plodding art-damage, punctuating leans on a spooky garage-ish keyboard, a







handful of upbeat garage riffs, more art-damage puzzle pieces of instruments plunked, bashed and churned in different directions. Not fast or severe enough to be chaotic, it's rather disorienting, with repetitive Japanese lyrics spit out over GANG OF FOUR-ish guitar scribble. If that doesn't sound like a "for fans of the style" music recommendation, I don't know what is, but the unpredictability of this band is a joy—one song sounds like DEAD KENNEDYS "Saturday Night Holocaust" with its bleak, slow bass line, then the next kind of sounds like the MUMMIES. So it's hard to pin down even what that style is. The gig flyers printed in the packaging testify that same wild diversity in the experimental Japanese punk scene with its broad acceptance of different styles on the same bill, allowing for such wild experimentation and evolution. Cool. (KS)
(MCR Company)

THE NOT AMUSED – "Totally Destroyed" EP

Yeah! This is good shit. Short, snotty and to-the-point. There are three songs on this 7" slab o' wax that clock in at about two minutes each, which is perfect for the frenetic, fast-paced punk-rock that is heavily influenced by their English punk rock predecessors like the DAMNED, etc. This could be the UK equivalent to the BRIEFS! (ML)
(Queen Mum)

NUDE BEACH – LP

Some good ol' fashion rock'n'roll pop-punk. Kind of slower, with more emphasis on technical prowess than attitude. It's the kind of pop-punk that the MODERN MACHINES are known for driving into the fucking ground. Perhaps this would be recommendable to fans of the RINGERS. It's catchy and the songs they create are interesting. Total *Razorcake*-core. Or more specifically, East Coast REPLACEMENTS-worship. The lyric sheet will give you anxiety, but all in all, the record pretty good. (FS)
(Mandible)

NUX VOMICA – "Asleep in Ashes" 2xLP

The second LP by Portland's NUX VOMICA is an expansive, impressive effort featuring just *six* songs over two full albums that last more than an hour. These songs are pretty "Cradle to the Grave" style—progressively diverse within themselves, raging from mid-tempo rockin' punk to thundering metal to snippets of GUYANA PUNCH LINE-ish bursts of scathing thrash, to sky-opening epic crust riffs and bleak ambient, psychedelic passages. The vocals are full-on gnarled scratching screech à la WORD SALAD, but with detailed, thoughtful lyrics about the environment, decay and colonization... An always solid recording from the Jam Room sets a foundation for this commanding adventure of sound, packaged in a nicely painted gatefold sleeve with splattered vinyl. (KS)
(Aborted Society)

PAHAA VERTA – "Lyon Sut Kahtia!" LP

Who has time to play fucking games? This band clearly doesn't and they waste no time in ripping into this fourteen-track rager. PAHAA VERTA hails from Finland and pounds out some nasty tunes with that Finnish hardcore thing going plus more of a US hardcore influence happening. What makes this a winner is solid songwriting with the instantly-recognizable Finnish vocal style, and it is delivered with rasp and rage and wins me over instantly. Great! (MS)
(Paha Tukka Elama)

PANACEA – "Humanity Is Heading for Nowhere" CD

These Polish youths deliver a hearty installment of heavy and epic modern crust with black metal influences. They have hyper-fast riffing, soaring guitar leads, the painful sound of creation and the joy of destruction. I wouldn't say it's uniformly competent, as some crazy thrash parts lack direction and the songs aren't all equally as strong. Many a horde trod this path in Europe today, and these folks are towards the middle, headed to the front. Six songs, 29 minutes. (JM)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

PASSION KILLERS – "They Kill Our Passion with Their Hate and Wars" LP

This is a vinyl version of a demo recorded in 1983 and released then on Peaceville Tapes. PASSION KILLERS were deep in the early-'80s English anarcho scene. They looked down on drug users—'til they played Stonehenge! They played catchy enough punk with melodic vocals and showed the creativity of the pre-hardcore scene by having songs that aren't all identical, including a sleepy, super mellow track. Overall, I found a few songs that excited me, and a number which are more middle-of-the-pack. This will appeal mostly to those already immersed in the aesthetic of this time and place. There are a few songs worth taping, so check it out if this sounds good. The LP does come with a giant booklet filled with an in-depth band history, flyers, letters, set lists, etc. (JM)
(Demo Tapes)

PEOPLE'S TEMPLE – "Make You Understand" EP

It's hard to not to call a band obsessed when they are called the PEOPLE'S TEMPLE and have songs called "Jim Jones" and "Make You Understand," while also having a shtick that doesn't just borrow but embodies what the obsession is about. So OK, I'll use the term here; they seem to be obsessed with a floating '60s garage sound that leaves behind the hard edge and embraces the mellowed psych side. And the best occasion to use the term obsessed is when something sounds right. PEOPLE'S TEMPLE does sound right. Totally converted. (AL)
(HoZac)

PERCULATORS – "White Trash" EP

This five-song Swedish export packs all the snot of early QUEERS (think *A Day Late and a Dollar Short*—when they were good and didn't give you all that near nauseating bubblegum to gnaw on), along with energy and sneer akin to the CIRCLE JERKS and the DEAD BOYS. This shit's already pretty tight by me, and it's topped off with solid female vocals that are not entirely dissimilar to those heard from the BUSY SIGNALS. Lyrically, the content of this debut release is a little clichéd, and if you like your punk socially and/or politically aware, lyrics like "I'm so drunk" will most likely do little for you. However if you like it young, loud and not only snotty but a bit drunk and horny too, you will dig this like I do. (GG)
(Ken Rock)

PLAGUE RATS THROUGHOUT HISTORY – "Comobrid" EP

Twelve-song 7"s don't cross my path many days. It's a humble move by a band. Not only that, but considering the frantic chaos of the music, it's the right move. These songs are weird, brain-damaged sci-fi synth punk stabs of ADD. Smart, twitching bursts of energy emanate from the minds of two-man band PLAGUE RATS THROUGHOUT HISTORY. It's a concise staccato of a single. Each song is over soon after it starts, but the whole product leaves one feeling like a major happening was just witnessed. A little too geeky to be art-damaged, but still damaged all the same. Limited to 500 copies. (AL)
(Primitive Air-Raid)

PLAN OF ATTACK – "All or Nothing" 10"

Damn! This is pretty much my dream release—a 10" EP by a fuckin' killer Australian skinhead band!! It's no secret that I'm a big fan of the current crop of Australian bootboys out there like MARCHING ORDERS, RUST and SLICK 46, so it's logical that this would be my kind of thing... Consisting of seasoned veterans from the skinhead/Oi scene like Barry from SKINT on vocals and Viktor from MOUTHGUARD on guitar, it's no wonder that these guys have their proverbial shit together. This is rock-solid, tight-as-fuck, hard-as-nails brickwall Oi music! Did I use enough clichés in that description? I hope so, 'cus this shit is no-fuckin'-frills and stellar skinhead rock'n'roll!! (ML)
(Randale)

POLI STYRENE JASS BAND – "Drano in Your Veins/Circus Highlights"

Dateline: 1975. While Joey Ramone was still wearing silver go-go boots and Sid Vicious had a flower in his hair, all the pimple-types in Cleveland already had sneering, vicious razorblade rock groups together and were bashing crude and crazy rock'n'roll—nawfuckit, *punk*—around in the back of strip clubs and cold dirt-floor basements. All the bands had the same members and they were all fantastic (what a shitty word). Every single one of them. I'd heard the STYRENES (who recently conducted a regional tour, and apparently played to nobody) on the *Cleveland Confidential* compilation and at pal's houses, but hadn't heard this shit before. Get this and the MIRRORS and the PAGANS and PERE UBU and ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS and the OFFS and the GUNS and INTEGRITY and whatever else you can get that's old and from Cleveland. By the way, this sounds like people from Cleveland playing *Another Green World*-era BRIAN ENO for a minute and a half. (BB)
(Violet Times)

POLLUTION – "R-Smut" LP

Raw and nasty hardcore, but not in a smut-movie-minded manner; POLLUTION transcends the jerk-booth... At this point in time it's not possible to reinvent hardcore, yet every time I hear something from this band my faith in the possibilities of the genre is restored. Using the architecture of hardcore to take it apart? Burly and innovative, invoking the past masters of East Coast hardcore, this is reminiscent of RORSCHACH circa *Remain Sedate* but with a dirtier, less tech-minded feel. POLLUTION is unhinged and brutal whilst not seeming muscleheaded, with a detectable DIE KREUZEN inclination adding to the mayhem. They are clearly influenced by metallic hardcore, but they do not let the tropes of metal—the corny and expected signals and symbols—impede on their sound. This record is a fuck you, a provocation to those that are satisfied with xerox copies of what went before. Essential. (LG)
(C6 Recordings)

POST REGIMENT – "Czarzly" LP

One of the greatest European hardcore punk records, one of the top 50 records of the 1990s and one

the top Polish punk records of all time, POST REGIMENT's second LP from 1995 is a classic that has since defined and influenced an entire generation of Polish punk and hardcore with its combination of vaguely old-school BLACK FLAG-ish punch; sharp female vocals; intertwined, melody-driven, atmospheric off-beat passages; and upbeat energy. Similar to the other great European hardcore bands like SO MUCH HATE that bridged the transition between the raw energy of '80s and musically complex leanings of the '90s scene, as well as in line with Polish punk's traditional willingness to experiment, *Czarzly* perfectly balances its hardcore impact, melodic catchiness and aggressive progressive edges. The re-mastering here is a bit more crisp and defined, trading off a little of bass muddiness with volume, and the entire packaging has been "remixed" as well. Essential. (KS)
(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

PRESSURE 28 – "Spirit of '69/Pull No Punches"

Track one is a fairly plodding, by-the-numbers Oi tune with lyrics that drag out every tired cliché about skinhead life from warriors to bulldogs to standing tall. I'm sure the theme resonates strongly with the band's fanbase, but I don't understand why Oi bands feel the need to sing about being a skinhead all the time. The flip track is a melodic paean to a stubbornly patriotic neighbor. On red, white and blue vinyl. (AM)
(Longshot)

THE PRISONERS – "In the Land of the Free" CD EP

This appears to be a self-released EP by this band that has been around for 20 years. It starts out very promising on the first of five tracks with a wailing siren that leads into a kick-ass intro with a choppy, upbeat guitar riff reminiscent of the CLASH or STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. Good stuff! Too bad the rest of this EP didn't continue in that vein and instead takes a nosedive into trite drivel loaded with organ that sounds at times more like a bad alt-rock country band than a punk band... (ML)
(self-released)

PSYCHO – "Studio Recordings 1982-1986" 2xLP

Two-disc LP compiling the '80s recordings of these Massachusetts punkers. While I don't think a package this complete is really necessary, there are some killer tracks here and most everything is simple, fast, fun and catchy, so pick this up if that's your thing. (JH)
(Welfare)

PSYCHO – "Vertigo" EP

Boston's PSYCHO is back with a lineup featuring three-fourths '80s-era members. One of the four songs on this chainsaw-shaped disc is a re-recording of their 1986 track from the *Welcome to Ax/ction Island* comp; another is a GG ALLIN cover ("Legalize Murder") for which members of PSYCHO wrote the music when they were his backing band. The other two are decent approximations of their early hardcore-era style. I guess you could consider this EP the Gus Van Sant remake to *8 Song EP*'s Hitchcock original. (CS)
(Patac)

PTL KLUB – "1984-1987 Complete Discography" CD

Ahhh, this brings back my youth. PTL KLUB was a hardcore band from Woburn, MA formed by Bob Domenici and Chris Lillyman, both formerly of the punk band GENRAL FOODZ. They obviously never shied away from appropriating other group's names. This CD includes their seven-song demo tape from 1984, recorded before singer Dr. Death joined the band, plus their Mystic Records releases (*13 Commandments* LP, *Living Death* 7" and *Living Death 2* 7") as well as their track from the *Welcome to Ax/ction Island* comp and their final 7" *Nobody Cares Anymore*. Thrashy and angry hardcore with a good sense of humor. Dr. Death has a nice deep, scratchy voice. The music is fast and fortunately never gets metallic like many of the other '80s hardcore bands did. Included in the liner notes is a short and entertaining *MRR* interview prior to the release of the *13 Commandments* LP. Overall, a great collection, but I really don't ever need to hear any cover (punk or otherwise) of "White Rabbit" ever again. (CK)
(Welfare)

RAG RAGE – "Good, Wholesome and Sexy" LP

The first time my band played with RAG RAGE, the bass player had a mohawk so charged that she had to lay down in the car on her way to the show because otherwise her spikes would bend against the roof. Punk! The music consists of fairly basic 1-2-1-2 DIY pop-punk, but is saved from the pop-punk free box with badass guitar work and smart lyrics. Britt's (guitar/vocals) voice goes from sweet sounding to a snarly rasp in a soulful way that reminds me of Kim Shattuck from the MUFFS or Ivy from BLACK RAINBOW. Every song on this LP is awesome and will make you jump around the basement when RAG RAGE comes to your town. Fuck yeah! This LP came with a patch, a sticker and a CDR of the LP and two demos. Tight. (GH)
(self-released)

RAW POWER – "After Your Brain" LP

I recall buying this LP in the '80s and getting rid of it pretty quickly. I know why—because the guitar solos were way too much for me at the time. Listening to this 20-plus years later, I actually think it is a pretty decent record. Not as insane or amazing as the earlier output but still punk with metallic and rock moments. Folks who have been waiting for this to be re-issued, here is your chance. (MS)
(Toxic Ranch)

RAW POWER— "The Reagan Years" 2xCD+DVD

This three-disc collection compiles all the '80s recordings and two live shows from this legendary Italian hardcore band. It was fun to listen to *Screams From the Gutter* and *After Your Brain*. I haven't heard them for a couple years. Such great albums, certainly classic, but I'm not sure they'd make my top ten list of Italian hardcore records. Maybe top twenty. It was also interesting listening to *Mine to Kill*, the RAW POWER record from 1987 that most overtly crosses over into metal territory. Some of those songs are pretty good and some are just bland crossover. I think it's dismissed by most people as their crossover record—which it is—but it's definitely better and more hardcore than what other bands (e.g. NEGAZIONE) were doing at the time. The live recordings are a pretty cool addition. This is the definitive RAW POWER collection. (DB)
(Beer City)

RED INVASION – "...Ugly to Know So" CD

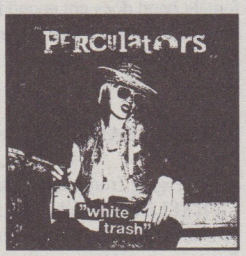
If you're hungry for another helping of rooster hair retread rawk with some JOHNNY THUNDERS moves thrown in, the dinner bell tolls for thee. As for me, even if this was done rather well, I can't imagine having much use for yet another entry in this sweepstakes. ("Rebel Sound Records"? Please!) Extra points off for half-copping "TV Eye" on "Disappear" in the worst way possible. The only thing notable is the singer's at-times comical overuse of "Yeah-yuh": at least he's doing *something* that commands attention. These lads were lucky enough to get a reviewer with my restraint: a lot of the scribblers here would have used this as an opportunity to really go to town. (DD)
(Rebel Sound)

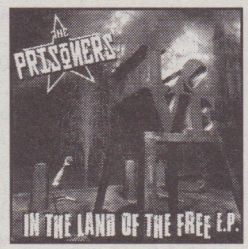
THE RENEGADES OF PUNK – "Difference" EP

They're Brazilian hardcore. They are fast and jangly and sound like X sometimes. This 7" possesses a superior quality as compared to other recordings. Quite suitable. Unwavering lady vocals and heavy-hitting and classic punk songwriting strategies. And they sample Eugene's interview from *The Decline of Western Civilization*. Which is weird, but cool. (HD)
(Thrashbastard)

ROAD RAGE – "Trust No One" EP

Eight tracks of raw, throttling hardcore from New England, with quick, clear yet spewed vocals spitting out rapidly over prominent, ringing, fast snare drum poundings. There are break-





downs and build-ups to frame the whirlwind attack of drums, vocals and guitars that try to keep up to their pace, with awesome teen rage lyrics in each song like "I can't take the fucking pressure," "You're a fake, a fucking fake," "You're a fucking asshole," "This sick fucking town where everyone knows your name," "Fuck my life," "I fucking quit, I'm not putting up with your shit, all I know is I'm sick of it." So you're fucking not going to fucking hear this on the fucking radio. Blood boiling enough like a guy cutting you off on the freeway without a turn signal, ROAD RAGE end the EP with a cover of BLACK FLAG's "Fix Me." Would go see and buy at band's show, but staring at it at the record rack in a store, you'd just be left to wonder what the fuck is up with the tattoo flash-style green rat humping a diamond on the fucking cover though. What the fuck? (KS)
(Welfare)

LAS RODILLERAS – "Horror Pleni" LP

This is a three-piece that hails from Spain, which is kicking out some rather impressive beach punk and garage as of late. This band (whose name means "knee-pads") is yet another great release skirting the same genre, but uniquely combining elements of goth punk, garage and surf punk. These three ladies could share a stage with ULTRATUMBADOS or RATAS DEL VATICANO, and even TY SEGALL fans might be into it, if they can take the darkness… Reminiscent to PARALISIS PERMANENTE in mood, and at times in vocals, these songs are atmospheric with reverbed guitars and somber yet rocking mid-tempo melodies. The vocals are a raspy and echoed female crooning that has some VIOLATORS and RICHARD HELL moments with great backups. It's a more goth and more punk CRAMPS. They cover the GERMS' "Forming," the lyrics are morbid and, no, this all-female band does not sound like SPITBOY. There are only 525 copies of this screen-printed LP so get your hands on it! (MB)
(self-released)

RUBELLA BALLET – "Never Mind the Day-Glo" CD

Emerging from the anarcho-punk scene, RUBELLA BALLET rejected the stereotype of the black-clad, serious anarchist; their multicolored spiky hair and fluorescent makeup set them apart from their contemporaries. This CD compiles two albums from 1985 and 1990 as well as the *42f* and *Arctic Flowers* singles. It runs the gamut from female-fronted anarcho-punk to polished, glossy goth-pop, like the MISSION fronted by STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE. I never paid much attention to this band, and frankly, this stuff is really lacking the edge I look for. The earlier single tracks are great, but the later album is very much of its time: slick pop with those "over-enunciated" Southern English female vocals—you know the kind of thing I'm talking about. Fans of the band or this style are definitely going to want to seek this out; it's just not my cup of tea, I'm afraid. (AM)
(Overground)

SANDY CITY – "Nice Hat" EP

Not-bad indie jams from Washington State. The A-side track is an oldies-style mid-tempo song about hanging out on a beach, kind of similar to what you would expect out of NODZZZ or BABIES but not as smooth, more herky-jerky. First track on the B-side is actually a good song. It's an up-tempo indie tune but with a WIPERS-style guitar riff that does in fact rule. Third song is an attempt to be that party anthem that everyone sings along to, with lyrics telling you tonight is the night and how you should party. The song is really repetitive, on purpose obviously. But all in all, the record was enjoyable. (FS)
(Party NGG)

SKARMENTO – "Punk Donramiro Rock" CD

I remember these guys from their very beginning at the turn of the millennium, and over the past ten years they have always caught my attention with their relatively straight-ahead punk rock! Singing mostly in Spanish, SKARMENTO reminds me of so many of the great German bands from the '90s that were emulating '80s British Oi, but breaking ground with the addition catchy leads and hooks to the traditionally bare-bones Oi genre. Don't get me wrong—I love my meat and potatoes English Oi and as much as I subscribe to the less-is-more, keep-it-simple mindset, I'm also happy to get a little variety once in awhile, so a band like SKARMENTO is a refreshing addition to my playlist! (ML)
(Zerowork / Anfibio / Bandworm / Punk Machine / Rusty Knife)

SKIND OG BEN – 12"

I honestly don't really know what to say about this or how to describe it—yet it is oddly appealing… Part punk, part psychobilly, maybe even a little bit goth?? This is a six-song 12" EP by this band from Denmark whose name translates to "Skin and Bone." I'm not really sure what to write about this other then to say check it out with an open mind and you might be pleasantly surprised! This almost sounds like a Danish version of AFI or something like that… (ML)
(Mastermind)

SLANG / WORLD BURNS TO DEATH – split EP

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH have really embraced heavy metal and used this relationship to their advantage. This is a really raging song that follows along the same path heard on *Graveyard of Utopia*. If you're a fan of that record, you won't be disappointed. SLANG successfully synthesizes somewhat divergent styles to form their own sound. They draw primarily from metallic-sounding NYHC and crust and Japanese hardcore. Their song is equally raging and contains some pretty sick riffage! Good split. (DB)
(Straight Up)

SLOPPY SECONDS – "You Can't Kill Joey Ramone/Can't Stand Rock'n'Roll"

I'm sorry to say that I wasn't as pleased with this as I hoped I'd be when I first saw it in my review box. You see, I've been on quite a pop-punk kick lately, possibly related to increased alcohol and pot consumption, and I dig some of the band's early shit like "I Don't Wanna Take You Home" and "So Fucked Up," so I was pretty pumped to hear some new tunes by the great SLOPPY SECONDS. I threw on the B-side first since I was curious to hear their cover of "Can't Stand Rock'n'Roll (one of the coolest punk tunes ever penned) and it's quite a faithful rendition, but I'd still rather hear the ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE version. The title track is a typical catchy song that serves as an ode to Joey Ramone, but that tune is on an LP that's already available and therefore makes this whole thing rather unnecessary. Get the full-length *Endless Bummer* instead! (BG)
(Sloppy Seconds Suck)

SOFT SHOULDER – "People Problems" EP

Cool stuff outta Tempe, AZ. Simple, sparse beats that compliment the blown-out strangely toned guitar with distorted vocals in the appropriate spots. It's similar to early '80s NYC no wave, but with a slower tempo, mellow desert mood and West Coast vibe (i.e. it lacks the aggression and impatience of TEENAGE JESUS AND THE JERKS, but that's A-OK in my book). (MU)
(Gilgongo)

SPECTRES – "Last Days" LP

It's going to be hard for this band to escape comparison to their obvious stylistic influences. Dark, flange-laden punk rock with extreme goth tendencies is the order of the day here: JOY DIVISION are the main touchstone vocally and lyrically but there are elements of the CULT, BAUHAUS, CHRISTIAN DEATH and TSOL. They wear their influences on their sleeve, which is not uncommon. The question is can they write songs? The answer is yes: if you can get beyond the derivative nature of the sounds, the songs themselves (hooks, vocals, structure, etc.) stand up to scrutiny. Faster, more driving tracks like opener "Time Is Out," "Longinas" and "Nazca" are the closest the band comes to demonstrating a style of their own, and as they continue maybe they'll develop even more of a unique personality. (AM)
(Whisper in Darkness)

SPLIT UPS – "Action Man" EP

Dig the BRIEFS? Like the CUTE LEPERS? This shit is your deal. Total leopard-print, sunglasses-inspired pogo punk. It's fine but bands like the TRANZMITTORS do it *waaaaay* better. (TB)
(When's Lunch)

STANDARD AND POOR – "What's in the Black Bag" CD

Old-school punk with humor. Musically along the ways of the DEAD KENNEDYS, the AVENGERS and the STITCHES. These SoCal boys probably provide a good time in their local bar/club. Decent for what it is. (RL)
(Unrepentant)

THE STILLMEN – "Nothing Happens" CD

Well, not much happens, save six blasts of fairly melodic/angst-ridden late '90s hardcore, and lots of emo/relationship breakdown. Eleven minutes isn't too long to pack into so many friendships gone awry, situations askew, and stabs in the back. At least these guys are trying to take it maturely, and agree to disagree with the wayward mates. Not the worst in the genre, by a long stretch. (RK)
(Gaines Street)

STRUNG OUT – "The Element of Sonic Defiance" LP

"Oh fuck yes! My favorite STRUNG OUT album has finally been pressed on vinyl for it's tenth anniversary" is what I would be saying if I liked awful, shitty, marketable-to-the-masses '90s-style Warped Tour shit rock. Seriously, Fat Wreck Chords, I ask you—was this really necessary? (BD)
(Fat Wreck)

SUBURBAN SHOWDOWN / WARVICTIMS – split EP

WARVICTIMS play the best kind of D-beat—brutal, dark and deathly! The drums sound awesome on their side of the recording, the perfect balance of caustic noisiness and clarity. The riffs aren't anything you haven't heard before but they're simple and effective,

as they should be. The vocals are gruff, burly, almost guttural—best style. Another impressive few songs from this band. The flip-side has three songs from SUBURBAN SHOWDOWN. They get off to a somewhat melodic start, which initially turned me off. But then it develops into something like a better-produced, more modern STATE OF FEAR (especially in the vocal department). Their songs have definitely grown on me after a couple listens. All in all, a pretty good release. (DB)
(Charred Bones)

SUPER WILD HORSES – "Enigma (You Say Go)/World's Gone Bad"

Wow. Super hollow, simple, dreamy, babely, monotonous. This Australian duo did the right thing one hundred times and then this 7-inch happened. Think: BRILLIANT COLORS meets FLIPPER, creating a union of unstoppable fuckage and inspirational sass, which we now know as SUPER WILD HORSES. (HD)
(HoZac)

SUPER WILD HORSES – "Fifteen" LP

I love all of this band's 7"s, completely and totally. Thus I was looking forward to this LP Xmas-morning style… but it turns out I like 'em better in the 7" format. SUPER WILD HORSES are two girls from Australia who make primitive, true-sounding music—the sound of humans figuring out how to make a noise that works for them, limited abilities not holding ideas back, and so forth… Some of these songs remind me of a less breaks-informed ESG—sort of primal, bare-bones, rhythm centric and chant-y—almost putting them in early GOSSIP territory, which ultimately isn't a place I am that intrigued by… But I know there are many who would read that sentence and run out and buy, so who am I to dismiss? There are plaintive songs that sound like they coulda been on K or Homestead Records in 1989, which is not what I wanted *Fifteen* to be after I hearing the total frantic yet spaced out haze on their first record. The songs "Enigma," "Carolina" and "Degrassi" are totally that way inclined however, sounding like if Kenneth Anger had manufactured a girl band inspired by the SHAGGS, a total mod rocker girl pagan satan dreamscape. I feel like a nitpicky asshole; I know that this is a great record! It really is… And it's much more interesting than a lot of the post-girl-groups' scuzz sound emanating from the basements and practice studios of the underground. I like that these girls stumbled upon this not by attempting to emulate the lady punk underground of Olympia circa '92, which apparently they are totally oblivious of. The band that they are most reminiscent of, when they get the sound right, is the FRUMPIES, who weren't really a riot grrrl band anyway… If you like primitive garage that's influenced somehow by girl groups and GUIDED BY VOICES, then this record will do the trick… (LG)
(HoZac)

SWINGIN UTTERS – "Brand New Lungs" EP

Gave up on these locals a long time ago once they decided to go all Irish. This new three-track EP, however, manages to shake of those Guinness-soaked riffs and return the UTTERS to the good ol' days of straight-up anthem-riddled punk rock. In fact, I gotta say this is more than a return to form—it's actually even better. Imagine *Suffer*-period BAD RELIGION given a rough and ready makeover with hints of garage and a touch of infant-period SOCIAL DISTORTION. The UTTERS have pulled themselves right up alongside their younger contemporaries, making themselves a very relevant force in punk rock once again. This really would not sound out of place along side MASSHYSTERI, the VICIOUS, early SMALLTOWN or any other of the young school ol'-school-worshipping Scandinavian punks. Long lives the SWINGIN UTTERS. (SD)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

TEARGAS – "The Mirror Stares Also" EP

I hate to tar this band with the "TRAGEDY-core" label because that tends to imply a kind of sub-par knockoff, whereas TEARGAS are actually really ripping and just blending the same influences (burly Japanese and Swedish hardcore) that TRAGEDY drew from. I'm just saying: if you happen to love the first TRAGEDY LP, then this is definitely a record you need to own. That being said, this definitely leans harder toward the Japanese side, with an unrelenting drummer, huge gang choruses and some slick dual-guitar work. This is also another release with fantastic lyrics that read more like the morbid poetry of Lovecraft or Robert E. Howard than typical crust yappings. Great fucking first release for Yeap (of PISSCHRIST)'s new label. (AU)
(Hardcore Victim)

TELEPHONE CALLERS – "Fuck Dorian" EP

This sounds like a goofier, more scattered PSYCHEDELIC HORSESHIT. On first listen, I played it at 45 and thought it was rad… Alas, I realized it's actually 33 and now it's kind of dumb and wanky. It kind of reminds me of this band called the MOMS that almost every time I saw them it just seemed like some off-kilter weirdo stoner dude wank fest (and I don't fucking care). But there were a couple times where it made sense. Hence, I only enjoy this when played at the wrong speed. (MM)
(Party Nog)

TETSU-ARREI – "II" LP

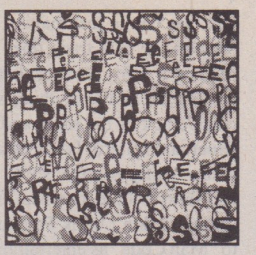
I'm perpetually on the fence about bootlegs, especially when the band absolutely does not want the material re-released, but goddamn it this record should be legendary and it's nice to see it back in the spotlight for a time. At least in this case it's a very well made boot, replicating the original layout and insert and adding a nice obi and marble vinyl as well. TETSU-ARREI ("Iron Dumbbell") is a bunch of huge motherfuckers playing equally huge traditional Japanese hardcore. *Big* riffs, *big* choruses, *big* amps! This is their seminal, and to date, best record (though the *Force* EP is a strong contender as well). They're a bit more melodic than your typical band in the style, with sung-shouted vocals and a great love for the classic MOTÖRHEAD-style guitar lick. This is really an absolute class that stands up against contemporary gems like *Wasted Dream* and *Wind of Pain*. It sucks to bootleg a band that's still active and releasing music, but if you're gonna do it at least you can do it well, I suppose. At the end of the day, I think the more ethical thing is to buy the CD that's legitimately released and still widely available but if you *have* to have the vinyl… (AU)
(bootleg)

TIMMY'S ORGANISM – "I'm a Nice Guy Now!/Cold Pizza"

This record made me laugh the minute I picked it up. I don't know Timmy Vulgar personally, but from his stage persona, I don't get the impression that he is what most people would call a "nice guy." The fact that he knows it and writes a song to announce that he is one now is funny in itself. Then there is the cover with Vulgar and the other band members in sports coats, hair combed nicely, smiling with flowers and kissing a dog, plus some very funny lyrics about what he used to be like and how he is now. It all creates a great impression. It also helps that the song has a cool, dirgy guitar riff and a catchy melody. When Vulgar sings it becomes even harder to believe his new identity, but that makes for a very fun song. Flip the record over and the band is back in crappy clothes, hair messy and Vulgar is punching a woman. That didn't last long. The song is a slow, dirty tune with what sounds like a church-style organ (though no organ listed in the credits so maybe it's the guitar). The lyrics are mostly spoken with occasional wild screeches. Almost no one could pull this type of thing off, but TIMMY'S ORGANISM makes it engaging and intriguing. (CK)
(Cass)

TINO VALPA – "Class Six Lifestyle" EP

I've heard bands described as "no-bullshit" or "no-frills" hardcore, I've even used those descriptors a few (hundred) times. But New Hampshire's TINO VALPA are perhaps the least bullshit, least frills hardcore band I've ever heard. Virtually every song employs verse/chorus/verse/chorus and then comes to an abrupt end; there are no breakdowns, no intros (except in "Boxing Match,"



and that one is just making fun of intros), no outros (though the title track does finish with a mid-tempo riff and a solo, proving that they *could* do it if they wanted to) and everything starts with a crack/crack/crack/crack of the snare and then it's off to the races. Blunt and spiteful lyrics assail everything from shitty punks, shitty parents, shitty Christians, shitty friends and shitty people, but in an endearingly immature way (though I don't think Fred and Layla found the lyrics to "Man Code" as entertaining as I did). Think San Diego's NEIGHBORS (an unsung and underappreciated band), but even faster and with less frills. A seventeen-song EP (including F.U.'S and FREEZE covers) without a single blastbeat, this is hardcore punk in its purest form—fukkn rules. (WN)
(Subterranean)

TRASH KIT – LP

TRASH KIT is what I wanted RIP RIG AND PANIC to sound like when I heard that NENEH CHERRY was in a post-punk band pre-"Buffalo Stance." A band that cannot contain their ideas, they are full of possibility and explosive intent. Three tuff girls from London whose music smushes the energy of the SLITS and KLEENEX and the soul of the RAINCOATS (especially on the slower songs). It's definitely entrenched in the post-punk ideal, when punks got into dub and funk and expanded what "punk" could mean, sometimes to unfortunate conclusions (see PIGBAG). The guitar parts are choppy and dancey—a total celebratory sound, like a more scrappy rambunctious NEW AGE STEPPERS. They have a poly-rhythmic take on punk that is so full of life and kicks that one would have to be a dour hater to dismiss this. All hail the new international girl underground sound! (LG)
(Upset the Rhythm)

TREVOLT – "I All Hast" CD

One of them annoying promo discs, without any of the packaging, so not a lot to go on here. But, worth reviewing 'cos A) They seem to be Swedish, and get full marks for actually singing in their native tongue, and B) They add a few METALLICA acoustic intro-esque twists and turns to their early RANDY-style melodic hardcore. Which makes it even better: really quite impressive all round. Now please send me the full disc, with packaging. (RK)
(Heptown)

THE TUNDRA FUCKS – "Hanging Around Here" EP

Probably the best record that landed in my pile this month. Imagine if an ultra heavy but raw band circa 1971 were still working in a Freakbeat vein. This is better than anything the WHO has done since…well, ever, especially since the vocals lack that annoying Daltrey-esqueness. Fun fact: one of the three songs features a major cop from "TV Eye" but it works well, unlike the minor but awful "TV Eye" cop on another release I had to review this month. (DD)
(Ken Rock)

TUNNEL OF LOVE – "Rockin' Rollin' Bitches" LP

I saw these guys once during one of my many visits to Boston and thought they were amazing live. I immediately bought one of their 7"s, but it didn't quite capture what I saw. This LP, which is a reissue of a CD from 2002, gets closer. Messy, trashy rock'n'roll with screamed vocals. The recording is pretty muddy; in mono, it says on the LP label. The songs are your average garage punk: fast, frantic, simple rhythms covered in distortion. It all sounds very similar to the REATARDS' style and aesthetic. Aside from the cover of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" this is a pretty good record. (CK)
(Black Gladiator)

ULTRA VIOLENCE – "Brick Rain" CD

I thought this band's name rang a faint bell in my head when I saw this CD sitting in my review pile. And then it hit me—these guys were on some of those *Big City* comps back in the early '80s. Remember those things? There were usually a couple of cool bands and a lot of so-so ones that were only good for a song or two, but you wouldn't necessarily feel compelled to go out and collect their complete output or anything. And that feeling still remains with this release of old and new material from ULTRA VIOLENCE, though a couple of the old songs like "No One Rules" and "No Help" fucking kill. Some of these tunes are classic '82 NYHC and should be put on a 7" EP by themselves. This older material is worth the price of admission and will definitely satisfy fans of rare, old-school hardcore who are always seeking treasures lost in time, but the newer stuff is largely remakes and pretty unnecessary; the few new numbers are good, but not great. I have to commend any band that still plays their heart out and can still thrash some 25 years after their heyday, though, so props given where props are due. (BG)
(Welfare)

USELESS EATERS – "Mr. Oscillations" EP

USELESS EATERS goes for a more surfy musical sound this time round. It's fuzzy, warm and sunny. The vocals are post-punk-ish (even robotic at times) and blown out. Together, it is a really nice combination. This EP has three fun, cool songs. I like the ending of the third one, "White Curls," with the screechy guitar and silly, slowed-down vocal. Great stuff. (CK)
(Mastermind)

VALIUM KIHARAT – "Kierre" EP

Hailing from Kajaani, Finland is VALIUM KIHARAT; they play in a hard, driving, fast and rhythmic style of punk that is tight and catchy as hell. This platter deserves all the chatter and it's got me flipping it over and listening to it on repeat. There is a PARTISANS cover that fits perfectly, but the standout track to me is "Saat Anteeksi," and it's a cro-magnon knuckle-dragging stomper. I plan on seeking out all of this band's output and recommend grabbing a copy of this and the split with SEKSIHULLUT. I heart food and money as well. (RR)
(Lesot Levyt / Nahkasounds / Roku)

VEX RUFFIN AND THE LO-FI JERKHEADS – "Jerkhead Anthem" EP

Sometimes it's awesome when inside jokes make it to vinyl, and sometimes not so much. Last year's TV WATCHERS single would be an example of awesome, and I'm not yet sure where VEX RUFFIN falls. Zero-fidelity bedroom punk rock with liberal use of four-track manipulation in a manner that screams SPITS worship (this is not, of course, a bad thing). Each of the four songs sounds different enough that this could be a comp, going from drum machines and monotone story telling ("Jerkhead Anthem") to fast and killer, keyboard-drenched, snotty garage punk ("New Wipeout") and a '60s beat movie soundtrack outtake ("Youth of the Beast"). Everything seems patched together digitally; maybe I'm wrong here, but there are blips and hiccups every so often that make for a disconcerting but strangely engaging listen. And in reference to the rather rhetorical statement that was my second sentence: yeah, it's awesome. (WN)
(Black Gladiator / Slovenly)

THE WARRIORS – "Unite the Scene" LP

Basic, repetitive Oi that would sedate a grizzly with a toothache with its soothing chug chug chug. (SD)
(Randale)

WET ILLUSTRATED – "Born Stoked" EP

San Franciscans Garbage Dog and Bobby Milkshake put out a single that is two songs of consciously out of tune, innocent sun-soaked pop. WET ILLUSTRATED's infectious jangle sound is a sweet, bright lo-fi reminder of backyard shows and beach hangs. Produced by FRESH & ONLYS' Tim Cohen, the band seemingly fits right in with its SF contemporaries. Super fresh and limited to 300. (AL)
(Corvette City)

WHATEVER BRAINS – "Saddle Up" EP

Just when the WHATEVER BRAINS have you on a nice, rollicking, catchy and breathless stomping romp, they pull you down into a mess of noisy, disjointed musical wanking or some kinda no-fi zombie march. Their other 7" (see this issue) is better. (IS)
(Bullcity)

WHATEVER BRAINS – "Mt. Whatever" EP

Three-song EP from Matador Records' pick of the week: North Carolina's WHATEVER BRAINS. This apparently came out in 2009, limited to 500. The first track on the A-side slays—a super aggro and infectious punk rock blast, somehow way snottier than the bands of yore it recalls. The rest of the EP is slow and meandering, a bit of a letdown to me, but I don't get Nugged like all you kids today. I wish it were just two tracks like the A-side—save the slower shit for the album. (GB)
(Bull City)

WHISKEY GLASS EYE – "Long Way from Home" CD

A four-song EP that sounds like a mix of GEORGIA SATELITES, DANZIG and LUCERO. I wish it were mostly LUCERO, but it's not. This is OK country/Southern rock alternative stuff. It's just a little too by-the-numbers and not nearly the bummer this music needs to be to work. (RL)
(self-released)

WHITE LOAD – "My Wall" EP

Totally blown-out hardcore that sounds like a tape from '81 badly mastered in reissue. But it isn't, it's a current band from the desolate shores of New England somewhere, specializing in bratty, nihilistic vengeance. It's really nuts sounding—I can't figure out if it's the *MRR* stereo losing steam or if this is just one of the worst (yet somehow best) recorded records I have heard this year. Primal, raging hardcore that is totally compelling; the sound veers in and out like watching a drunkard cross a room. It's like that RED CROSS demo 7" but if that band was trying to play Ginn style. I mean it's totally falling apart, but is at the same time really ruthless and heavy and impossible to ignore/write off… (LG)
(Ken Rock)

WILD AMERICA – "The Sea" EP

Fuck yeah! Four tracks of catchy, fast punk that

is melodic, but not the least Warp Tour-ish. Austin, TX's WILD AMERICA has come here with four blast of pure early-'90s indie punk that recalls the best of SUPERCHUNK and RADON. Definite top ten. (JF)
(Freedom School)

WIPERS – "Out Takes" LP

You can never have enough WIPERS in your life. This has original four-track recording of songs on *Is This Real?* that sound amazing for four-track: A little more sparse than the versions that got released but by no means lo-fi. They're complimented by 1979 demos, a live version of an unreleased track, and alternate mixes from the *Youth of America* recording session. All of this stuff appeared on the CD box set from a few years ago, but now it's on vinyl. If you haven't heard the WIPERS, this isn't the place to start, but if you *have* heard them, you know you need this. Really, they are a band that has never been duplicated; one of the best American punk bands ever. Ignore all that "first grunge band" shit: they started and ended their own genre of introspective, anthemic, memorable punk rock. (AM)
(Jackpot)

WOVEN BONES – "In and Out and Back Again" LP

WOVEN BONES is an Austin, Texas-based band that is pared-down, dark pop rock. It's sort of an all-over-the-place album alternating between murk and pop, both gritty and sweet. It's probably an out-of-left-field comparison, but at times bits of the PEECHEES show themselves with catchy, simple monotony accompanied by some of the most nasal singing my ears have heard since high school choir. Unlike in choir, with WOVEN BONES that kind of singing goes a long way. The B-side begins and ends with the two most standout tracks, "Creepy Bone" and "Blind Conscience." Both are slower, simple and repetitive—where this band really shines. Perhaps the album could have been pared down a bit to showcase those talents; although the rest of the songs are catchy in their own way, it's just obvious what really works for WOVEN BONES. (AL)
(HoZac)

YOUNG OFFENDERS – "Leader of the Followers" LP

This much-anticipated first full album from Bay Area heartthrobs and poster boys for the "Bald Is Beautiful" movement does very, very little to disappoint. My one and only complaint is that at eight tracks it's a little skimpy. However, this does leave my greed for good sounds eagerly piqued and wanting more. This little diamond is packed as snug as Linford Christie's "lunch box" with jaunty guitars reminiscent of HOT SNAKES' frenetic energy and the acute melody of MISSION OF BURMA, played in rhythmical styles similar to that done by the MARKED MEN, FRANCE HAS THE BOMB and DEFEKTORS. The vocals are strong, gutsy and tuneful yet punk as fuck, with back-ups that, at times, remind me of ADAM AND THE ANTS. All this is under pinned with BIG BOYS-like bass-lines as tight as a virgin schoolgirl's teasing knickers. How can a combination of any of these factors be bad? It can't. Buy this record. (GG)
(Deranged)

YUPPIES – "Death Metal Dan" EP

Yay! A new spin on the psychedelification of pop sensibilities!!! This shit is super hyper happy and scary fuzzed-out and repetitive victory songs. They sound like benevolent and evolutionarily advanced primates who are just trying to warn us that if we don't create and engage in as much pleasure as possible before we destroy the planet, then we might have lived all our lives in vain. They are LONG LEGGED WOMAN's (R.I.P.) happy twin. (HD)
(Grotto)

V/A – "The Astounding Freak Party Dance with the Vampire" LP

Quality garage punk comp that runs the gamut of the genre, featuring mostly non-US bands. You've got CHILDISH-style (KNEEJERK REACTIONS, featuring Bruce Brand on drums no less), Sun-revivalist rockabilly (BLOODSHOT BILL), Memphis/Goner-style (THEE GRAVEMEN), CRAMPS-crawling (VOODU), Japanese modbeat (MINNESOTA VOODOO MEN), '80s-style '60s revival (the TUNAS), US Rip Off-style (SPITBALLS), lo-fi-two-piece-stomp (BLACK MEKON)…you get the idea. All over the place, which doesn't necessarily make for a listening-through record, but might tip you off to some band you haven't heard of. (IS)
(Rigolboch)

V/A – "Do Ya Hear We? By All Means" LP

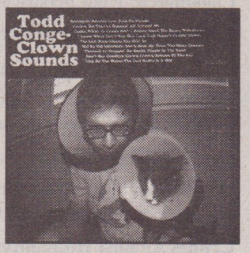
Fuck yeah!! This is a compilation of sixteen unreleased songs by eight bands from the region of Chattanooga, Tennessee. It is totally great from start to finish. This music is made by punks who work shit jobs (or no jobs at all) and spend most of their time writing anthems to our lives that mostly go unrecognized outside of the Southeast. I'm telling you: you need to improve your fucking lives and pay attention to these bands, if you don't already. FUTURE VIRGINS start it off with some beautifully crafted pop that has caused a room full of people to lose their minds and even break limbs. WHAT IF brings the super tight rock to the forefront and will shit in your mashed potatoes if you cross them. TRUE STEREO is some kind of super-rock that will blow your mind on a late night. REALLY WRONG is soulful and great and they have a librarian for a singer! ADD/C has somehow been around for ten years now and are consistently writing epic anthems that will rule your life. DOS TORNADOS is high energy, pissed off and will drink you under the table. 40 OZ FOLKLORE is nasty, fast and punk as fuck! HIDDEN SPOTS are currently the best active band in the US and can do no wrong, as far as I'm concerned. This LP is more than a simple compilation of bands and their songs. It is a document of a time, place and people that are full of a love and respect for one another that I've rarely seen anywhere else. Also, the cover art and insert is colorful and beautiful. Highly recommended! Watch Clark. Watch him close. Do ya hear we? (GH)
(Do Ya Hear We?)

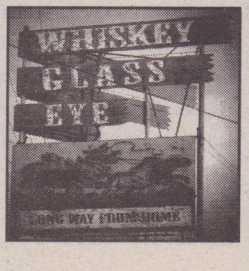
V/A – "How Ya'll Doin' Tonight?" CD

This compilation was put out to celebrate the seven-year anniversary of 1919 Hemphill, an all-ages punk club in Fort Worth, Texas. There are 28 bands on this comp and the sound is all over the map from pop-punk to hardcore to synth to folk-punk to drone to everything in between. Because of this, it is a difficult listen and I find myself surfing through the thing. The bulk consists of previously released songs by bands that have played at the space during its seven-year existence. It runs the gamut from great (ONION FLAVORED RINGS, I OBJECT, A.N.S.) to pretty good (LEMURIA, GHOST MICE, DRUG MOUNTAIN) to fucking atrocious (PRIZZY PRIZZY PLEASE). If you're really open to all genres of punk music, this might be the comp for you. Either way, 1919 Hemphill should be applauded for keeping a DIY punk venue open for as long as they have. It's a shitload of hard work. (GH)
(1919 Hemphill)

V/A – "Underground Anthems" EP

This 7" EP is cool for the very reason that it exists when you don't see many compilation releases anymore, and for that I blame the fucking internet. Back in my day, compilations were an essential way to discover new bands!! Now, all the kids just go online and cruise fucking MySpace. Bah. Anyways…not to digress. There are four relatively different but cool bands on this 7" from Spain and Serbia, and two from Portugal. Each offers up their own variation of street-punk music, ranging from RUTS- like punk (DECRETO 77) to more straightforward melodic punk (ALBERT FISH) to a more aggressive, gruff vocal style (ULTIMA SACUDIDA) to my personal favorite track on this EP, a killer cover version of the CLASH's "Gates of the West" by RED UNION. All in all, this is a worthy addition to any record collection for fans of street-punk rock'n'roll—if for no other reason because the comp EP is a dying breed! (ML)
(Zerowork)





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Asian Man: PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com

Barbarossa: www.barbarossarecords.com

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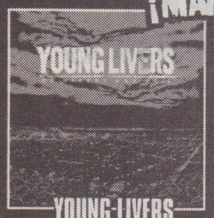

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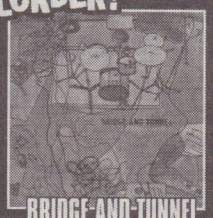

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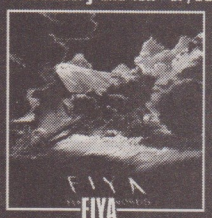

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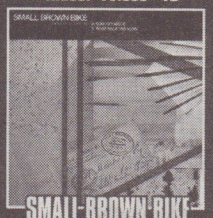

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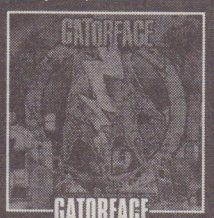

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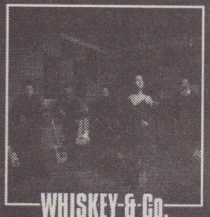

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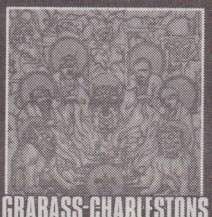

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Ben Fordree, Aaron Hall, Brad Lambert and xYosefx

$2 OUT THE DOOR – I watched West Bay legends PLUTOCRACY last weekend instead of catching the last $2OTD gig at Thrillhouse, and while PLUTO killed it and I certainly do not regret my decision, this demo makes me really wish I had seen them at least once before they called it quits. $2OTD manage to harness the aura of '90s Mission District punk, and since there really was no sound that held that scene of bands together, the fact that $2OTD sounds little like any of them works in their favor. A bass/drum two piece with noisy, reverbed THE VSS styled vocals and a musical approach that falls somewhere between LIGHTNING BOLT and neighborhood legends THE FAGGZ. The result will appeal to fans of lo-fi raunchy sweaty music, and I would hope that classification would include most, if not all, *MRR* readers. Plus, they live on my old block. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, $3ppd from: 2805 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110, twodollarsoutthedoor@gmail.com)

ATOMIC DEATH-MISSILE MASSACRE – Punk informed thrash/speed metal from Malaysia. There is more emphasis placed on the heaviness of the riffs, than an all out speed metal blitzkrieg, which isn't really my thing. It's similar to what bands like HELLSHOCK do, playing '80s thrash riffs at half speed, but the vocals are more similar to the classic '80s style. I could really do with out the parts where they "break it down," but I'm kind of a purist when it comes to this stuff. It sounds a little too modern for me, and the mid tempo approach doesn't work for me unless Tom G Warrior is writing the riffs. I could definitely see fans of the retro thrash style digging this, of which I am not, I just wish there was a little more intensity to the whole thing. (Aaron) (4-song cassette, Black Konflik Records PO Box 28, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia)

THE BARBARIC THUGS – I'm not an expert when it comes to Oi! and the band isn't COCK SPARRER, but I know what these dudes are about when I hear lyrics like, "Work 40 hours a week / I put my steel toes on my feet, because I got my job / got my chick / got my friends so suck my dick." There are multiple mentions of working, steel toe boots, and going to the bar growled out over mid tempo punk with a heavy rock influence. This is the sort of record you could listen to at the bar, with some friends, after work. (Brad) (5 song CD-R, no lyrics, 4005 Rosita Ave., Atascadero, CA 93422, barbaricthugs@hotmail.com, 805.748.2555, www.myspace.com/barbaricthugs)

BASE LINE – One-man bedroom SXE youth crew. Raw and lo-fi as shit, bringing to mind a more primitive version of REFLEX FROM PAIN. These songs fly by in just a few minutes, but closing your demo with the breakdown chorus, "Think with your brain / and not your dick / Your macho bullshit is making me sick" is a good way for people to get your shit stuck in their heads. Certainly if the "people" in question are "me." (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, galambisrecords.webs.com)

THE BEZERKS – The first song immediately threw me for a loop with its heavy use of the keytar. It sounds kind of like TSOL lost a bet with DEVO to try to write old school punk rock songs using the New Waviest of all instruments. It works and I don't know how. The guitars are kind of RAMONESish with a healthy dose of MISFITS and the singing is a more restrained version of that reverb-y spooky ELVIS thing that DANZIG overdid on all those records. I keep wanting to write New Wave POISON IDEA so there I wrote it. And they have a song about RC Cola, I like everything about this band. (Brad) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, 4005 Rosita Ave, Atascadero, CA 93422, www.myspace.com/thebezerks, 805.748.2555)

BLOODTYPE – YO! This is some killer Straight Edge Hardcore from the East Coast, despite the fact that I am not exactly a poster child for sobriety, I still love this kind of shit. This is pretty obviously influenced by the classic pre '88 sounds coming out of New York like STRAIGHT AHEAD, THE ABUSED and SOIA's first EP. You can't exactly write a dissertation on this shit, either you dig it or you don't. Three songs will be released, (or already are by now) on vinyl, and the fourth is a cover of BLACK FLAG's MADD approved anthem "Drinking And Driving." (Aaron) (4-song cassette, www.myspace.com/bloodtypexxx)

BREAKING GROUND – There's no info here on where the band is from, but they thank Northwestern US bands in their thanks list and recorded with Randy Wheeler, so this must be one of the new breed of Seattle (or somewhere around there) straight edge. The label compares this to youth crew bands like CARRY ON, BLUE MONDAY, and BATTERY, but I'm not hearing it—for one thing, this is way more mosh-friendly. The drums are too high in the mix and way too bass-heavy, and they pretty much ruin the recording. They have a song called "X Up or Shut Up," but it's nowhere near as catchy or clever as the XFILESX song of the same name. Not a tape I'll ever need to hear again. (xYosefx) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, Mind Melt Enterprises, 820 E. Benson Lake Drive, Grapeview, WA 98546, mindmeltenterprises@gmail.com)

BULLY – The label says this has "a kind of INFEST, fast, power violence feel," which makes me think that whoever wrote the copy here has never listened to INFEST, or any classic powerviolence. If (s)he has actually ever listened to any INFEST, it must have been a 45 played on 33, because this is nowhere near as fast… or as good. For some reason a lot of hardcore kids seem to think that this kind of music is powerviolence, but it fucking isn't. MAN IS THE BASTARD, CROSSED OUT, IRON LUNG, NO COMMENT, LACK OF INTEREST: *these* are powerviolence bands. *This* is simple, mid-to-fast-paced modern hardcore with a dirty guitar tone, in the vein of TRASH TALK et al. Whoever first described TRASH TALK and CEREMONY as powerviolence has a lot to answer for. This might be good for what it is, but what it is ain't too much. (xYosefx) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Mind Melt Enterprises, 820 E. Benson Lake Drive, Grapeview, WA 98546, myspace.com/xbreakinggroundx, www.mindmelt.lifeyo.com, mindmeltenterprises@gmail.com)

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON – Damn, these Seattle punks have been playing together for six years but as far as I can remember this is the first time I've ever heard them. That's a shame, because this is a great tape. COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON play crust/hardcore in a similar vein as TOTALITAR, REQUIEM or early HIS HERO IS GONE. They manage to play in a pretty melodic way in some of the songs here without shamelessly aping TRAGEDY's style, which is impressive when you think about it—nearly every melodic crust band out there is content with doing just that. The more melodic tracks here have a dose of early post-punk/goth/deathrock influences like JOY DIVISION or THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. This tape is definitely worth having. (xYosefx) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.countdowntoarmageddon.com, countdowntoarmageddon@hotmail.com)

DEAD SOUNG – Melodic punk rock for when you grow up a little. This sounds like a band that got put together after the members were in a lot of other bands that weren't quite what they wanted to do anymore. There are elements of more raw sounding punk and hardcore in there but these guys have learned how to put a song together and make it sound good. Probably would go over well in San Diego. I really like the guitar work on this recording, it always reminds you that this is punk rock. (Brad) (11-song CD-R, lyrics included, deadsoundfl@gmail.com, 1526 37th St, North St. Petersburg, Fl 33713, www.deadsoundfl.bandcamp.com)

DRUGGED SS – This is one of the most ominous and threatening hardcore demos I've heard since POLLUTION's tapes. Hailing from the land of fjords and second-wave black metal, DRUGGED SS (great name for a Norsk band, eh?) play raw, dirty, no-frills hardcore and they play it well. Early Rollins-era BLACK FLAG, NEGATIVE APPROACH and RORSCHACH would all be good reference points for their sound. I wish there were some lyrics here; the writing in the insert is just

dripping with venom and disgust, and from what I can make out the songs are pretty hateful as well. I would strongly advise obtaining this by hook or by crook. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, Ormeyngel Records, Henning Pedersen, Toyenbekken 6, N - 0188 Oslo, Norway)

ENABLER – I've noticed a trend emerging in the metallic hardcore scene lately where bands are drawing more influences from bands like ENTOMBED and HIS HERO IS GONE as opposed to DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, and whatever other shit they used to. I would throw this band into that category, think bands like TRAP THEM, BLACK BREATH, and local guys EARLY GRAVES (actually how I first became aware of this phenomenon). I like it, I would probably like it more if there was no connection to more modern metalcore styles, but the parts where it's more straight up crusty *Left Hand Path Worship* have me pretty stoked, the more show-offy guitar parts left me kind of cold though. (Aaron) (8-song cassette, no lyrics www.halofflies.com)

ENSORCELOR – Three songs in 35 minutes, this shit takes some serious patience to get into, something I don't exactly have in spades. The vocals are a really nasty raspy style, which is cool, and the music has some crushing heavy parts, but way too many those weird post-rock build-ups for my liking. I hesitate to call this Doom, but it has elements of that. What it really reminds me of is a modernized version of what bands like ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY and UNION OF URANUS did. Maybe that's a subconscious Quebec connection, but that's what I hear. The recording quality on this thing is great, if anything it could use a little more grime. Pretty well done for the most part, but too much shit thrown into every song for my liking, please lose the piano and twinkly dinkly guitar parts, and focus on the skull crushing riffs. (Aaron) (3-song CD-R, ensorcelor@gmail.com)

FREE CLINIC – Tortured and damaged musings from Pittsburgh. FREE CLINIC's monotonous dirges are equal parts SWANS and FLIPPER with pained (sometimes shrieked) vocals, discordant guitars and lurching drums that kinda fuck up your equilibrium if you listen too loud, which I suggest, of course. It's like IRON LUNG on Dilaudid. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, $4ppd from: 4924 Hatfield St., Pittsburgh, PA 15201)

THE FUCKING COPS – Of course it's a great name and the music doesn't disappoint. The band probably listens to a lot of different types of punk and the result comes out melodic but not poppy in a feel-good sense, more like someone is putting a little youth crew HC in the mix. Any boppiness has been filtered out and the vocals are more angry and shouted rather than sang. A bit too much harmonization for my taste but if they keep the guitar leads going everything should be OK. (Brad) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.bigpurplerecords.com)

FUSS – These kids play some pretty decent sloppy, thrash, the recording is pretty damn raw, but you can still make shit out. They have a lot going on in the songs, so a comparison is kind of difficult, I guess it's similar to a lot of the disjointed, VOID influenced stuff that seems to be so popular with all the troubled teens these days. FUSS wins points for singing about typical teenage topics like being hungover and pissed off at your parents. They lose points for having two songs on each side of an hour long cassette, I spent more time rewinding this than listening to it. (Aaron) (4 Song cassette, myspace.com/fussnc, mack8242002@yahoo.com)

THE HAMMER – Dual vocal, rock influenced crust. Actually, the vocals and drumming are what makes tit crusty, if you slowed it down, it could pass for pretty straight up MOTORHEAD rock shit (probably where they got the name from), I really dig this. It's like a less produced version of what DISFEAR does these days. The lyrics are nice and dark, and they do a cover of "Breaking the Law" by PRIEST—could have picked a better tune by them, but the sentiment is probably the most punk. Members of the excellent HIPCOPS from Connecticut. (Aaron) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/thehammerct)

HAZZARD'S CURE – I'd already seen these guys live a couple of times before snagging this one from the *MRR* demos-for-review box, so I knew exactly what I was in for: fucking killer metal with influences ranging from classic doom pioneers like BLACK SABBATH and PENTAGRAM to psychedelic acts like BLUE CHEER and even some death metal. Members play or have played in such diverse acts as WALKEN, HOTBLACK DESIATO, ACTS OF SEDITION, and ORB OF CONFUSION, and they're all at the top of their respective games. The songs are well written, the playing is tight, and the recording is top notch for a demo. Unfortunately they split the longest song here, "Meet Me at the Mountain," into two parts; it really interrupts the flow to have it cut out at the end of the first side and cut back in at the beginning of the second. That's my only gripe here, though. This is definitely worth going out of your way to pick up (xYosefx) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, 5245 College Ave. #441, Oakland, CA 94618, hazzardscure@gmail.com)

HUMANS OFF PLANET EARTH – This tape collects two demos and a live track by this Ottawa-based noise punk outfit, which features an ex-member of GERM ATTAK for those that care. They're playing some blown-out, noisy, crust-loving, fucked-up punk here. The first few songs are very warm, without the harsh treble I expect from the genre, but the ear-splitting high-pitched tone kicks in after a few tracks. Aside from the ten originals, there are three covers here: the first demo on the tape ends with a DISCLOSE song, the second with CRASS's "Yes Sir I Will" (excellent cover choice for a noise punk group), and lastly there is a live CRUDITY cover. This definitely grew on me the more I listened to it, and I can say after playing the whole tape all the way through that this is very, very good shit. (xYosefx) (13-song cassette, some lyrics included, humansoffplanetearth@hotmail.com)

LEPROSY – Best tape of the month! DX already covered this in his column last month, but whatever. This is just straight up punk, with a heavy UK influence. I'm reminded of CHAOS UK mainly the early shit, before the cider wreaked havoc and caused the noise to element to go into overload. It's actually nice to hear something like this, no gimmicks, just ripping, catchy punk. Similar to what a band like GERM ATTAK is doing in that it's a pretty basic '82 style, but with a little added aggression and speed. (Aaron) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com)

MAKUA VALLEY BLAST TEST – Interestingly this two-man power violence band has very little blasting going on. I think this is one of the only bands I've heard from Hawaii, besides Marty Friedman's pre-MEGADETH bands RAT ATTACK and HAWAII. This is better. There's only bass, drum machine and vocals on this demo, and I actually like drum machines with this type of shit, it gives kind of fucked up off kilter sound especially since the drum beats are relatively slow. MITB is an obvious comparison, but I'm more reminded of APARTMENT 213 mixed with the AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED shit on the *PCP Torpedo* record. The vocals are what really bring the 213 comparison, they're a hair away from being a parody of the PV cookie monster with his mouth full style. You don't really miss the guitar; especially on a lot of those old classics the guitar was barely audible. Makes me nostalgic for the good old Bovine records days of 14 minute split 7"s. P.S. FUCK these stupid ass 3" CD-R's (Aaron) (9-song CD-R, 94-105 Mui Place #B203 Waipahu, HI 96797)

MARK OF THE RAT – Since the hipsterfication of the powerviolence scene, and hardcore groups pretending that an occasional blast beat makes them the new SPAZZ, I sometimes forget that powerviolence also sounds like this. The guitars are blasted out and mixed kind of low with a drummer who throws in jazzy little bursts on the cymbals and gets down with more experimental stuff than is often seen. The band seems like they came to this sound through making more noise-type music and don't follow the growly-then-screamy vocal style or the three chord triplet at the end of every riff format you usually find with modern powerviolence. Keep doing your own thing. (Brad) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, 3701 South Mill Ave, Tempe, AZ 85282)

MONUMENT TO THEIVES – Metalcore supergroup featuring people who have been IN THROWDOWN, ADAMANTIUM, FORCE OF CHANGE, EIGHTEEN VISIONS, THE MISTAKE, and a bunch of others. They sound like those bands. The lyrics bounce between the scene, liberal politics, hardcore, religion, and how down they are. Their shows are probably a good place to get kicked in the nuts by some 15-year-old kid from Riverside. (Brad) (15-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/monumenttotheives)

MURDER SUICIDE PACT – I don't know how I've never heard these guys before. I was a really big fan of FAILURE FACE, who this band shares a vocalist with, I used to see their records all the time about 10 years ago, but I never got around to checking them out. This doesn't have the same ferocity of that band, but it's really good all the same. It has a pretty strong BL'AST vibe to it so it wins instant points with me, Bob Suren has kind of toned down his vocal style over the years, but I guess it fits this style better than his aggro approach from the old days. This is a good demo, and now I might have to scoop up some of those old records by these guys. (Aaron) (14-song CD-R, $1.50USA, $3 World, Bob Suren PO Box 3204 Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

THE OILY MENACE – Shit man, the first song starts off all slowed down and made me think my tape deck was breaking. What's weird is even at the normal speed it seems slowed down. The recording is really dense and sludgy, remember the SYSTRAL "Black Smoker" LP? Even during the blasting

sections it seemed like it was on the wrong speed. This tape has the same sound. The whole Per Koro '90s German sound is an apt comparison for this, brutal, heavy, metallic grind. The first song has not so subtle nod to ASSUCK, and it's a pretty gnarly listen all the way through. The lyrics are heavily political with explanations, can't say I relate to them, but that's cool, even their HERESY (UK) cover has an explanation for the lyrics, weird. This is a killer tape, and it's named after one of my favorite SLAYER lyrics! (Aaron) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, 434 N. Magnolia, Lansing, MI 48812)

NORTHLESS – I believe this is the last release for this Milwaukee band. This is some dark, heavy noise rock/metal shit like later NEUROSIS. Pretty bleak shit, and while I'm not a big fan of this kind of shit, they do it pretty well, the vocals are a low bellow, that add to the overall atmosphere, and a nice change of pace from the usual hoarse shouting that most of these types of bands do. (Aaron) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, www.halofffliesrecords.com)

PICKED CLEAN – "Tourist, tourist, you're a fucking tourist, a tourist in my scene." I like the idea of this being about people taking a thousand photographs at shows, although I'm not sure if it is. Six songs of good old-fashioned hardcore from Indianapolis, this band is really tight. Sounds a bit like SSD with a Youth Crew kind of vocal style. The sound on the tape is not great, but they also have a 7" out entitled *Life Sucks, Hardcore Rules,* which I would definitely agree with. (Ben) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, notnormal.bigcartel.com)

PUKEOID – Totally vulgar cover artwork. REPOS style super fast super hardcore with rabid dog style vocals. Think FORMALDEHYDE JUNKIES plus DEEP WOUND played really sloppy and awesome. This tape rarely slows down. Ralph and Raven at Not Normal tapes are doing their job well. (Ben) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, notnormal.bigcartel.com)

PURITY CONTROL – One of the member's surnames is Power, which sets the scene for PURITY CONTROL's second demo perfectly. This tape fucking rips. Bass heavy doesn't come close to describing its intensity. "Brown noise" is hidden in this tape somewhere. Each song ranges from pulverizing to crunching, and everywhere in between. Something between SHORT HATE TEMPER and SHANK, with a bit of FAITHEALER too. I cannot recommend this enough. (Ben) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 to 81 Concord Ave. Toronto, ON, M6H 2P2, Canada)

RANDOM CONFLICT – Perhaps Alabama's longest running hardcore punk band, RANDOM CONFLICT show their years of experience and charge through 17 songs of rock tinged aggression. Starts and stops and a vocal style reminiscent of Dave Dictor - actually, modern MDC isn't a bad comparison all the way around. A southern tinged attack to be sure (check out "Together" if there is any doubt), but NINE POUND HAMMER is still punk, and so is RANDOM CONFLICT. For what it's worth, this bad boy appears to have been recorded almost ten years ago. (Robert) (17-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.randomconflict.com)

RAZORFADE – Really fast and really straight edge. Razorfade write short songs with lots of words about more important things than hating your parents or wanting to die, and don't sound like they are trying to be totally righteous (in the bad way). One might say they sound like RIPCORD crossed with STRAIGHT AHEAD with lots more distortion? I'm awful at comparisons, but I can tell you that the bass part in "Called Out" will make you break your furniture. Also they have that upturned-bucket kind of snare sound like SPAZZ, which I have always loved. The second run of tapes is sold out but Not Normal are doing some more soon, keep refreshing their bigcartel. Straight awesome. (Ben) (6-song tape, lyric included, notnormal.blogspot.com)

SELF-INTEREST – Talk about mysterious, I can't find any info on this tape, the packaging is pretty cool it's just folded cardboard, reminds of the way cassingles were packaged. This is pretty chaotic, reminds of what the San Diego bands were doing in the early to mid '90s in fact I kept thinking of the band MANNEKIN PISS when I was listening to this. Kind of an update on first record ANTIOCH ARROW. Not bad, this was released by Home Invasion Records, but I can't find any mention of it on their site, so who knows? (Aaron) (4-song cassette, nsanjenko@hotmail.com)

SEX DUNGEON – Good shit here: straightforward fast/slow powerviolence-influenced hardcore. The slow parts are sludgy and down-tuned as fuck, and they work really well with the faster face-ripping bits. These guys have incredibly hateful and negative lyrics, just the way I like 'em. I'll quote the song "Ground Down" in full: "Ground down / Nothing / Worthless / Waste of flesh / Some days I fucking hate you / Some days I just want to die." Like I said, good shit. Sound-wise the vocals are too low in the mix and it all sounds a bit muffled, but the tape says "practice" on it so I'm guessing this is a rehearsal demo, in which case you can't expect much by the way of sound quality. You can hear what they're playing just fine, but hopefully it'll be a bit clearer on their next release. These are hand-numbered out of 50, so they might be gone by the time this comes out; e-mail the band to find out. I'll definitely be looking forward to more material. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, beerpisssatan@gmail.com)

SOCIALLY RETARDED / SEA OF SHIT – SOCIALLY RETARDED play straight forward powerviolence, with lots of speed, noise and weight. A DRUNKDRIVER kind of sound with echoey vocals and lots of feedback, not dissimilar to RAW NERVE. The SEA OF SHIT side is a similar affair. Like if you turned the bass up and the treble down on a HELLNATION record—mega fast, mega deep. If there was a subgenre of powerviolence known as "Gulf Coast" (which I'm pretty sure there is), they would fit right in. Even though they are from Chicago. Sounds similar to the first HATRED SURGE record. This is a tape version of a seven inch which is now out on Diseased Audio records. (Ben) (8-song tape, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/sociallyretardedchc)

STREET LEGAL – I pulled this out of the demo box at MRRHQ and knew I had to review it. Not because I thought it would be good, but rather because one look at the cover and I *knew* how awful it would be, and I reveled at the thought of hiding anonymously behind these newsprint pages and ripping to shreds the painstakingly crafted work of some punk kids thousands of miles away (news flash folks, that's *really* why we do this, we get our jollies saying that your precious bands are horrible) and leaving them with shattered dreams and ink-stained fingers. Well, the joke's on me this time, because that demo featuring the crudely drawn middle finger with two butt cheeks on the back of the hand and the title: *Butthand AKA Street Legal*...that demo fukkn RULES. Male/female vocals (mostly female, and she sounds like Ivy from ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT/MIAMI minus the rasp - totally bad ass), totally melodic, but fast as shit and with fukkn killer guitar work that will make you question why you ever bothered playing in a band—cause chances are you ain't writing hooks like these, kiddo. I bet that live STREET LEGAL (or is it BUTTHAND? I really hope it's BUTTHAND) has the same energy that NECRO HIPPIES did when they passed through a few months back—in fact the sound is not dissimilar, though STREET LEGAL/BUTTHAND are a bit more melodic. "Knocked Off My Feet Again" is a total classic, and the way the bass rushes in afterwards to start "Ode To You" is perfect...my only negative observation is the demo quality of the recording, but fukk me, it's a demo and all the power is there so I'll shut up. As I wipe the egg off my face, I strongly encourage you to drop them a line, and hopefully we can expect a slightly more high fidelity recording from them in the near future. (Robert) (7-song cassette/CD-R, no lyrics, 416 W 111th Terrace, Kansas City, MO 64114, myspace.com/streetlegalkc)

TERRACIDE – OK, rule number one for using samples on your demo: do not *ever* use a sample longer than thirty seconds. Rule number two: if you're using a sample as the opening track, it should be a few seconds long. Opening your tape with a two-minute sample is not a good idea—I'm looking at you, TERRACIDE. After the interminably long sample, the music kicks in. It's a mix of hardcore, crust, and some epic power metal guitar wankery. The lyrics for the six songs included here fill twenty-four 2.5"x4" pages. This just drags on and on without going anywhere. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, Mike Puddinhead, PO Box 7458, Minneapolis, MN 55407; myspace.com/terracidempls)

WHITE FLAG DOWN – Here's one for the mohawked kids out there. Wailing guitar street punk with lots of gang vocal backups. I can just see the bottles being hoisted in the air now. There is something about the vocals that I really like, they are clear and coherent despite being raw-thoated and booze soaked. They change things up a little bit for the killer anti-love track "Easy is Her Name," I think I dated that girl for a minute. (Brad) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/whiteflagdownla)

WHITE WASH – Same deal as the SELF-INTEREST tape. No info at all with this one tape comes with a small fold out poster of some weird drawing and the phrase "Bless This Mess" underneath it. It is a mess; this one has some good stomping parts, and a good deal more aggression than a lot of bands that I lump into this scene. In fact this is great hardcore tape. Has the obligatory slow late FLAG influenced song where the singer rambles on about his inability to cope, and other neuroses. References are kind of difficult, but it seems to have similar elements to what bands like ECOLI do, maybe not, I don't know if I drop the wrong names the *Jerkbooth* might make fun of me, so I'll just say this is good, and if you can find it, check it out. (Aaron) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, spencerchambers1@gamil.com)

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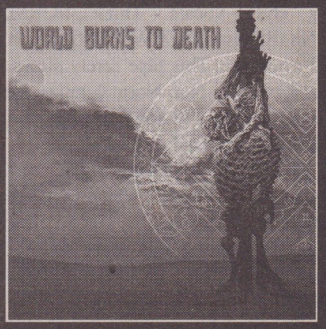

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(DA) Diane Anastasio **(JB) Julia Booze** **(LG) Layla Gibbon** **(MM) Marissa Magic**
(MB) Mariam Bastani **(TB) Tim Brooks** **(BG) Bob Goldie** **(JM) Jeff Mason** **(DS) Dionne Stevens**
(DG) Dan Goetz **(BL) Brad Lambert)** **(CR) Casey Ress** **(VX) XYosefX**

ABOLISH RESTAURANTS: A WORKER'S CRITIQUE OF THE FOOD SERVICE INDUSTRY / $5.95
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 60 pages
This made a huge impression on me when I picked this up in its original pamphlet form a few years ago, and it's good to see it get picked up by PM Press and made more widely available. After a quick summary of the history of restaurants and how they came to their modern form, this writer goes into an incredibly thorough, pointed explanation and critique of the inner-workings of all aspects of a restaurant, including the roles and power dynamics between bosses, managers, individual workers, and customers, the economics of running a restaurant and each person's relationship to production and capital, the effects of the work and general division of labor on the lives and mindsets of the workers and how they cope with their frustration, as well as the illusion that an owner's identity or an individual restaurant's character or choice to sell food produced more ethically changes the equation. The essay is accompanied by striking, monochrome artwork that is aesthetically beautiful in its depiction of the alienating reality of its subject matter, with the point driven home further by faces drawn without features except for eyebrows, facial hair, and sometimes lipstick for lips. The overall style itself may seem reminiscent of CrimethInc-esque propaganda, but this is clearly written by someone with actual perspective and insight into their subject, and does not offer easy, flowery solutions. In addition to articulating the problems with the institution of food service, the author also takes the position that perceived solutions such as worker-ownership, unions, and social reforms don't change the overall picture, and that the only solution is to abolish the conditions that create restaurants and workers (also known as "smashing the state"). I won't go into my own thoughts on this, but will conclude by reiterating that this is a powerful piece that's well worth your time, and has the potential to help restaurant or even non-restaurant workers feel a little less alone. (DG)
PM Press / PO Box 23912 / Oakland, CA 94623
www.pmpress.org

ACHTUNG! #2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
This is a pretty basic cut-and-paste punk rock fanzine from Tennessee. Inside are interviews with Memphis-based one-man band Useless Children and classic early '80s Louisiana hardcore punk pioneers Toxin III, as well as a short Memphis scene report. There isn't enough content here for me to really judge by, but the Toxin III interview is interesting so it's worth picking it up for that alone. (VX)
Crenshaw / 153 Windover Rd. #2 / Memphis, TN / 38111 / achtung.crenshaw.blkogspot.com clshaw@memphis.edu

ADAPTATION #4 / no price listed
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs – Malay
Just about this whole zine is in Malay, and most of it is writing with no graphics or photos at all. My guess would be a manifesto about the roles of punk, based on headings like "Punk dan akticism," "Adakah Straight Edge satu racism??," "Grindcore belura mati!!," etc... There is a look at something called "the Human First Collective," an interview with Azreen who does *The Coresystem* zine, and a talk in English with the Italian grind band Diorrhea. This interview is pretty typical, and includes the editor asking about Nazis in Italy and how to fight back. The zine is copied on one side of the page only, so it looks bigger than it is, but there is still a lot to read. (JM)
Ayien / Desasiswa Murni 2 / Kampus Kesihatan / Universiti Sains Malaysia / 16150 Kubang Kerian / Kelantan Darul Naim / Malaysia

AL BURIAN GOES TO HELL / $6.00
7 x 9 – printed – 88 pgs
This is a comic/perzine takes us through Al Burian's personal interpretation of Dante's *Inferno*, the first section of Dante Alighieri's *Divine Comedy*. We see a twenty two-year-old art student Al Burian struggling with, well, the same shit he is still struggling with now; the fear of languishing in a cubicle of some shitty white-collar job, the pompous intellectualization and elitism of art of any form, suicide, death, even food stamps. The dude is bummed, with crippling self-doubt. There are some really funny moments here and moments of clarity that many like-minded people can relate to: "you can intellectualize yourself out of anything. Being able to shoot down arguments is a pretty useless skill... it just ends up making you a couch potato." I am glad there are some introspective thoughts here that make sense. First world problems, but real problems nonetheless. It's tough all over, but there is nothing worse than realizing that yours can be self-indulgent. Poor Al. (MB)
Migrane / PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293

ANTIPATIA #9, #10, #11, #12 / Free download, $? via mail
5.75 x 8.25 (folded) – printed – 2 pgs
Once again this Barcelona, Spain zine and the generous radical malcontents in crafting it have graced me with four issues! These two page foldouts are packed with awesome info ranging from all things punk—including radio

shows, new bands from all over and a killer Fix Me interview—to underground bike culture, with coverage of the Barcelona Bike Messengers Championship and an in depth resource guide, through to an analysis of nature preserves and their capitalist ties. Like I've said before, *Antipatia* has mastered the art of the interview and the writing is engaging and cohesive, not rants. Again, their interviews and reports seamlessly incorporate, music, culture and political themes. You can go to their blog and inquire about pricing or they have made every issue downloadable for free for you to read and distribute!! You can send them material to review and check out. Even if you are a non-Spanish speaker, at least check out their radio show *Radio Bronka* to hear some awesome tunage. Well done, guys! I love this zine! (MB)
antipatiazine.wordpress.com

DREAMS OF DONUTS #9, #10 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
These zines don't come close to being nearly as awesome as donuts are. That being said, these two issues of *Dreams of Donuts* include some fairly interesting comic-style art that depicts the daily life of an East Bay transplant and her experiences traveling around the country and settling in at one of Oakland's longest running squats, Hellarity. In issue #9, the reader follows Heather, the narrator, on an epic journey from Ashland to Milwaukee and back, and although the narration can be a bit mundane at times, the drawing style keeps the story interesting. Issue #10 traces Heather's life changes as she moves from a tiny mountain town to be a part of dumpster-diving parties and hot tub explorations in the Bay Area. (DA)
Heather Wreckage / 836 57th St. / Oakland, CA 94608 / all4choice@hotmail.com

GENEVA13 #12 / $2 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 60 pgs
The production value on this zine is way better than the stuff that usually slides out of the *MRR* mail slot, almost approaching the realm of slick with coherent design and writing style guidelines, good photography and writing throughout, and the subject matter is interesting and presented well. The theme of this issue is foot power in the zine's overarching focus on locality and the stories mostly deal with bikes and walking. Two of the interviews are with the people who run a local bike shop, but are different enough that they don't seem redundant. I'm a big fan of mom and pop eateries so the story on Geneva's local food spots had me wondering when I was going to be in upstate New York next. Also of particular note is the interview with the guy who runs the Musselman Triathlon, he seems like a rad and solid dude. (BL)
Geneva13 Press, PO Box 13, Geneva NY 14456 / mail@geneva13.com

EAST VILLAGE INKY #44 / $3
3x5.5 – copied – 40pgs
I have a feeling we just get this because of some ancient *Factsheet 5* style listing of places to send your zine. This is a total precursor to the mommy blog phenomenon that I am sure you can find a trend piece about in your local newspaper's style section... Bohemian mom and her charming precocious offspring have charming precocious adventures mostly in Brooklyn despite the name of the zine. I find her writing absolutely unbearably smug. I am sure she has a huge audience for this, and I am not against reading about women's experiences as mothers, in child rearing etc, but this just seems like the grim family newsletter of some overbearing over-privileged Park Slope mommy on the quest for organic fair trade perfection. Whenever she writes anything slightly critical of someone, for example a film critic who dissed a film she was involved in, she writes a disclaimer along the lines of "Please don't unsubscribe to my zine if you know this guy." So totally bizarre. Why offer criticism if you are worried you offended someone who insulted your work?? Or in this instance, someone who maybe be married to someone who insulted your work. Because obviously no MAN would read your zine right? Just his wife. I don't know. I am sure there are awesome, radical, insightful, funny parent zines out there; this one however is a waste of trees. (LG)
www.ayunhalliday.com

A GUIDE TO PICKING LOCKS #2 / no price listed
4.5 x 7 – copied – 72 pgs
Being completely mechanically disinclined, I quickly became lost and confused by these pages, even though they are written in a very plain and straightforward manner. I would bet that for those of you who like fixing and disassembling things, this would be a useful guide to accessing otherwise forbidden zones. It is *packed* with information. There are plenty of diagrams and some practical advice from the author. It fits nicely in one's pocket. (JM)
CrimethInc. / www.crimethinc.com

HOW TO MAKE SOAP WITHOUT BURNING YOUR FACE OFF / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 16 pgs
Back in the old Reno days, some jerks used to call me Dirty Dionne, and it was deserved. Because of this, I found it both amusing and ironic that *How To Make Soap Without Burning Your Face Off* was assigned to me for review. I also find it ironic that a soap-making zine was submitted to a hardcore punk fanzine in the first place, let alone slipped to yours truly. I have since cleaned up my act, at least on the surface, and can certainly appreciate such an informative DIY guide, although soap making is a ridiculously involved process. These are highly detailed instructions on how to do exactly what the title suggests. So, if you like making shit, like homemade toiletries for example, then you will enjoy this zine. But, if you've still got a proud layer of crust on your soul, you'll probably choose to pass on this one. (DS)
Microcosm Publishing / 222 S Rogers Street / Bloomington, IN 47404

MUSIC THAT DOESN'T SUCK #4 / $?
5 x 8 – copied – 24 pgs
Straight outta Provo, Utah, this is a small town garage punk zine that contains a scene report, a love letter ton the band Brimstone Howl and some well-drawn comix. An interview with John Lydon demonstrates what a bitter, self-important old man he is now, but made for entertaining reading nonetheless. There's a piece about an abandoned building that kids hang out in at practice their graf. skills, which was probably the most entertaining thing in here. Very evocative of the eternal boredoms and obsessions of teenagerhood. There is an article by another writer on getting into ska (he apparently didn't know that ska originated from Jamaica in the '60s, and thought it was invented by OC bros circa 1990. That sorta blew my mind. How do you go through life being that oblivious?? Does he think Elvis invented the blues too??) (LG)
Nate Perkins / 1548 W 1400N / Provo, UT 84604
mtdsuck@gmail.com

THE NEGATIVE GUEST LIST #11&12
8.5 x 11.69 – copied – 32 pgs&16pgs
Probably the most well-written music zine I have read. These people are not glue huffin' proto-punx bubbling over with their inarticulate feelings for the new Snot and the Gunx tracks. They have vocabulary and will melt the layer of MySpace crust that surrounds your eyeballs. The writing in these zines could be in something like *Wire* or *Mojo* if only it wasn't about sticky fingered zit faced basement dweller punker output... Well the issue with #12 on the cover is about Melbourne punk between the years 2000-2009, the one with #11 on the cover comes with a CDR of some of the bands contained within, which seem to veer more in the direction of artistes influenced by Pocahaunted than Greg Lowry unlike the all-Melbourne edition... So perhaps wipe

out my earlier statement about punker basements. At any rate, the GISM Gaga connection is taken out of the internet message board outrage context, Circle Pit are defended in light of criticism hurled at them apparently because of the way they dress, there's a piece about musical milque toast and why it must perish (banish Grizzly Bear to the Yacht from which they emerged etc etc). *MRR*'s own D X writes for this tome if that's more incentive. Definitely worth picking up, even if the bands interviewed aren't up your street, the columns are fantastic. The right tone of snottiness and insight. (LG)
dirtyalley@msn.com

PUNK LIFE #42 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Punk Life is a decent little zine that has been around for a while and consists largely of insightful show reviews, a couple of book write-ups, some music reviews that range from DC Go-Go funk underground to metal core like Terror or Bane, and some other random tidbits. While not an essential read or anything, *Punk Life* is enjoyable for its personal approach from a guy who's been in the scene for many years and has a somewhat diverse background; he seems to live between Concord, California and Washington, DC and his tastes are that widespread as well. My favorite part of this was the fine review of a book by *MRR*'s own Mykel Board called *Even a Daughter is Better Than Nothing*. I do have one itty bitty complaint that I think must be said, however—after all these years of doing a zine you think maybe this dude would figure out how to double print a page already! Seriously, I mention above that this thing is 36 pages, but it's actually twice that size as every other page is blank. It's seems sort of a waste of paper and is aesthetically bothersome. But outside of that personal objection, *Punk Life* is commendable for that pages that are filled. Check out a copy for yourself. (BG)
Don Irwin / 2601 Sinclair Ave. #9 / Concord, CA 94519 / omdharma@hotmail.com

RADIKAL #6 / 1.75 Euro (Europe), $2.60 world
5.5 x 7.75 – copied – 28 pgs
This small and rad zine is loaded with interviews—the bands Wasted Time, Molested Youth, Sick Error, Negative Lifestyle, Crimen de Estado, Strike Out, Los Mariscal Del Infierno, and Bici Hardcore, along with the zine/radio show Ciutat Podrida and internet DJs Radio Terror. The interviews are to the point and pretty well done. Sometimes they even leave out the questions, but it reads just as well. They are flyers, photos, etc for graphics. I received the English version, but the zine was released in Spanish as well. It seems like Spain and Newfoundland are battling to dethrone Australia as the zine capital of the world. (JM)
Gabriel Cabellero / Apartado Corroeos 3122 / 30002 Murcia / Spain

REICH #s 5, 6, & 7 / $4 ea
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 28 pgs ea
When I was given these three comics for review I knew nothing about this artist's work or about the subject he takes on. They are refreshingly beautiful. I was instantly engrossed and taken to another place psychically. The first issue (#5) was the best of this group, dealing with the Psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich's travails in and around Germany during the years preceding the Second World War. He was spreading radical ideas about birth control, sexuality, marriage, and mental liberation from cultural repression. There is also a subtext in the way images and ideas are presented that shows the greater picture of a man who is also suffering from the very forces he rails against, insomuch as he carries on multiple irresponsible sexual relationships. I felt like finding out more about the subject instantly and that I was greatly enriched by the introduction to it. The illustrations are amazing and the storylines the artist chooses to represent are very compelling. As the series progresses the storylines are more personal and deal with Reich's family and infidelity. They are also totally worth reading. I highly recommend this. (JB)
www.elijahbrubaker.com or www.sparkplug-comics.com

RESTLESS LEGS #4 / $2-3 or $3-4 international, trades OK
4.25x5.5 – copies – 14 pgs
Pretty cool mini zine containing mostly well xeroxed photos of punks, neighbors, humans, structures, sorta reminded me of the Polaroid Kid? I think maybe just in the way Byron captures the people he photographs, there's a light in their faces, people are either caught just as they are thinking about something, or as they are laughing. It gives the images a nostalgic sense of possibility. Does that even make sense?? At any rate, he has other zine available too! I liked this one. (LG)
Bryan / 316 Main St / Santa Cruz, CA 95606
www.restlesslegs.tk

RIP IT OUT: AWESOMELY BAD FAN ART / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12 pages
This zine is a collection of badly drawn pictures of famous metal and hard rock related figures. Although I am a person that smiles warmly at terrible representations of celebrities, this seems somehow to be missing an element that would make me appreciate it more. Perhaps it could use an explanation from the artist to accompany the drawing or an introduction from the editor describing how the drawings were collected or where they were found. Maybe I just wish there was a lot more. $4 seems like an awful lot for such a brief reward. The cover of the copy I got is printed on the back of the liner notes for the album *Dead Ringer* by Meatloaf. I like that. My personal favorite drawing is of Rob Halford by one Keri Jans Ardito. (JD)
Rip It Out / 103 Sanders Rd Apt #4 / Wilmington, DE 19805 / racheldink@yahoo.com

ROCK THAT NEVER SLEEPS / $6
6 x 9 – printed – 40 pgs
This neatly printed little book contains two stories drawn by two separate ladies. One story immediately reminds me of the old Mission Records *Minicomix* aesthetically. The art has a distinctly tweaker vibe, while the second story is also vaguely familiar in that same "We Never Sleep" way a la Pete Bean (RIP). Both are told in a creative manner, though the writing style may not be for everyone- it's kinda hippy dippy and poetic. (DS)
Sparkplug Comics / PO Box 10052 / Portland, OR 97296-0952

SELF AWARE #6
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 28 pgs
If I'm not mistaken, this Charlotte-based zine used to be full size. Maybe, maybe not, but it's half-size now. The interviews in this issue include three pages with an Italian screamo band called Raein, three pages with Boston post-hardcore outfit Make Do and Mend, and ten questions each with Algernon Cadwallader and Band Name—yes, their band name is "Band Name." Cute. Other features include an oral history of UKHC legends Concrete Sox, some personal thoughts on Dag Nasty, a one-page retroview of Entombed's all-time classic *Left Hand Path*, an obituary for a former member of some North Carolina punk bands and a few pages of record reviews. This isn't bad, but it could use a lot more focus; fewer interviews that go more in-depth would be a good start. (VX)
Joshua Robbins / 1617 Club Rd. / Charlotte, NC / 28205 / selfawarerecords.com / self-awarezine@gmail.com

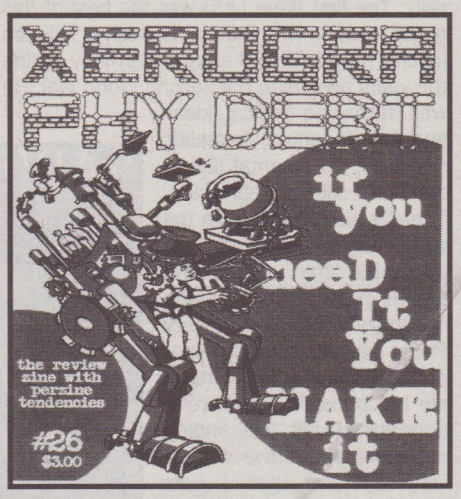
SHORTEST INTERVAL / $3
5x5 – printed – 20 pages
Teeny tiny comic about the first instant of the universe. I'm not totally down with the whole indie comic vibe, so something so short just seemed like a monumental waste to me. Took about five minutes to read and I have no idea what it's about. Sparkplug comics does all

kinds of leftfield comics so if you're down with those this might be your thing. (TB)
www.sparkplugcomicbooks.com

SPEAKING IN TONGUES/HABLANDO EN LENGUAS / $2-$3 or trade
6.5 x 8.5 – copied – 45 pages
In spite of knowing an OK amount of Spanish, I wish I'd had this English-Spanish translation zine while I was in Spain last month. It was put together by a punk who has both taught English and spent time in Santiago, and so it seems logical that the words and phrases covered in here are akin to those taught in a first-year Spanish class, plus of course those relevant to traveling and non-traveling DIY punks. Everything from the words for an extensive number of foods to getting around and finding a place to stay to how to say you do or don't want sex are covered in here, with a cool, mostly hand-drawn layout and humorous illustrations. It doesn't go into detail about the context of its phrases, sentence structure, or verb conjugation for the few verbs that are in here, but is still a great, basic, practical guide that would serve one well while in a Spanish-speaking country, hosting a Spanish-speaking friend, or even in addition to some regular instruction of the language. (DG)
Kyle Kubas/ PO Box 72471 / Oakland, CA 94612

STANDARD ISSUE #10 / $3 US & CAN, $5 World
8.5 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs
The citizens of Ottowa should be psyched to have a cool as shit punk rag floating around their fair city for free. Yes, a free zine requires a bunch of ads, but *Standard Issue* limits the ads to relevant stuff like record labels and local venues and luckily there aren't too many. The rest of the zine is filled with interesting interviews, articles, comics, and of course, reviews. You wanna know how to shrink a head, you twisted punk weirdo? Well, you can learn all about it in this issue! And not only is there a humorous interview with the fantastic Mean Jeans (you should check this band out if you dig killer pop punk), but also Indian Wars, Get A Life Losers! (awesome name for a band!), and punk artist Dirty Donny. There are also some fun news-of-the-weird stories, a hilarious collection of "new disease" descriptions, some recommendations of movies that are good to watch on weed (I wish this was bigger), comics, illustrations, record reviews, and more. All of this in 32 pages! We unfortunate souls living outside of Ottowa have to send a few bucks for an issue to cover postage, but it's well worth it. (BG)
Standard Issue / PO Box 87002 / Ottowa, ON / K2P 1X0 / CANADA / Jensen_ben@hotmail.com

THE STUDENT INSURGENT Vol. 21 #4 / free
8.5 x 11 – printed – 30 pgs
The official protest rag of the University of Oregon is a lot cooler than the paper I worked on in college and it made me a little jealous. Stories were mostly about recent protests against the Vancouver Olympics and the WTO in Portland with a lot of photos along with an obligatory story on the Israel/Palestine morass. About what one expects from this sort



of publication, but it was well done and it seems the staff has a sense of humor with a comic page and the Letters section where they printed a postcard from some wingnut calling them "a bunch of white racist WAA-WAA's." (BL)
1228 University of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403 / studentinsurgent@gmail.com/ 541.346.3716

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #226
6.75 x 9.25 – printed – 32 pgs
Not much I can say here. This long-running zine is basically the *MRR* of Finland, so I'm assuming that anyone who reads Finnish already has a subscription. But, just in case there's a Finnish-speaker out there who is reading this but somehow doesn't read *Toinen Vaihtoehto*, here's what this issue features: interviews with Ydinperhe, Amazing Tails, Deadsunrise, Arviot, and Jne Jne; the usual assortment of columns and reviews; and, last but not least, a selection of (presumably vegan) recipes using seitan, the gluten-based meat substitute that is the scourge of celiacs everywhere.
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland / punkinfinland.net/tv / tv@punkinfinalnd.net

TRAILER TRASH #18 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
The writing and the layout of this zine is atrocious. The story about almost dying in a garbage truck was slightly interesting, but the writing was still bad. It's the kind of writing that makes me think of getting stuck in feminist discussions (normally my favorite thing) that devolve into "gee, aren't men ridiculous???? hahaha!". Not good. (MM)
PO BOX 10565 / Pensacola, FL 32524

TRAINWRECK #8 / $2, trades
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 48 pgs
This is billed as "a case study in punk" different little blurbs on different ideas; nothing preachy or opinionated really, just random thoughts on ideas. Everything from *Stars Wars* jokes to illustrate the idea of nerdiness to a comic about quitting to an interview on lying, an anecdote on singing... so on and so forth. It's really good, and all the different ideas and formats and writers all work together nicely and make sense. Highly enjoyable. (MM)
Dave Brainwreck / 74 Dwight st #2 / New Haven, CT 06511

WE ARE PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLES #1
8 x 9.5 – copied – 24 pgs
The cover of this zine features a man (presumably the editor) lying on the ground, hundreds of hardcore/ punk, and metal records strewn about him in all directions. That cover shot, along with the Poison Idea reference in the title, should let you know exactly what this zine is about: record collecting, my passion /obsession and, if you're reading this rag, maybe yours as well. After an introduction explaining the cover shot and the general idea behind the zine, you'll find record-shopping guides for Winnipeg, Ottawa and Kingston, Ontario (this is a Canadian zine, so no hot tips for me, unfortunately), a short piece on record-collecting dreams, an excellent interview with record collector extraordinaire Damian (a.k.a. Pink Eyes) of Fucked Up, a page on German pressings of classic hardcore records, a couple pages on the "under appreciated gems" Ian Mackaye has performed on (and I have to agree with the editor: Pailhead is criminally underrated), the obligatory review section, a much-belated best of 2009 list, and, last but certainly not least, a Germ Attak 7" limited to one hundred hand-numbered copies, only available with this zine. (For a review of said EP, go back a few pages to the record reviews.) All in all, this is an admirable first effort and a valuable addition to the psychiatric literature on the peculiar subset of object fetishization that is punk record collecting. Well done. (VX)
wearepretentiousassholes.blogpot.com / 33.3revolutions@gmail.com

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #26 / $3
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 51 pages
This zine primarily consists of reviews of other zines, with a few not-so-interesting personal columns at the beginning that mainly touch on zine culture. The zines reviewed herein are mostly perzines, split between those submitted for review and those picked up by the reviewers (and a few zines get different issues reviewed by a few different reviewers, presumably longtime readers of the given zines), with the reviews themselves being almost all positive and enthusiastic, but still mostly informative enough to sell unfamiliar readers on the merits of zines that might interest them. (DG)
Davida Gypsy Breier / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212 / davida@leekinginc.com

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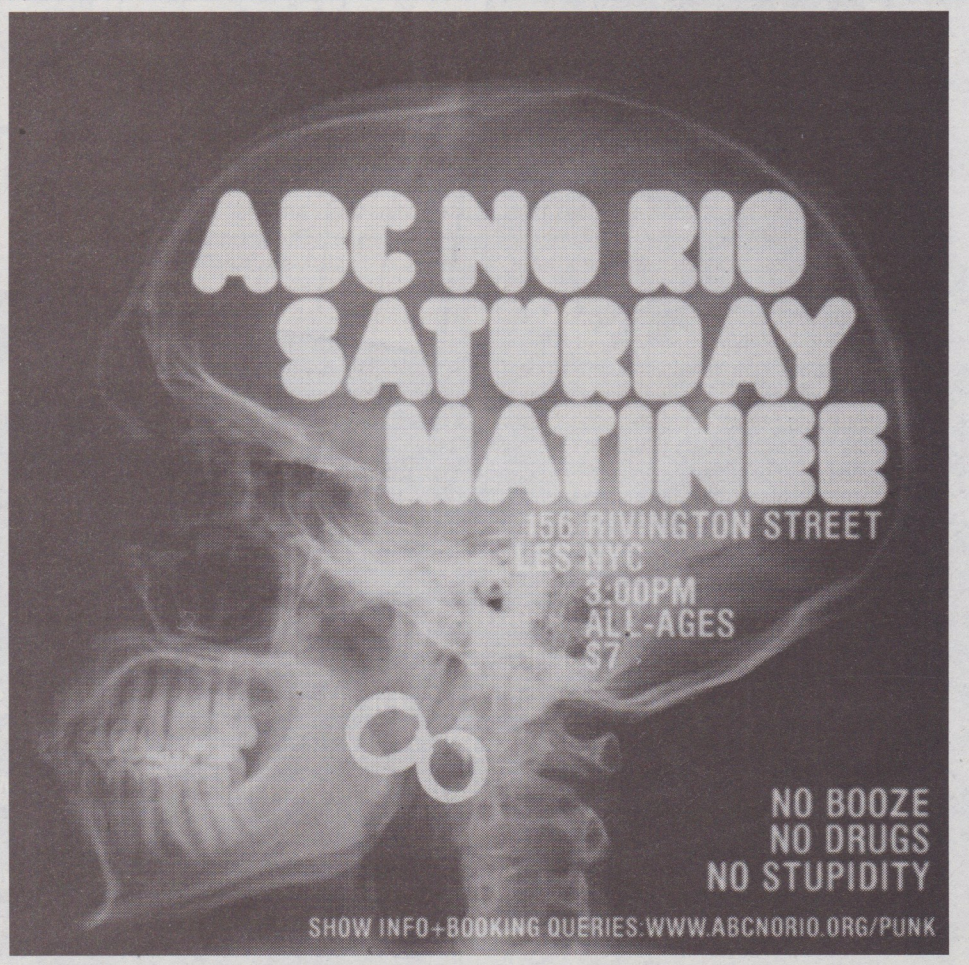

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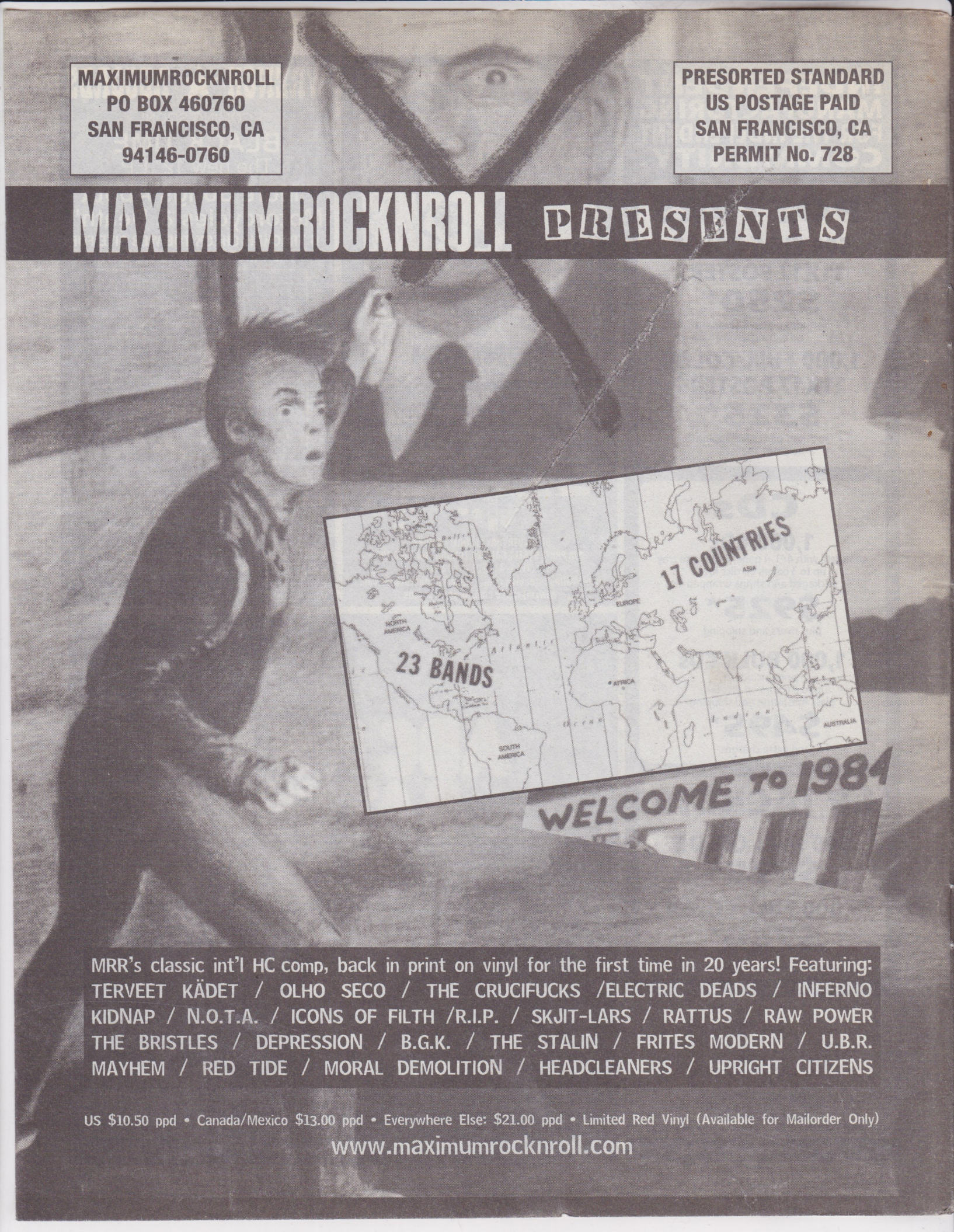

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